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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA

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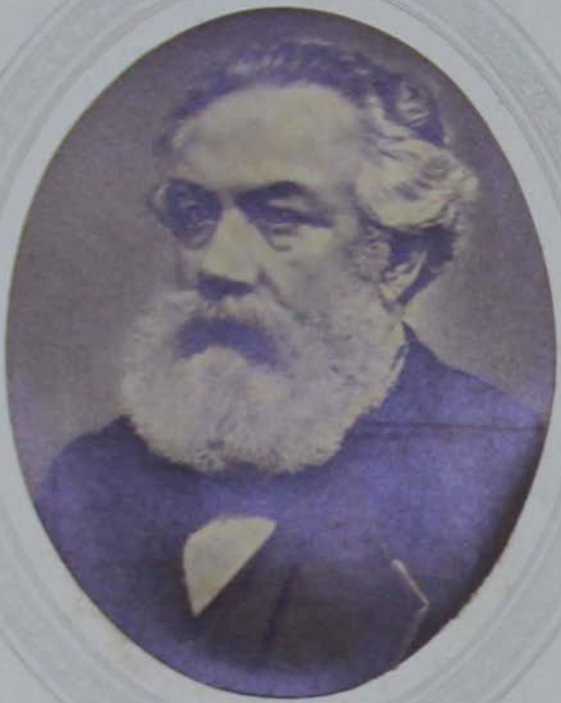

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA.

1549

MY LIFE

AND

WHAT I LEARNT IN IT

An Autobiography

BY

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA

23108

LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty
1874

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DEDICATION.

To the English People.

In the hope that the experience I have gained in an eventful life may enable me to add a leaf to that tree of the 'knowledge of good and evil' which is destined to grow to the healing of the nations, I venture to give this record of my life from early youth in a remote province of Italy to the period of a twenty years' exile in hospitable England.

To the warm-hearted and generous English friends who have made my sojourn amongst them so peaceful and so happy, and amongst whom I have learnt and am learning so much, I here offer my most grateful thanks, and the dedication of this work.

Giuseppe Maria Campanella.

London: 1874.

PREFACE.

UNTIL LATELY it never came into my mind to print either my thoughts or my deeds. When, in exile, I determined to do so, it was in part from the wish I felt to make known what I was as monk and priest, and then what I became when regenerated as man and citizen.

In narrating the events of my life, my only desire has been to state the simple truth. Thoughts and reflections are frankly and fearlessly expressed as they arose in my mind, with the opinions to which they led, and which a long experience of men and things has only strengthened and confirmed.

I trust that the lessons taught me by experience of the means of advancing the progress and well-being of society may be favourably considered, so that the cause of Peace may triumph and the

miseries of War may cease—'a consummation devoutly to be wished.'

I wish also to say that, if amongst men there are found those who are ignorant, perverse, hypocritical, and tyrannical, it is not so much their fault, but rather one of the consequences incident to the false systems under which they have been brought up and enslaved. It is the system in their case which should bear the blame.

As to my ideas upon this subject, I heartily wish they may be of use in opening the eyes of any blind partisan of despotic power, so that he may recognise his true dignity as man. If it do this, my book will be useful.

Otherwise I shall be constrained to say, with Giusti:—

'Il fare un libro è meno di niente,
Se il libro fatto non rifa la gente.'

To make a book is less than nothing,
If the book made does not remake the people.

In attacking a system, I could not avoid in the course of the narrative pointing to this or that person, and painting the character in less than favourable colours; but I must here protest that not a shadow of personal ill-will is in me, and that,

through the *person*, it is the iniquitous *system* I would strike. Many of those I accuse would have been altogether different under a more humane system, and recognising themselves as men would not have been wanting in the true dignity of a man. Let them know, then, that I do not in any way blame them individually, but only generally, as followers of a pernicious and fatal system, perhaps themselves even unconscious that it is so. To each one of them I would gladly offer my hand, in the earnest hope that they may yet contribute to human happiness.

As to my deeds, I refer to my book, as Lorenzo Borsini did to his, exclaiming with him :—

'Dirai mio padre fu buon Italiano,
Tanto a stomaco sazio che a digiuno ;
O poco, o nulla, fece colla mano,
Col senno assai : non si vendè a nessuno.'

Thou shalt say my father was a good Italian,
As much so upon a full stomach as when fasting ;
Little or nothing he did with his hands,
With his intellect much : he sold himself to no one.

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA.

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PART I.

SPINAZZOLA.

CHAPTER I.

SPINAZZOLA AND ITS CONTADINI.

SPINAZZOLA,—once Spina-aura, golden thorn,—in the province of Bari, was my birthplace, and here I had my earliest education. The remembrance of this, my beloved country, in all the changes of an eventful life, has never been obliterated. It is delightfully situated in a fertile plain, which extends on the east to the rocky hills called the Murgia, and on the west to the hilly country of the Basilicata.

Puglia, the ancient Apulia, so famous for its great fertility, extending east of the Apennines to the Adriatic, includes the three provinces of Bari, Otranto, and Capitinata.

It is naturally divided into two regions; the great plain of the Capitinata, called Puglia Piana, and the hilly region of Bari, and Otranto, called Puglia Pietrosa.

Spinazzola is situated in this second region, and, looking eastward, its numerous cottages, farm-houses,

vineyards, and casini may be seen amidst the rich vegetation of the plain, which extends, as a carpet of verdure, to the base of the Murgia. How beautiful it is! The sun of Italy inundates the whole with purest light, and makes the white summits of the Murgia seem as if covered with snow.

To the west another magnificent view opens. The whole valley, with its abundant vineyards, its thick woods, its smiling meadows, is closed in on this side by the hills of the Basilicata, amongst which the Vultura rises majestically over the plain.

From a distance, this ancient volcano, now spent, appears to have nine sharp summits or peaks. It appears to me as if I still saw it at the hour of sunset. The rays of the departing sun, as seen between the mountain summits, just give light to the solitary shepherd as he collects the sheep of his own flock together, and then, gradually fading away, take leave of the smiling country, abandoning it to the solemn shadows of night.

Spinazzola is a rich country on account of the fertility of the soil, the activity and industry of its population, and the commerce it has with the whole of Puglia. In the cultivation of its soil it is not necessary to employ those agrarian machines

now so generally in use. During the last ten years some of the landed proprietors have introduced machines to grind the corn into flour; but, in preparing the ground for sowing the same, they continue to use the ancient plough drawn by horses, oxen, or mules. The work of sowing the corn begins at break of day and ends at sunset.

It is a pleasure to hear the voices of the cheerful labourers in the fields, as they interchange a whistle or a merry greeting; and to watch the father returning home after the day's work; to see the wife coming out to meet him, and his little children running and jumping up to him—he blessed in her, and playing with them.

To the man sanctified by labour the family is life, strength, morality; it is his all. The tender smile of his wife is a celestial influence which reanimates and refreshes his exhausted strength. The sight of his child is a gentle power which makes him forget much that is rough in his life, and inspires him with renewed courage for his daily toil. Spinazzola has beautiful farm-houses; under this name I include all the buildings, varying in size according to the importance of the tenure, in which instruments of agriculture, and the animals, principally the oxen, are kept.

There are also sleeping-places for those labourers who, on account of distance from the farms, only return to the village on the Saturday. These sleep in their clothes, upon a sack filled with straw, or even in the manger. They rise with the dawn, attend to the animals, and then go out to labour. About eight o'clock they make a breakfast, which consists of a little bread and wine. At twelve bread alone, or accompanied by a little cheese or some vegetable. About two they have some wine, and any pieces of bread they may have left in the morning. Men called *vutteri* are employed exclusively to go to the families of the labourers, in the village, and to bring back bread for them; the wine (or rather wine and water) is supplied by the proprietor.

After work is over, some lead the oxen to drink, others remain to prepare the supper. It is delightful to see the animals quietly ruminating as they move slowly on, and to hear the sound of the bells which some amongst them have around their necks. These sounds are softened as the distance increases. An indescribable feeling of sadness arises as the monotonous silence of the country is thus broken; it seems as if nature were alive and sympathised with humanity. A little further on is heard the bleating of the sheep, and the cries of the young

lambs, filling the air, as they leap up to the breasts of the mother. The shepherd carries in his arms one of them born in the course of the day.

And now comes the hour of supper for the labourer. We must not expect to hear of meat or similar articles of food prepared for him. His bill of fare consists of a certain dish, called *acqua sala*, which is composed of long slices of bread, prepared with salt and oil, and, if it may be had, an onion is added, and the scanty food is washed down with two or three gulps of wine and water. This is sufficient to render the industrious peasant of Spnazzola happy.

Sone of these farm-dwellings are large, and sufficiently well arranged. In the rooms over those for the labourers there are apartments called *quarti*, which contain the requirements of civilised life, and serve for the proprietors, and for those who go into the pleasant country to spend the most delightful days of the smiling spring.

Some of the labourers are accustomed in the night to give themselves to the enjoyment of a sport, or, as they say, *alla jacca*. It is done in this manner :—Two men go together : one of them carries a bag, and the other in his left hand has a lamp of clay, with a thick wick lighted, and defended

from wind or rain by a wooden shade, or niche, so that it is not easily extinguished. In his right hand he holds a bell, similar to those worn by the oxen, and then the two men go together into the *magges*:—that is to say, into the stubble fields—where, the corn having been cut, many birds sleep. The men are both perfectly silent.

The one who carries the lamp, bending a little on the right foot, makes a continuous undulating sound with the bell. This awakens the little birds; and they, dazzled by the light, and bewildered by the noise, remain stupefied, so that the man with his right foot easily keeps them still, until his companion is ready to take them. In this he generally succeeds, since, although the sleeping birds are awakened by the bell, they are still confused and frightened, so that the greater number of them are taken alive. These lights scattered over the plain, and the repeated sound of the bell in the obscurity of the night, are indications to the stranger that *la jacca* is going on. It is the only diversion of my good Spinazzolese labourers, many of whom hardly have finished dinner before they rise, prepare the lamp, nourished in my time with *olive* oil, get the bell, and set out for their favourite sport.

The prey, if sent into the village, is sold for ten

centimes the couple; but this rarely happens, as it is generally given to the proprietor or to the farmer. The small sum gained, if sold, is given to the wife, who, if a good manager, reserves it carefully for their small family wants.

There are some who give themselves exclusively to this kind of employment, and live upon the profits gained during the time favourable for carrying it on.

The wages of the Spinazzolese labourer are about one hundred francs a year. The proprietor supplies oil, and salt, sometimes a small piece of land, which is cultivated either in corn or vegetable for the family use. The condition of these good labourers was in my time very poor. But now I hope it is improving, and that it may continue to improve, it being certainly time that the working classes should be treated with more justice and consideration.

When the corn begins to shoot about the end of November, the work of hoeing, called *zapponcello*, commences, and the corn-fields are covered with young men and boys, with married women and young girls, each with a hoe in hand to break up the earth, and thus give free vent to the tender new-born corn. It would please you to witness the joy with which these fields resound from morning to

evening—to listen to the graceful airs sung by the happy villagers, and often composed by them. What joy, what expansion of heart, they put into their songs! One must hear them to understand the full feeling of joy which they express. Thus they enliven their work. This kind of impromptu music is a gift to the Italians. The long and cold winter evenings are thus often passed by them in song and laughter.

Amongst the labourers are boys of eight and nine years old. It is with spirit they set off to work. The sly, merry looks they interchange, and the acute, witty answers they give when the superintendent sometimes, in excess of zeal, reproves them, are something surprising. Some of these boys wear woollen gloves, and a cap also of wool, with which they cover the ears and throat in the severe cold, all made for them by their mothers.

From tender years these children have been accustomed to work and to hardships, and thus become robust. In their round and rosy faces the future man may be discerned, the industrious contadino. What a noise they make in the road when they return to their village, after one or two weeks' work, according to its distance from the farm where they have been working! They unite together in

groups of three or four, sing, run, whistle, and in a thousand ways express their joyous feelings. As soon as they reach the village, they run to the mother, who, pleased to see them well and lively, kisses them again and again, asks them many questions, and sees in them the comfort and support of her old age. She at once places food before them; thus refreshed, and having enjoyed the maternal caresses, they go to the proprietor, to receive their wages. Here they generally meet the farmer or some one in his stead. They may be seen in groups on the Saturday evening at the door of the house, singing together the most harmonious songs, which they often compose themselves. Those who listen find beautiful voices amongst them, giving promise that, if cultivated, their possessors would become good singers.

The payment varies according to the age, from eight and nine, to sixteen or twenty years. It rises from seven or ten soldi, to a franc a day. They carry their earnings direct to their good mother, who makes use of part of it to pay little debts, reserving the rest for the wants of the family, keeping back perhaps some small coin towards a new article of dress for her little labourer, who, when it is worn for the first time, comes to her with no little pride

to show the novelty, to procure which his earnings have contributed.

But now comes the family dinner hour, and all the children press round the fire close together, on account of the narrow space. Upon a chair in the midst of them stands a large, deep, round dish, called *spase*; the father, or, in his absence, the eldest son, cuts the bread into slices, and places it in the dish.

Upon this bread the mother empties a saucepan full of cooked vegetables. All take their share from this heaped-up dish, so that in less time than I can tell it is quite empty, so great is the avidity with which they enjoy this simple food; the young ones in particular, who for one or two weeks have scarcely eaten anything but simple bread. At the side of the father there is a wooden flask full of wine (and this time not watered). To the mouth of the flask a reed, called *canniel*, is fixed. It is a palm and a half long, pierced slightly at the point, and made like a little trough at the end. This flask, in the absence of glasses, serves to each one to drink from. To do this they use a singular method, which I will describe. They take the flask, and, holding it with both hands, gradually extend the arms, so as to raise it as high as they can, and direct the point of the

reed to the mouth, but in such a way as not to touch it. On the contrary, they vie with each other as to who can hold it farthest off. The flask thus turned up, the wine descends into the throat with a gurgling sound.

The contentment of the parents thus seeing themselves surrounded by their children arrives at its height. The father begins to play with the baby, especially if it be in swaddling bands; kisses it again and again; teaches it to pronounce his name, and that of the mother. So great is his love for it, that on return from work, forgetting to put down his cloak, and with his bag still at his back, he goes direct to make the first visit to his little one, and the baby in its mother's arms may be seen to express in its tender little face ineffable joy at the sight of the father, to laugh and crow with joy, to stretch out both its little arms towards him, and at length to throw itself upon his breast. The mother holds the little one round the waist, whilst the father covers it with kisses.

Oh, what peace and harmony is often seen in the family of the labourer! The contadini have no vain ambition to corrupt them; their wish, their only anxiety, is to see all their children employed. After the day's work their nights are happy, and their

sleep is not disturbed by sad thoughts or by vain desires. Their physical and moral strength is due to labour and to family affection. It is true that these poor peasants cannot become complete men, because they are entirely without book education. Abandoned to themselves in a life of simple nature, their mental faculties remain undeveloped, as may be seen by the gestures they make use of when they speak. To express themselves they put the whole body in motion, gesticulating continually, and thus bring the language of gesture to aid that of speech. But they are not to blame for this. It is rather a consequence of the double yoke of the past despotic government and of the Papacy, which for so long has oppressed them. The neglect of the landed proprietors also must be added, to whom the idea never even occurs that it is a duty to get a master who could teach reading and writing to their labourers. They act as if they had said to them, You are not men, you are instruments for us. We do not want the strength of your intellect; we only want the strength of your muscles to labour, and so get the most we possibly can from you in the cultivation of our land.

With the change in the destinies of Italy, Spinazzola has certainly made some steps in progress; but

so deep are the traces left on her by the government of the Bourbons, and the Papacy, that civilisation is still but slowly advancing.

Sunday in Spinazzola.—The mother, assisted by the eldest daughter, arranges all for the family festa. The sons go out early, and take care of the cattle. An hour before mid-day, the time for the solemn *messa-cantata*, the mother sends the eldest girl there. This is the mass of the young maidens, called *vacantie degli sposi*; some married women also attend, and the greater number of the unmarried labourers, called *vacantii*. It is really a meeting of young girls and men, and often ends in their marrying together. Amongst those young country-girls may be seen much beauty, and a noble, candid expression. The country air keeps them always fresh. Oval faces, rosy cheeks, large black eyes, pure complexions, coral lips, which part when smiling, and disclose two rows of superb white, even teeth, bear testimony to the perfect health derived from the balsamic climate. Their dress is extremely simple: a white or coloured handkerchief covers the head, and is tied under the chin; another covers the neck; a little bodice (called *curpet* or *curpettino*), open in front, and closed by two buckles at the waist, bordered with velvet, and with a girdle of

blue or yellow; and a short skirt and apron. They have abundance of beautiful black or chestnut hair, but rarely the light brown or auburn hair of the daughters of Albion may be seen in Italy.

On leaving the church the youths form themselves in groups around the door, or arrange in a line on each side the path, expecting the passage of the girls, to whom they direct their sighs. But the girls, however, pretend to be talking together, whilst, as if by chance, they turn, and throw a timid glance at the beloved one. This is a supreme moment for these youths, and as manna the furtive glance descends upon them. But woe if they find themselves deceived—if that sweet look is not true! Woe if he find that the girl who had gained his heart betrays him! They then give way to the greatest violence, and the favoured rival often falls a victim to their fury.

At twelve the bell for mezzo-giorno sounds, and almost every one is indoors for dinner. At the dinner these contadini, resting together from the week's labour, solemnize the day of rest. On that day they have the best dinner they can—maccaroni, meat dressed as a ragout, or roasted, wine, and fruit; all enjoyed in harmony and mirth. On these feast days in Spinazzola, the gentry, artisans, labourers,

almost all eat maccaroni. This may be known to any one passing by at the hour of dinner, when the steam from the maccaroni just taken from the fire, and in course of receiving its flavour, is seen issuing from door or window.

After dinner every one goes out to promenade in the village, particularly if the weather be fine; some to the caffès, some to other parts of the neighbourhood, to see friends, or to enjoy themselves in different games.

On these festival days Spinazzola is full of life and animation. Its large Piazza is crowded with people—contadini, proprietors, ecclesiastics, lawyers, notaries, &c.—who in groups converse together. There are some carriages also in the principal streets and crossing the Piazza.

Spinazzola has superb vineyards — not last amongst them is the one which belongs to my family. And various fruits besides the grapes are deservedly noted for their excellence.

It is impossible for me to express the profound, joyous, and most gentle remembrance which that smiling country and its industrious cultivators have left in my heart.

It appears to me as if I could see them now, when as a boy I resorted to the vineyard, and found

them arranged in a long line, one close to the other, and intent upon their work. I saluted them even before I arrived, and they in return cried, 'Good-day, Compare Don Giuseppe.' These vine-dressers are muscular, active, and well suited to the work they have to do,—from morning to evening cultivating the vines, using a spade up to seven or eight pounds weight. They are employed also in work called *scatina*, in which they dig down to three or four *palmi*. Even in winter they may there be seen in profuse perspiration.

These men are called *zappatori*. They work in a simple shirt of wool or cotton, a well-worn waistcoat, short cloth trousers, gaiters mended in various colours. Behind them hangs an iron hook with a strip of leather fixed to it; at the other end of the leather, a flat piece of iron used in clearing the spade: this is called *resicalecchia*. When I, yet a boy, had a little money, it pleased me to add to the frugal fare of these good people; and they, in turn, sometimes offered me a couple of *lampagioni*,—a sort of vegetable,—which is very good boiled or roasted.

The work continues after the dinner until sunset. Then there comes rest and great joy, for the day's work is over. The zappatori devoutly thank God for the past day, and implore help to support them

for many years, to maintain their families. The instruments are placed in the casino; the bag is thrown over the shoulder, the spade under the arm; they return to the village, talking together all the way, in the most perfect harmony. In the evening they go to receive their pay from the proprietor, rather less than a franc a day to each one. The wine is given to them, or they receive its equivalent in money. The wife busies herself in preparing supper; and, sitting before a good fire, they eat their plate of cooked vegetables, or a *frittata*, with generous wine; then, with mind at peace after the daily labour, cheerful amidst his beloved family, the vine-dresser goes to rest. This is their life, between the vineyard and their home, working continuously. They often do not rest even on the Sundays; many of them having small vineyards of their own to cultivate on the feast-days. The greater number live from hand to mouth; but some are pretty well to do, if not rich. In the houses of these, fruit, such as grapes, melons, pears, and apples, may be seen hung up to dry, and the walls are covered with tapestry.

The bell which announces the dinner hour, and that which sounds for vespers, recall to me such an unpleasant remembrance, that even now relating it I feel unhappy. Those sounds lead me back to the

school of my boyhood; truly a school from which one came out more ignorant than one went in. Those dear reverend masters! If we did not bring up our lessons, or, rather, if we did not, parrot-like, repeat them word for word, without a moment for a few words of explanation, the order was given, 'Open the hand,' and such a powerful blow with a good strap was inflicted that the hand became livid. Or else they gave these blows to their victim mounted upon the back of a bigger boy, and if he rebelled and tried to kick the barbarous inflictor, woe to him! for, causing him to be held by the feet, they still more furiously gave vent to their bad feelings of anger and vengeance. Inhuman ignoramuses! They pretended to teach by force, not being able to teach in any other way. But, what do I say; to teach? Why, they themselves did not know what they pretended to teach. They were merely repeaters of rancid old maxims received from their grandfathers; propagators of a miserable Latin grammar, learnt in the priests' colleges and seminaries—those real nests of ignorance and perdition; and in this way they made us waste the most beautiful and valuable years of our lives.

Ignorant of all idea of progress, they contented themselves with the repetition of words which as

machines they had learnt. Man, being intelligent and perfectible, *must* progress. Thus only can he rise to the true dignity of his nature.

Amongst these bad teachers some few were laymen; but the greater number were priests.

But to return to our vineyard. The vintage begins in September, and is carried on into October.

This was a most happy time for us boys, since we had then our holidays. I remember now the joy of the announcement, 'We go to the vintage!'

We began a week beforehand to run from room to room with delight, putting all the house upside down, until the longed-for day came.

Now it arrives.

In the morning before the dawn our sleep was broken by the vine-cutters, who are accustomed to come to the house of the proprietor to enquire if he would like them to go into the vineyard. The voices we heard, the light we saw burning, made us get up in a moment, and go directly into the next room. There we found several young girls sitting close together. Soon my mother and sisters came into the room, and when they had arranged everything, we set off for the vineyard.

Day was beginning to break as we crossed the

Piazza. On arriving near the vineyard, the sun rose.

There we rested a little; there remaining still much of the early dew, until the vivifying rays of a splendid sun opened a glorious autumnal day, and the whole country, putting off the robe of night, smiled upon us. Oh, how gentle and sympathising, how poetical, were those moments! The golden rays of the sun falling upon the leaves of the vine, and upon the dew still on them, and on the ground beneath them, were reflected in a thousand varied colours, and made it seem as if so many gems were sparkling in the light. The birds fluttered over our heads, and cheered us with their harmonious songs; amongst them the parents, prompted by a loving instinct to seek food for their little ones. What pure joy, what true happiness, is felt in these vineyards resonant from morn to evening with the cheerful song of the vine-labourers! What delight for us children! We wished that these days might last for ever. Beloved memories of that careless and happy age! Alas! inexorable Time in its rapid flight bears us all on with it.

Boys or men called *pigiatori* are at the casino, ready to stamp or crush the grapes in a vessel of wood or marble. It is pleasant to watch them, and

also to see the women, called *carisciatrice*, as they go along singing, and carrying the grapes upon their heads. They are generally young maidens chosen from amongst the female vine-labourers. Under those baskets of grapes beautiful faces may often be seen. They first throw off the jacket, then roll up the sleeves of the chemise, when the round white arms are seen supporting the basket; a handkerchief is folded upon the head, and with a graceful undulating motion they carry the grapes to the casino, singing as they go the gentle airs of their country.

About two in the afternoon the vineyards become more populous, on account of the concourse of friends, relations, and proprietors. They converse, sing, and dance together; then they go towards the vine-dressers, and try to get them to sing, and the vineyard resounds with the popular airs so well composed by these country people. Intelligent and educated masters of music might take from those airs excellent *motivi*; and, indeed, some of them have been thus taken. These bashful contadini do not begin to make the whole valley echo to their harmonious voices without laughing heartily at our request; but soon they become serious, and, gathered into a circle, open their voices in song, the effect of which they increase at the end by throwing out the voices

in falsetto. Until they have been heard no one would believe how good their voices are, how exact is their intonation.

Spinazzola has excellent casini in which all implements necessary for the vintage are kept. Some of them are in good taste, and offer all that is necessary for the comfort of life. From the month of May—that is, from the commencement of the fruit season to the end of the vintage, which is generally from the first of September to the middle of October—the gentry are accustomed to enjoy the country in their casini; and there the days pass pleasantly, with the evenings spent amongst friends.

How enjoyable were the evenings spent in such society in that beautiful country! The full moon of September throws its gentle light upon all; and man, wrapped up in thought, contemplates the grandeur of nature, and delights in that beautiful planet, which, with its sympathetic light, so tenderly harmonises the scene. The chirp of the grasshopper, the rustling of the leaves stirred by the evening breeze, the occasional appearance of a bright light, which comes and then is lost, and is merely the shepherd's fire as he prepares his evening meal—all is peaceful.

Sometimes may be heard the cautious step

of some labourer, who noiselessly seeks to take some grapes. Now, if an overseer who well understands the interest of the proprietor, should take one of these men with the plunder upon him, he is pardoned for the first time, but the second time he is obliged to leave some article of dress, a jacket or cloak, or perhaps a bag, or, if not, he is brought before the master, who often again pardons him; not, however, without a serious and brotherly admonition, which often is so efficacious that the delinquent becomes quite sensible of his fault, and thence begins to think, and to lead an honest life. How strongly do these frequent examples bear testimony to the influence of reason and persuasion over brutal punishment!

The grapes when pressed are left to ferment ten days, when the must is drawn off, and the grounds which remain are put under the press; whilst the must is transported in skins to the respective cellars. An excellent quality of wine is produced; and it would be much better if to the quality derived from nature were added a little of the art used by the French and Spaniards, and by many of our own countrymen in Upper Italy. Then the excellence of our vineyards in Spinazzola would be fully appreciated and valued.

And now the vintage is getting towards its end; and our joy as boys is always diminishing. No more the merry faces; the former delight is gone.

The vines begin to put off their festive dress, losing by degrees their leaves and all their bright colours.

Then, at every step, poor women and ragged children may be seen in the vineyard, intent on gathering up the small bunches or single grapes that have been left by the labourers.

Then comes the second of November, a day sacred to the commemoration of the dead, who deserve much more simple and truthful rites than those solemnised by the black congregation. This is a great feast and amusement to the poor, who in these villages have not the pastimes of the townspeople. But the lugubrious and incessant tolling of bells deafens one, and throws over everything such a depth of melancholy that verily one fancies it must be the end of the world!

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS IN SPINAZZOLA.

We are now near Christmas, and you will see the women, between two and three in the afternoon, going towards the churches to assist at the Novena del Bambino (Christmas Eve).

On the evening of the vigil the shops in Spinazzola are crowded by contadini. They are illuminated, and great joy prevails, especially amongst the children, for whom confetti have been prepared. In the evening they play together *alla loca*, and the families and parents are transported with joy when their children win the game. It is not usual in Spinazzola to eat meat on Christmas Eve, but fish, *broccoli de rapa* (turnip tops), and, above all, the famous dish called *il calzone*. It is a mixture of fried onion, anchovies, raisins, sugar, salted fish, and many other stimulating ingredients, made expressly for Christmas Eve. The family meeting is not considered complete if the sons who are of age and

are married do not also form part. The most cordial peace and harmony generally characterise these annual feasts amongst our good Spinazzolese. In the midst of this enjoyment, whilst exquisite fruits of various kinds are still on the table, the repeated and sonorous chimes of the bell of midnight call the faithful to the parish church, to celebrate the birth of the child Jesus.

Few of the middle class are seen going there; but the artisans and peasants hasten to obey the summons in great numbers. The young girls make the best of themselves to appear in the church. For some days they have been quite untidy; fully occupied, however, and neglecting nothing to prepare for the 24th of December. Assiduous at the looking-glass, they have carefully arranged their dress and ornaments, in order to become fascinating in the eyes and in the opinion of the youths, their hoped-for future partners. These, on their part, are arranged as in mimic battle before them at the given place, and soon an active telegraph is established between the two parties, a reciprocal interchange of good-will, in despite of the vigilance of the old but muscular sacristan, armed with the long bamboo cane used by him to light and extinguish the wax candles. Woe if, by the wandering looks of one of

the girls, a youth who believed himself preferred suspects a rival in another! The fancy, which dates only from an instant, is already so powerful, that in a moment he throws himself against the supposed rival, and a struggle impends, although perhaps this may be the first time that either of them have seen the girl—so impetuous is their character! At the noise of the dispute, the sacristan runs with his long bamboo cane, exclaiming, 'Si non vi stete cit, ii vi cacci dalla chisa!' (if you are not still, I will turn you out of the church). Then they become tranquil; but it is not long before the youths attack the girls, each one his inamorata, with a shower of sweets, chestnuts, nuts, or other fruit. They readily, although bashfully, hold out their aprons to receive the welcome gift, which afterwards at home they show with pride to their parents as proof of the fortunate meeting.

At this new scene, the well-known sacristan runs again to set all right; but this time, receiving underhand from the youths some four or five *grani*, he is content, and allows the game to go on so much the more easily as the fumes of the abundant supper and the large quantity of wine begin already to produce their effect upon him. And as with the sacristan so also with the contadini assembled in

the church. The effect of the unaccustomed variety of food, and of the generous wine of the evening, begins to manifest itself; and this so much the more as their constant daily diet is very spare and frugal. It is only three or four times in the year that they enjoy abundantly of the best, and amongst these festivals the most important is Christmas Eve.

The scene in the church may easily be imagined. The laughter between the girls and boys, finding that with a little present they had quieted the now jocund sacristan; the smell of incense; the heat from the number of wax lights and the concourse of people; the fetid smell of oil lamps; the intonation of psalms, in which, on account of the heavy supper, even the best voices have fallen into most unpleasant discords, render the confusion complete. It is really a continued going and coming between the church and the caffè, as both are kept open all night. The great door of the one and the little door of the other are literally besieged. The fainting come out of the church to refresh themselves, and the desperate who have lost at the game of cards in the caffè enter in. Those who enter the church become, unknown to themselves, subjects for general mirth. Their foreheads are marked with black.

Some would-be wits had put soot into the receptacle for holy water!

Every one on entering the church necessarily put his finger into the holy vessel in order to make the sign of the cross upon the forehead, and the black marks make every one laugh. Some of the most impudent blackened themselves on purpose before entering the church, and then pretend not to know anything of it. These probably fraternise with the vilest and most infamous, who are there also in great numbers. Some of the men provide themselves with very dry ground pepper, and put it into a tube, into which blowing strongly, they force the pepper into the air, so that, falling down upon the crowd like a fine shower, it introduces into the general turmoil the variation of continued sneezing.

The scandal caused to weak believers by these scenes may be easily imagined.

And they are not confined to Spinazzola alone. I have seen similar comedies in Matera, Altamura, Gravina, Venosa, Banzi, Oppido, Genzano, Pietragalla, Potenza, Napoli, Avellino, and Rome—yes, in Rome itself. Out of Italy I have also seen similar scenes, according to the various religious forms; in the Levant, in Egypt, in France, in Ireland, everywhere, in fact, where religion translated into super-

stition had become an unworthy market of conscience, for the profit of priestcraft.

Oh, Gianduia of Turin, Meneghino of Milan, Arlecchino of Bergamo, Pantalone e Brighella of Venice, Doctor Balvardo of Bologna, Stenterello of Florence, Peppe Nappa and Pasquino of Rome, Pulcinella of Naples, Pagliaccio of Paris, Punch and Clown of England, and you masqueraders all of every country, at least you who are and call yourselves maskers; you rarely in your jokes descend to obscenity! Upon your theatre is written (and it is an honour to you) 'Ridendo castigat mores.' A worthy enterprise, and noble the end it has in view; but the masquerade of the papacy and priesthood, hypocritically calling itself ceremonies and rites, a long way surpasses you in license. Infamously blaspheming its holy object, far from aiming as you do to correct manners, it only seeks to enervate and corrupt, to deaden the intellect and affections, so that men may become blind and passive instruments of sacerdotal tyranny.

As the numerous theatres of London and Paris, with their several and very varied spectacles, show how far human intellect can go in representing as it were really before you new and beautiful and surprising scenes, representations exactly calculated

to produce the effect desired, so the papacy, with the true saturnalia of its ceremonies, reveals to what negations of morality and common sense the unbridled lust of power has led the priesthood. Oh, the inventive talent engaged in the church *spectacle* leaves far behind it that employed in the theatre!

But the Roman Catholic doctrine of the papacy is not troubled by any impertinent questions of the how or why.

And really that every priest in the world can with the form of words he uses, *Hoc est corpus meum*—believing it, and in good faith giving it to be believed,—that he can, I say, change a piece of bread into the body, blood, and divinity of Christ visible on earth; and that by especial privilege on the 25th of December, in the midst of orgies similar to those I have just described, every priest should have so much virtue as to convert, in a few minutes, three pieces of bread into three Christs,—is such an absurdity, such a heresy, such an offence to common sense, such an outrage against Deity, that only the grossest superstition could have invented it.

From the touching and simple evangelical narrative of the Last Supper of Christ, to arrive at such a conclusion, is something monstrous!

New Year's Day is really a festival for us

children, on which we receive the presents, small pieces of money, given to us by our parents and friends, and thus become little capitalists. We are quite proud; and day and night have the money in our hands. But how great are our surprise and grief to find, awaking on the morning of January 6, the eve of the Epiphany, that our little silk purses are empty, our beloved pieces of money gone, and in their places pieces of coal! The fairies, we are told, have played us this bad joke!

In some parts of the Venetian provinces, the fairy of the Epiphany is more beneficent, since in the night of January 6, coming down the chimney riding upon the handle of a broom, she brings to the children who have been good, various presents, which to their surprise they see on waking the next morning.

In other places, as in Venice, there is Santa Lucia, who, in the night of December 12, takes the trouble to go round the city and its suburbs, on a little donkey, to reward good children with sweets and playthings, taking herself, for the journey, only the few oats left outside the door on purpose for her.

The Carnival.—At Spinazzola the Carnival begins about January 17. In many other parts of Italy it

is much earlier, beginning on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, so celebrated in the annals of the principal theatres. It is inaugurated with masquerading, which goes on all the season, and amuses the country people very much by its various devices of costume. At this time, there are many visitors from various districts to Spinazzola. These are joyfully welcomed by their friends, and are treated as members of the family, with whom the visit is often prolonged to many weeks. Hospitality is an attribute of my dear fellow-citizens. Spinazzola has never had an inn. A foreigner finding himself there, and not lodged with friends, is sure to find amongst the Spinazzolesi those who, in the most cordial manner, offer lodging, and share their meals with him. Sometimes, meeting, in the streets or on the Piazza, a stranger who seems seeking a roof, they will frankly ask him to come to their homes for rest and refreshment.

Thursday and Sunday are especially gay, during the Carnival, in Spinazzola, as, on these days, almost every family takes part in the amusement. The houses in the evening are open; and in them, all of every condition meet in joyous festivity and paternal harmony. The distinctions of the various social classes in Spinazzola at that time entirely disappear.

The Signore takes part at the feast of the poor contadino, and in his turn receives the labourer in the best manner at his own. The large entrance halls open to receive visitors in the houses of the principal families in Spinazzola during the Carnival; there are courts adorned with flowers, and fountains, broad, well-lighted staircases, galleries, and corridors, reception rooms and bed rooms, well proportioned, and fitted up with taste and elegance. When the guests ascend to the great gallery, they find it crowded. Dancing is going on gaily in the great saloon. Suddenly the shrill cry of the vanguard of the company of maskers of Pulcinello is heard. 'Facime larghe' (make way for me) is heard. 'Avanzemi, avanzemi' (let us advance), he says, turning to the maskers. The dance generally ceases at the appearance of the maskers, and all press forward to meet them, or, if the numbers should be too great, or if other maskers have arrived first, the new comers are requested to wait in another room until space shall have been made for them.

And now, behold! at length, amidst the laughter and amusement of all, the grand Masquerade of Pulcinello! I will not attempt to describe all the strange and varied costumes to be seen amongst them. I must limit myself to point out the

mountaineers and the gipsy girls, who are really the most graceful, and better than any of the others, and who display to advantage the beautiful figures of the young men and girls of Spinazzola.

The *pantusch* is the dress used by those who do not wish to be known. It has large, full trousers stuffed out with wool or cotton, a large surplice as used by some priest or friar, an old waistcoat, a hat as of some soldier, and the face covered by an ugly mask. Good-humoured priests, who enjoy visiting these festive scenes amidst neighbours, sometimes take this dress, as in the ecclesiastical costume they cannot participate in these gaieties.

Now listen a little what happened to one of them. No one suspected who it was under the priest's *pantusch*. He had already visited other festive scenes, when, towards break of day, he found himself in a smaller *festa*; when one dressed in black, who had changed the collar for the cravat, and the short for the long trousers, came up and offered his snuff-box. Not suspecting anything, the *pantusch* took off the rude glove of his costume. The well-known ring upon the hand of the good priest helped the infamous spy to complete his enterprise!

Two or three days after, an order from the Bishop of Venosa to the Vicar *foraneo* of Spinazzola, in the

usual form *ex informata conscientia*, pronounced the suspension *ad divinis* (from his sacred functions) of the masked priest, and imposed upon him a month of spiritual exercises with the reverend missionaries at Lucera.

The punishment, in those times of ignorance and superstition, was severe, being such as would fall with great weight upon the father, the mother, the sisters, and brothers, in fact upon the whole family, of the one against whom it was directed. His friends also were grieved, and indignant at the exorbitant penalty for so slight an offence. The good priest left for Lucera; and there, amongst the missionaries, his gentle and courteous manners and frank, open heart soon gained the good-will and affection of all the young men in the convent.

One day when I was in Rome, meeting two of these youths ignorant of the relation which bound me so intimately with that beloved and unfortunate priest, they began to relate the case to me, and, as they, in the most touching and impressive accents, praised his many virtues, I could not refrain from tears, which they observing, asked why. I was obliged to answer, 'Because that priest was my brother Canio.'

In 1847 I was again in Spinazzola, and having

learnt who had been the traitor, I did not fail to reprove him for the mean action, and to exhort him, for the honour of our country and of humanity, to give up the infamous office of a spy. It was wasting my words; for whoever is low enough in the scale of degradation to serve in the abomination of espionage, is ever deaf to the voice of honour and justice. And in fact when, in 1861, I again visited Spinazzola, that same man was the first amongst the small number there (some five or six) who spoke against me, kept aloof from me, and called me heretic and excommunicated.

Lent in Spinazzola.—Upon the first day in Lent every one goes in the morning to the church to have the head covered with ashes. It is truly a ridiculous spectacle. A priest, in the name of the Pope, who proclaims himself infallible, and God visible upon earth, dares to cover people's heads with ashes, to remind them of human weakness!

After the ashes comes the sermon, to an audience tired and worn out after the feasts and sleepless nights of the Carnival. Many are sleeping, rousing themselves up from time to time to swallow with open mouth the great big words of the preacher, who keeps on and on, describing in the most lugubrious colours the terror of *eternity*, and the horrible and

never-ending torments of hell; and how that all present are going to be irrevocably and eternally damned, and that they cannot have the least, the most remote, hope of safety, if, without losing an instant, they are not purified through the absolution of the confessional, believing, and obeying with a blind and full faith, all the doctrines and precepts of Holy Mother Church, and its visible and infallible head, the Pope.

Thus do these men represent our Heavenly Father to this ignorant and trembling people, seeking to govern them through fear! God, who is the very essence of the most exquisite and perfect love! They represent *Him* as a Being so ferocious and vindictive, that it excites horror even to think of it. Where, indeed, is the fault which is not followed by its consequence, its punishment? Where the crime which its consequent pain does not tend to cleanse? God, the Creator, who does all for His creatures, who in them gives the image of Himself, is it He, then, who, if His creature falls, if all endeavours to raise him fail—is it *He* who inflicts an eternal punishment, a punishment from which there is no redemption? He, the Redeemer? No—it is impossible!

Lent passes on in a monotonous manner, and

now we arrive at the Holy Week, at which season the greatest melancholy prevails in every family. Holy Thursday is passed by almost every one always in church, remaining there until midnight. From one in the afternoon until midnight, scarcely any one is seen in the streets, but men and women who are going in sadness and penitence to visit the sepulchres, and crowds of children, who, with certain wooden rattles, called tick-tack, make a deafening noise; a parody, according to tradition, of the earthquake which followed the Crucifixion.

Towards evening the crowd in the church becomes very great; coming with the object of visiting the Sepulchre, and to attend at the solemn sermon preached on this occasion.

The Procession:—And then comes Good Friday; at dawn of day the peasants and artisans hasten to the church, in the same vestments they had worn at the Carnival, anxious to take part in the procession, in which will be visibly represented all the mysteries of the Passion.

The rector, the prior, and the deacons appoint who is to carry the crown of thorns, who the nails, who the cross, and appoint even who is to take the part of Ecce-homo, of Pilate, of Herod, of Veronica, of the three Marys, and of all the others present. In

order to distribute to each one the part desired in a parody which is unworthy of the subject, and truly offensive to the sentiment of pure and simple religion, prior, rector, and deacons have to contend a long time in the sacristy, and almost come to blows, with the numbers who seek to be preferred.

The church, in the meantime, has been dressed in mourning, having in one corner a theatrical representation of the Sepulchre (with lights, clouds, rays, transparencies, and wooden figures of the Roman soldiers and of the Crucified). The women, almost all dressed in black, with sighs and tears are kneeling before it.

Easter in Spinazzola.—And now Lent is over in my beloved Spinazzola, and Easter comes in. With it the joyfulness and mirth of the beautiful, verdant, salubrious, odoriferous, flowery, smiling Spring, which exhilarates the spirit, and opens the heart to love and gratitude.

But—as ever—*sunt mala mixta bonis*—so, behold! a flock of hungry crows falls down upon Spinazzola, in the shape of ten well fed disciples of the great *celibato!* All of them in the long hat of Don Basilio, in the long and large black coat, with long faces, with eyes cast down, and head on one side; in short, truly ugly monsters.

They were the Jesuit missionaries, who came to proselytise on the part of their principal; or, as they said, 'to evangelise Spinazzola.' More truly, to be spies upon the friends of progress in the place—to put in practice the arts of their most refined hypocrisy against them, and, with large hand, to put their extinguisher over the light of civilisation.

And then every one went to church three or four times in the day; they who did not wish it were obliged to go, lest, taken for heretics, they might become exposed to vulgar insolence and contempt.

It must be borne in mind that I am now always speaking of the Spinazzola of my youth. Now, Heaven be praised, it is quite another affair; and if there be still Jesuits in secular dress, they are no more '*Gesuiti Missionari*' and propagators in the pulpits and at the confessional of their tyrannical doctrines.

All, however, at the time of which I am now speaking, men and women, boys and girls, must confess themselves to these true *santone del diavolo.*

The most iniquitous of all the multiform ways in which priestcraft interprets to its own profit and corrupts the pure evangelical doctrine, is that of the usually called sacrament of penitence—the confessional. Besides the confessional, my Jesuit friends

in many other clever ways contrived to make fanatics and enthusiasts of my too credulous fellow-citizens, on account of which, many of them suffered serious injury, and miserable scenes in the family circle often ensued. The women, all of them, ladies, artisans, peasants, were admirers to delirium, and many of them were truly and really in love with these Holy Fathers. They strove amongst themselves who could give the most for the Holy Mass, and also rich presents, with the most exquisite confectionery. They tortured their brains to do this, and worse still, they upset, topsy-turvy, all the family arrangements. It was really a pity to see their blind credulity and ever increasing fanaticism; the haste with which, neglecting the work of the household, they ran to the holy shop. They confessed at least four or five times every week. Upon one of these days my mother, a woman of excellent intellect and with capital good common sense, was asked by a friend if she had also been confessed by one of these holy fathers. She readily answered, 'No;' and hearing the reply from her friend, in a tone of respectful reproof, 'I and my daughters draw near almost every day to the Holy Confession with them,' she, without another word asked, 'And what had you got to say to those black fellows?'

Remembering at this distance of time that spirited reply, I feel the most lively satisfaction in it. Considering that my mother had been educated by the nuns of Minervino, she proved how much good common sense is worth. At the same time, in the case of these her enthusiastic friends, she could not but see that this good sense which is called common sense is not common, but, as Thiers justly said, 'it is the sense of the few.'

The saintly missionaries rewarded the tenderness of their devotees by presents of *abitini*, *corone*, *agnus dei*, made valuable by priestly imposture on the one side and childish credulity on the other. In return, they were invited to capital suppers by their devoted penitents. Upon these festive occasions, amidst the odours of good food and wine, they amused themselves together in a rough joking sort of manner, and passed judgment upon the character and future destiny of individuals, cities, and nations, equally remarkable for ignorance and for presumption. The fanaticism of the penitents thus constantly increasing, it is easy to imagine the height to which it attained when the day arrived for the final departure of the 'beloved Missionary Fathers.' They united and formed a real caravan of pilgrims, and accompanied their reverend friends for a long

distance on the road—without girdles, with dishevelled hair, mourning and weeping; and, when the last farewell had been said, returning all of them sad and afflicted, and almost unconsolable. And then for several weeks afterwards at home, they scarcely ate anything, and were always absent and melancholy; the head bent, and at intervals deep sighs, with exclamations of affection and admiration for the fathers, speaking of their sweet and gentle qualities in all the superlatives possible and imaginable.

There must, however, be an end to everything; and so this mournful cloud passed over, and the usual cheerful goodness of our dear Spinazzolese brought sunshine into their homes again. Only the routine of daily prayers for the fathers, enjoined by them upon their penitents, was observed. I fear the solemn vows of never-failing love and never-ending remembrance shared the fate of other earthly things, and passed away.

But if the Jesuit Fathers were thus dismissed from the memory of their 'dear little women,' I must not neglect to record one more of their grand exhibitions during the so-called spiritual exercises.

Their missionary sermons were delivered in the evenings. I cannot pass over in silence the extraordinary scene presented on those occasions.

The dimly lighted church contributed to the effect of the mournful spectacle.

These presumptuous men did not mount the pulpit, but were sitting down or standing upon a sort of bench, exactly like those used by the conjurors on the Piazza or market-place, to raise themselves above the crowd. And, in fact, between these and those there is no other difference except it be that the first are by a long way the most dangerous and fatal, since the conjuror is contented with taking your money, whilst the priest, together with the money, takes peace from your soul. A wooden crucifix was fixed to one side of the bench, with as little reverence as a sign is put to a shop. I will spare my readers the exaggerated expressions, the false similes, the ridiculous little stories, the terrific denunciations, and the other amenities of the sermon. In the variety and in the choice of their illustrations the fathers certainly gave proof of a wonderful talent for coarse and revolting subjects. One of the most vital and important, however, in the whole discourse was the duty of *elemosina*, for the Church, for the holy souls in purgatory, for the pious intentions of the Holy Father.

'Fate elemosina!' cried the missionary, like one possessed with the demon of avarice; 'give

generously, abundantly, for *elemosina* is the seed which will bud into the plants of Paradise. *Elemosina* is the key which will open for you the gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem. Do not calculate your means of doing, but go beyond them, for you will always have given on usury, and God will render to you a hundred for one. In short, despoil yourselves of all, be prepared to suffer hunger, but enrich the Church.'

The reasoning was perfectly just and logical in a Jesuit missionary, and it had its full effect. The little bags (*borselli*) were carried round the church to receive the contributions of the faithful, and returned quite full.

And then, nothing could have been more skilful than the reverend father, when he repeated the usual hymn upon the sufferings and ignominious death of Jesus—'Suspended to save men, who ungratefully with their sins continued to perpetuate the sufferings of the Son of God, constrained on their account to immolate Himself anew, on the repeated celebration of every Holy Mass.' In this oratorical display, the preacher raised the crucifix, and, preceded by two priests with lighted candles, took it round the church. Moving it right and left, up and down, he finished by cutting the air with

it in the form of a cross; and, imparting in this way the benediction, he returned the crucifix to its place.

The effect upon the audience was surprising. It was pitiful to hear some violently smiting the breast, some covering the face with both hands so passionately as to give a strong blow. Some were tearing the hair, some weeping, some crying out, some in hysterics. And, the sermon finished, some women still remain transfixed and ecstatic, with eyes fixed upon the crucifix, and uttering the most heart-rending sobs and groans.

In the midst of this desperate scene, if you do not weep from devout feeling, certainly you must weep from compassion for such sad imbecility.

Not the southern provinces alone, but the whole of Italy, at that time, was contaminated by similar missionary Jesuits; who, denying the true God of love, and forming for themselves in His place the image of a ferocious and inexorable being, were the true and accursed spies of the Pope and of the despotic governments. By their means, the population was kept down in the darkness of a barbarous superstition, and thus became instruments and the victims of tyranny.

And this in Italy!

Italy, the mother of genius, the country which produced in the Roman period, a Virgil, a Horace, a Titus Livius, a Tacitus, a Cicero; which gave to rulers the example of a Titus, and to the apostles of liberty that of the two Brutus, of the Gracchi, of Camillus, of Attilius Regulus, and of the Scipios;—which in the following period, and up to our own time, gave birth to the divine Dante Alighieri,

Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura
E durera, quanto il mondo lontano;

to Petrarca, to Torquato Tasso, Ariosto;—which, with Galileo, disclosed the most hidden secrets of nature; with Columbus opened a new world; with Pamfilo Gastaldi, precursor of Guttemberg, invented the wonder of printing; and with Alessandro Volta, the other wonder which led to the electric telegraph;—which, in the persons of Giordano Bruno and Tommaso Campanella, proclaimed liberty of thought, and which, to the exorbitance of papal pretension, opposed a Nicola di Rienzi, an Arnaldo da Brescia, a Paolo Sarpi, a Girolamo Savonarola;—which gave birth to the wondrous Michel Angelo,

Pittor, scultor, architettor, poeta;—

which astonished the world with the canvas

Che un Angelo pingea per Raffaelle —

which, of the active and indefatigable love of country, offers the example of Giuseppe Mazzini and Garibaldi; and from Juvenal and Martial, down to Parini and Giusti, pointed the satire which reforms manners,

Quella che par sorriso, ed è dolore.

Italy, in every time, and in each one of its divisions, has produced men of genius and talent; and my native Spinazzola, with its fertile soil and salubrious climate, has not been an exception to the rule. And *now*, I am assured that Spinazzola may boast of many young men of high feeling and strong intellect, fervently given to study. I heartily wish they may grow up wise men, diffusers of light to all around them. Education is the great keystone to the arch of the edifice of human progress, and by its diffusion alone can humanity be elevated to its true moral height. In thus making men feel the dignity of our nature, their minds will be enlarged, and those qualities will be cultivated which render nations great. The harmony consequent upon a really efficient education will reign at length between nation and nation, between people and people, between individual and individual. The cruel ravages of war, by which the

world has so long been desolated, will gradually cease. And then also the idea of the Supreme Being will be received in its purity, and will cease to be disfigured, and made into a shameful scarecrow, by a few priests, to intimidate the vast multitude. Instruction! education!—and imparted by whom? By you, honest and truly wise—ardent lovers of your country and of mankind; by you, my dear ones, and such as you, the great work must be accomplished. Courage then, and onward!

I hope and believe that education has made and is making much progress in Spinazzola; not only with men, but also with women.

This improvement in the social position of women was, indeed, greatly needed. In my youth, admirable as they always were for beauty, kindness, and an exquisite sense of the just and honest; most admirable when raised to the holy ministry of mother, they were yet so entirely without the advantage of book education, that the majority did not even know A B C; and the ladies had not advanced much farther. The universal ignorance of the millions caused women to be considered as little above the brute; and we, who boast of our civilisation, can yet scarcely realise the fact that man and woman are two existences in one, two lives in one, two hearts in one. What

could the man be without the woman, or the woman without the man? Nothing. The man and woman, in their duality and unity, are living exponents of the biblical motto, 'And they twain were one flesh.' The isolation, therefore, of man from woman, and of woman from man, is repugnant to Nature; which wills that they, with equal rights and duties, should be the true expression, both united, of the perfect social individual; and, thus united, two in one, and one in two, destines them not merely to the material continuation, but to the moral growth and development, of the whole human family.

Woman, when the sincere and affectionate companion of man, is the breath of life for him; she is the angel of peace and harmony; she consoles and strengthens him in the misfortunes of life, and moderates his fervent passions. When, animated by a pure and sincere affection, she places her hand gently upon his burning forehead, she infuses into him faith and calm even in the deepest affliction. She urges him on to noble aims, and arms him to fight the battle of life with generous power. She is his star of hope, his life, his all! What would become of me, and of you also, dear reader, if, in the bitter vicissitudes of this laborious existence, we were not comforted by her?

Our lives are made better through the example of a virtuous woman, and thus the two lives mutually improve. She helps us and we help her in the joy and duty of self-improvement.

It becomes, therefore, an absolute duty that woman should be carefully and earnestly educated in serious studies. She is more governed by imagination and feeling than by calm reason; in her, often affection misleads the judgment. On this account also, the cultivation of all the faculties is necessary to her happiness.

PART II.

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER III.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

It is well known how defective the means of communication even between large cities was formerly. The roads constructed in Europe by the Romans were destroyed during the incursions of the barbarians, and the times which immediately followed were too troubled to allow even the thought of restoring them. It was reserved for our own times to extend a good system of roads, with passes over and through Alpine summits, and by means of tubular and suspension bridges over arms of the sea; and to unite distant nations by means of the steamboat, the locomotive, and the magnetic telegraph!

But these beneficent changes require time, and some governments have allowed themselves to be distanced by others. It was so with the government of the Bourbons in the southern provinces of Italy. In the time of my youth, to travel even a short distance was a privilege of the few. Only the

rich could do so, and they thought over it a long time before they could make up their minds to undertake a journey of thirty or forty miles. Now, fine natural talent in my country, as elsewhere, is not confined to the rich. But, not having the opportunity of self-improvement by the study and observation of other countries, it could not burst the shell of ignorant prejudice in which it was enclosed. Neither could it become so useful to others as its intrinsic value under more favourable circumstances would have rendered it. It was really pitiful to see so much intellectual power miserably lost. Worse than this; the awakened intellect and learning of the few did not enable them to surmount the absurd social habits and prejudices of their own village. On the contrary, they were enslaved by them.

I could cite many examples of this, but I will only name my own father and mother, both of them intelligent, excellent, and superior to most.

Now, my father, fully occupied in his profession, left the family arrangements to his wife, my mother; and she, seeing that the family consisted of six boys and two girls, found it quite necessary that three of the boys at least should be ecclesiastics. In this manner she thought she could best provide for their advancement in life, since in Italy, at that time, a

priest with the revenue of his prebend, and with the numerous occasional fees and perquisites, could get on very well. But, besides this and many more reasons, common prejudice had made it a matter of decorum in a family to be able to boast of sons given to the monastery or to the altar. The respectability of a house was calculated in exact proportion to the number of priests it may have had. And were ours to say, 'My family is most respectable, and highly to be reputed, on account of other and more just and reasonable motives,' it would be all in vain. Prejudice in Spinazzola would certainly have carried the day.

My mother's youngest brother, Luigi Clinco, was a man of rare and excellent intellectual gifts, and was considered one of the principal men of our province. He had taken a distinguished position amongst the pupils from the province of Bari, who studied natural science under the Professor Giuseppe Luciani, of Altamura. His friend and fellow townsman, Felice Spada, studied with him, and together they nobly supported the credit of our native place in the school of Luciani, the fame of which had drawn many not only from Bari, but from other parts of Italy.

My beloved uncle has now been dead more than

five years; I must add a few more words respecting him. When, at a mature age, he determined to become a monk in the Riformati, the resolution caused the greatest surprise to all who knew him. They could not understand how so worthy and learned a man, favoured with the gifts of fortune, and already of a certain age, could have sacrificed himself to the degradation of a cloister. Conjectures of various kinds were made, but the real motive still remained hidden. It was only clear to all who knew him, that it must have been a strong one. The very few who were aware of it were silent, in order not to compromise themselves.

Since his death it has become known that my uncle, an intelligent and liberal patriot, had been obliged to seek in the cloister a refuge from the insidious police of the ferocious Cardinal Ruffo. To the care of my uncle my mother in the fullest confidence entrusted me, and at the age of fifteen I went with him from Spinazzola to the convent of Matera. Excellent was the choice of him for my guardian, example, and instructor; and most reasonable and natural my mother's trust in him. But thus, the wish to give me to the monkhood, and afterwards to the priesthood, was fatally confirmed. At Matera I saw my uncle in the midst of some really intelli-

gent men, who received me kindly, not only as nephew to Fra Luigi of Spinazzola, but also because they took pleasure in the culture of the powerful bass voice which nature, at this early age, had developed in me.

I do not now remember the names of all these friends of my uncle, but amongst them I have not forgotten, and can never forget, the celebrated Cosella, the Rev. Padre Danieli da Santeramo, and other learned Spinazzolesi, for some time settled in Matera; and one Pentassuglio, who was really like a father to me. The monastery at Matera was called Di San Rocco dei Minori Riformati, and I lived there with my uncle as a student.

The preceptor and director of my education—if by this name it can be called—was a stupid, most ignorant monk, whose name—in kindness—I will not give. My uncle, accustomed to higher studies, was not suited to give elementary instruction; nor had he time for it, since he had devoted himself with earnestness to the study of physical science under the great Cosella.

After a time, however, without any other reason assigned than the usual one of 'holy obedience,' he was transferred to the convent of the Madonna delle Grazie in Altamura. The head of this convent was

a certain Padre Giuseppe, of Altamura, a good old man if you will, but a monk in the full rigour of the word. There I accompanied him.

In this convent, I became acquainted with the Rev. Padre Eugenio of Altamura; the Padre Giuseppe, also of Altamura; and the Padre Serafini of Matera; all three of them learned men, and as astute as they were learned. They, together with my uncle, studied those sciences which most elevate the human mind, under the illustrious Professor Luciani. He was a true lover of science. In order to impart it, by giving lessons to these monks, he never failed to attend at the convent, in rain, snow, or whatever weather it might be.

I was now no longer the lively, slender, merry boy of my earlier years; on the contrary, I had become stout, as well as thoughtful and taciturn. At the same time, the instinctive admiration for learned men increased in me, and I was therefore much pleased to be able to see Professor Luciani every day; so much the more as he was always kind and gentle to me. He took pleasure in playing with me, and in cheering my boyish griefs with sweetmeats. Often he made me sing some simple song, showing himself much pleased with my voice. When he took leave of the students

and monks, after the lesson, the last good-bye was always for me.

'Good-bye, little Campanella!' he would say; 'take care you do not become great Campanella.'

One day, breaking through my usual taciturnity, I asked the professor why he always told me not to become Campanellone. Upon this, drawing me towards him, and lovingly placing me on his knees, he began to tell me about my great ancestor, Fra Tommaso. I must say with regret that I do not now remember in what manner he mentioned him. That he spoke against him, philosopher as he was, I do not believe to have been possible. Probably, however, he may have spoken to me with the prudence which those sad times and those barbarous places rendered only too necessary. Perhaps, also, he wished to warn me, by instancing the misfortunes of the martyr of Stilo. Be this as it may, the fact certainly is, that not only in the convent, but wherever I went in Altamura, I heard constantly repeated, 'Do not become Campanellone.'

In speaking of Luciani, I remember, and many in Altamura must also remember, that he was never seen in church. But although a free-thinker, as well as philosopher, he never allowed anything to prevent him from dispensing the regenerating bread

of science, and therefore voluntarily went to teach even amongst the monks.

At Altamura my education went on in the same way as at Matera. Here, again, my teacher was a monk; and my uncle persisted in saying he could not descend with me to first principles. If he tried, he very soon lost patience. He became more and more absorbed in his studies, from which he could not in any way tear himself.

From the convent of Altamura, I passed with my uncle to that of Gravina; and thus, between Matera, Altamura, and Gravina, many years of my life were spent in the midst of monks.

With very few and rare exceptions, the scenes of infamy, turpitude, and brutal obscenity amongst these men, truly *not* holy, of which I was a witness, are such, and so many, that modesty, and the fear of revolting the reader, forbid my pen to describe them. As I now recall those scenes, I cannot express my indignant feelings of shame and disgust. It is a true miracle that I did not return from those convents with a mind darkened and a heart corrupted and dead. I owe my escape to the good example of my uncle, and of a few like him, and to the firm and honest character with which nature had endowed me. I do not say this from pride, but

because education in a monastery is an abyss, in which only by a prodigy can any avoid mental and moral suffocation.

Whilst my beloved uncle was with me in Gravina, a difficulty arose between him and the provincial of the Riformati—his order—which induced him to ask his secularisation at Rome, that he might return to Spinazzola as priest. After much delay and difficulty, and much expense, he obtained his object; and now Padre Luigi *from* Spinazzola is changed into Sacerdote Luigi Clinco *in* Spinazzola.

There, with his talents, he might have been most useful. But those unhappy times did not allow it. Therefore, tired of the struggle he had already sustained, and not feeling the spirit to provoke another, he gave himself up to the cultivation of his land in the best manner possible, and set aside every other object. What a subject for meditation I have had, and have still, in the memory of this my revered relative!

He, favoured by nature with a frank and superior intellect, with a good fortune, and of mature years, was just the man formed to promote the sacred cause of liberty and social progress. But, arrested in his course by the insidious arts of despotism, he was obliged, in order to escape martyrdom, to waste his

life in the stagnation of the monastery and the priesthood. In these abodes of intolerance and irritation he sought refuge in study, to which he entirely consecrated himself. But this was not enough to ensure him peace. The monastic sordid, peevish disputes irritated him, and forced him to procure his secularisation. This at length obtained, he only found repose in the quiet of the fields. Oh! of how much real good have the allied powers of the stole and of the sword deprived humanity! How many willing workers like him have been silenced by bigotry and force!

With my uncle I returned to Spinazzola, and at once fell under the discipline of those famous schoolmasters with whom my readers have already been made acquainted. This was a very slight step forwards in my education. It was scarcely possible for me in this way to get any real and useful knowledge. It was really grievous. It increased my strong desire to be brought up to some secular profession; but in vain. My destination was fixed. I must increase the decorum of the family and become a monk and a priest.

This fatal prejudice to have one or two in the family consecrated to the altar, was common in many parts of Italy, even up to the last Italian revolution; and I remember to have seen many peasant

families in Upper Italy subjecting themselves to the most severe privations in order to be able to pay the expense of having one son educated for the priesthood. They resigned themselves cheerfully to these sacrifices, because, as they said, it was necessary for the honour of the family to make one a priest. I do not speak of families in the upper classes, because priest or friar was never wanting amongst them.

When I had been a short time at home, they placed me with the Capuchin monks in Spinazzola, in order not to lose the grand fruit of five years already passed under monastic tuition.

These dear *Capucini* had not forgotten my boyish faults against them, which I have already related. I was still simple enough to believe that they would not think of them; but truly I deceived myself; they retained a perfect remembrance, and set themselves to make the youth pay bitterly for the vivacity of the child. Hence there was a continuation of mortification and punishments of every kind for me in this my new and most sad abode. Many times when my mother came to see me, I wept with her, and implored her to take me away from those brutal, ugly faces, and so save me from their bad treatment.

At last she was persuaded; and, taking me away

from those friars, made me enter the Convent dei Riformati in Venosa; the place formerly honoured as birth-place of Horace, was now the seat of a bishopric. But I must say the monotony of my life in this convent was a little relieved. For, in fact, whenever the Bishop was sent for either to officiate himself, or to assist in any sacred ceremony, he always invited me to go with him and sing *litanie*, *tantum ergo*, or other ecclesiastical hymns, which served to break the monotony of the cloister, and to give me a pleasant recreation. In this manner, before I had reached my fourth lustre, my voice became well known and very much liked by the people of Venosa.

In this convent, however, I had to sustain a regular siege, and was conquered! This came to pass through the artifices of the Reverend Padre Carlo from Sant' Angelo, a learned monk, if he may be so called, who was always near me, and with the most cogent arguments, in the most flattering manner, and with the most artful enticements, did his utmost to persuade me of the great advantage it would be to myself to become a monk as soon as possible. Overcome by these artful devices, I was passed from the Convent of Venosa to that of the Riformati in Banzi, to make my novitiate.

CHAPTER IV

THE NOVITIATE.

THIS convent was a royal abbey, and the friars had not only a right to the *elemosina*, but held also a large pension, which was paid annually by the Government of the Bourbons to the privileged convent. Consider for a moment the absurdity of these *signori mendicanti* (!) I made my novitiate here with seven other youths, who, like me, were preparing for the priesthood, and two more who were to be simply mendicant friars.

The rules and practices of the novitiate were extremely varied, but all were stamped with evident absurdity, and calculated to prepare for the complete annihilation of the individual man, whose entire being must be immolated to that passive obedience which dares not and never ought to ask, 'why?'

It would be tedious were I to describe all these rules and practices. I will only mention that the

novice during his year of probation must entirely abandon all his studies; must not even see any book, excepting that of the rules of the novitiate, and the Breviary. He must always be in the church, engaged in spiritual exercises, or in the midst of, and assisting in, funeral offices and ceremonies.

By a strange and happy good fortune, the rigour of these practices did not result in annihilating the individual in me. I saw myself menaced through them with a shameful moral death, and, unfortunately for me, the monkish instruction I had received had deprived me of the comfort of well-grounded and enlarged studies.

But, notwithstanding so many drawbacks, I held fast, as a drowning man, to the strength of my natural character, and to that of my good common sense, and I conquered. In my taciturn reticence, I even became more developed and acute, and attained to a finer and more accurate discernment of things and of men.

The masters of my novitiate were Padre Filippo da Ruoto, Padre Gian Francesco da Potenza, and Padre Beniamino da Palazzo. To this last, I cannot in conscience apply the *pace sepultis*; and, as I must soon come to speak of him, I must point him out to

the execration of all that is honest and gentle amongst us.

And now I must ask my readers to assist at some scenes in my novitiate at once comic and horrible, the last, however, infinitely exceeding the former. The brief smile will soon be succeeded by disgust and indignation. These sad details may appear exaggerated. But they are not so. I certify that they are pure and simple facts.

It is well known that the formation of necropoli or cemeteries in convenient places, and at sufficient distance from human dwellings, is a work most valuable for health, and in accordance with the civilisation of our times.

This salutary and useful reform took its rise, as did many more, from the great French Revolution in 1789, and had its first example in the Neapolitan provinces of the kingdom of Italy. The reform, however, did not become so general in Europe as its importance, especially in a sanitary point of view, deserved. So true is this, that even now, England, so forward in taking advantage of every proved aid to civilisation, is yet backward in the practice of this improvement.

But now, at this time of which I am speaking, in the southern provinces, and also in other parts of

Italy, the interment of human bodies took place *generally* in the churches, in the *common* sepulchre, whilst the rich were always buried in the churches, in their *private* sepulchres.

Not to speak of the offence to public health when these *private* sepulchres were opened, as they often were in churches constantly frequented by the people; this was slight in comparison to that which took place when the common sepulchres, being full, were obliged to be emptied. Unfortunately for me, it happened that in the first year of my novitiate the clearing out of the common sepulchre in the church of the convent was to take place. The coldest part of winter was waited for, in order to effect this.

The sextons for this object took out the bodies, and placed them upon the pavement of the church; on one side, the decomposed and not to be recognised; on the other, the most recent, and amongst these some that were naturally still fresh. The object of this horrible show was twofold. First, to expose the dead to the faithful, who hastened to see if they could recognise a relative; and, secondly, to make it easy for the sextons afterwards to collect the spoils which were their due.

Oh! the lugubrious, the revolting spectacle of

those bones, of that putrid flesh, of the corruption which covered the pavement! Many still alive must have witnessed it, and shudder, as I do, at the remembrance, and exclaim at the barbarity of those times and customs.

We novitiates, by turns, were obliged to assist night and day at this revolting operation.

One evening, when it fell to me with two fellow novices to be present there, to our surprise the Padre Gian Francesco of Potenza called me aside, and said to me: 'Can you contrive cleverly to lock up, during the supper, the five sextons and your two companions in the sacristy, and you in the meantime come and open the door of the church to me, and to the Padre Guardiano Carlo da Palazzo, and to the Padre Filippo da Ruoto, as we three intend to go and amuse ourselves a little in your gay Spinazzola?'

I was stunned at first by this strange proposition; but with ready intuition, considering from whom and for what the request was made, I quickly perceived that for me there was nothing else to be done but to second it, and that, whether I would or not, I must accept the office, and thus assist the friars in their midnight revels.

Coming then quickly to action, I, with Padre

Gian Francesco, went into the sacristy with my two companions and the sextons to supper; and it was understood between me and Padre Gian Francesco that after half an hour I must, upon some pretext, leave the room, locking the door after me, and waiting for him in the choir.

Behold us, then, in the sacristy, I and my two companions on one side, and five sextons on the other; these all intent upon devouring, with a famous appetite, bread, sausages, and cheese, washed down with generous wine; and I punctually at the half hour, with a well-prepared pretext, go out and lock the rest in, securing them thus in safe keeping, and straightway place myself behind the high altar in the choir. If the proposition made to me to co-operate with the jolly friars surprised me, here the contrasts of the scene before me were yet more strange.

A magnificent church. The choir adorned with a semicircle of superb stalls, exquisitely carved in wood, for the use of the fathers. The pointed roof also richly carved. On each side the nave, noble sanctuaries enriched by gifts from the faithful. The pavement, of large and beautiful mosaic (now defiled by putrefying bodies). The whole dimly lighted by

a rich silver lamp, which was kept always burning at the high altar in honour of the Eucharist.

Now, what do I find in the choir? Three masked figures! The three *padri* were dressed in the strangest manner, but had still the face uncovered. I quickly said, 'And the masks?' The words were scarcely spoken, before three deformed and most ridiculous masks covered their faces. Then I, walking in front with the great key in my hand, the friar-maskers behind, made our way, avoiding the corpses and the pollution as we best could, towards the door at the further end of the church.

Arrived at the door, I open it, and go from one surprise to another. At the porch of the church are five more masks, and, with them, three graceful young girls expecting the fathers! And then all the eight, passing quickly through the little village of Banzi, took a carriage which was waiting for them, and went on merrily towards Spinazzola. But my impression of the horrible incongruity was still stronger when, after locking the door, I had to return up the whole length of the nave to the sacristy.

It is not possible to describe what I felt, alone, alive, amongst all these bodies taken from their graves. In the obscurity and solemn silence of that vast temple

I felt my heart beat, and heard, as it were, the Divine words, '*Life and death are in my hands.*'

When I reopened the sacristy, and set the prisoners free, the chief sexton insisted upon a full account of what I had been doing. I did not answer him; he therefore threatened to tell everything to my master, Padre Beniamino da Palazzo. And, in fact, the next morning I was sent for to him, and he absolutely would know what had happened, and where I had been. I, however, perplexed him in so many ways, that he did not succeed in drawing anything out of me. The same morning, I saw in the refectory, Padre Gian Francesco and Padre Filippo, but I did not see Padre Carlo until four days afterwards. It is most probable that these three *padri* are now, under the new order of things, set free from the convent; and if still living, and meeting by chance with these pages, I am sure they will confirm the truth of what I have just said, and will laugh heartily at this bit of life in the cloister.

During the four days' absence of the Guardian, Padre Carlo, the key of the dispensary of the convent had been confided to one of my companions, one Raffaelle of Rionero; and he, in good fellowship, communicated to us quickly the fact that he was the guardian of this treasure.

I have already said that the convent was rich, not only from the large pension it received from the Bourbon Government, but also from the very profitable *Questura*. And, to add to these sources of riches, the innumerable number of credulous people vied with each other who could contribute most, not only to the numerous rich chapels or sanctuaries, but also to the dispensary, which thus had become a large and well-provided magazine of the most exquisite products of the fertile provinces of Bari and the Basilicata..

And now by the help of Bacchus, and of our good Raffaelle, behold the door of this dispensary open to us, and the pestiferous smell which infected the convent exchanged for the most delicious and appetising odours. Thank God, however, we were, notwithstanding all this temptation, very moderate, and were contented to take away only ten rotoli of maccaroni. Then quickly locking the door of the dispensary, we took our modest booty into our dormitory, in the room of the novitiate, fully persuaded that no one had seen us.

In the meantime, in the church, the work of clearing away the dead bodies was carried on. The bodies were put into a hole dug inside the church, which might be truly called a bone-place, but

which there was called a cemetery. The spoil found on the dead belonged to the sextons, and, washed by them in the river, was sold for their benefit.

This exhumation, which generally took place every year, and never more than two years apart, rendered the position of sexton so lucrative, that this horrid post was sought after and desired by many.

But returning to our maccaroni. We began to think about the moment to take advantage of it; and, not to lose time, the next evening we set to work to cook it at the fire-place which served the fathers to warm themselves. But in what shall we cook it, seeing that the cook has taken with him the key of the kitchen? It was already an hour after midnight, and we puzzled our brains in vain to solve this important and difficult problem. The saving idea came from one of our companions, Fra Antonio da Pomarico, who suggested that we might, if we could find nothing else, take the copper vase (I do not remember whether it was lined with gold or silver) from the sacristy in which it was the custom to make the holy water. In fact, every Saturday, in this vase a drop of the water sanctified on the Saturday in the holy week was put; the vase was then filled up with simple water, a suitable

ritual was read, and all the water became holy. It was a sort of homœopathic charm. But this continued reproduction of holy water was quite necessary, in order that every faithful Catholic, touching the forehead, shoulders, and breast gently with it, may be freed from the guilt of venial sins.

The proposal of our companion was quickly followed out; the sacred vase was converted into a saucepan, the maccaroni was placed in it and put on the fire; the grated cheese had been prepared the day before; the two lay novices, assistants to the cook, had procured some gravy, so that the maccaroni was excellent, and in less time than I can tell was devoured by the formidable appetites of nine robust youths. Not until it was all gone did any one of us think of the blackness upon the vase! Quickly to work with soap and ashes to clean it, especially as the next day the holy water must be made. The operation, however, did not completely succeed. When we had taken away the greater part, still slight traces of the smoke would show themselves. I then suggested that, if the marks were seen, we must agree to say that, to keep the water from the smell caused by the bodies in the church, we had put it into the sacred copper vessel in the sacristy. By the cold weather the water had

become ice, and we had stupidly placed it over the fire!

Tranquillised by this idea, behold the next day, with salt, stole, salnich, and ritual, came Padre Beniamino to make the holy water. We anxiously watched to see whether the mischief would be found out.

It was not; but a Judas never is wanting. Indeed, must there not always be traitors amongst monks? Behold me, then, denounced and in consequence called alone before the master, who tried, with flattering words, to make me tell all. I refused, and appealed to my companions; they came, but nearly all confessed. Then the master declared us all expelled from the convent, and I exclaimed, 'Oh, thank God!' He in fury exclaimed, 'Impertinent rascal! before you are expelled you shall undergo a severe penance—bread and water until your expulsion; and, besides, this evening you shall lick the pavement of the church from the door up to the high altar. And for you,' turning to the others, 'only bread and water until you are expelled.'

I shuddered, remembering that the pavement was not yet cleaned from the dirt which the putrefying bodies had left upon it. My companions were horrified; but I had already in my

own mind provided against the emergency, and remained tranquil.

The evening came; after our supper, the hood over our heads, and with folded arms, we go into the church, reciting the *Miserere*. We novitiates prostrate ourselves before the high altar. After the *Miserere*, the *De profundis;* then, opening wide the arms in the form of a cross, we obtained indulgence by the recital of five *paters*, *aves*, and *credos* to the holy souls in purgatory. After this the litany was intoned by Padre Beniamino, instead of by me as was usual; he saying to me that I was no longer worthy to open my mouth in praise of Maria.

Finally all stood up. The master in a tone of authority said to me, 'Go, Fra Luigi of Spinazzola,' —the name that had been given me on my novitiate—'for truly you are a thorn (*spina*); go to the far end of the church, and draw the tongue.'

As usual I did not answer, but obeyed. I went to the end, and on all fours drew the tongue along the floor; my companions on each side of me singing alternately the *De profundis*, and flogging themselves with their ropes, having the three symbolical knots of poverty, obedience, and chastity joined into one. The friar, with abusive words, walked

backwards in front of me, leaning the right hand upon a stick with which he had provided himself, bending his body, and in the left hand holding out a small lamp, to see if I did my duty.

The novices hastened the singing to relieve me sooner from the trial. The master held out a glass of water, in which I put my tongue, and, my hands being dirty, cleansed it with a handkerchief from one of my companions. Then, amidst the anger and contempt of my companions, the master, not satiated, said to me, 'Return to the end and do it again.' I obeyed again; and the scene recommenced, amidst exclamations from the demoniac friar. But suddenly I stood upright, and in my turn exclaimed loudly, 'Open the doors—I will go to my mother!'

At my rebellion, the friar ran, as one possessed, and seizing the rope of a bell which was in the corridor near the refectory, rang it furiously. Immediately, reverends and fathers collected together in judgment against me in the refectory.

The Guardian, Padre Carlo da Palazzo, called me into the midst, looked at me from head to foot, made me kneel before him, and desired me to answer him.

Here are the interrogatories and answers :—

'Who stole the maccaroni?'

'All we novitiates.'

'Who proposed to cook it in the vase for holy water?'

'It was the thought of us all.'

'Who originated the excuse of the water frozen, and liquefied in that vase?'

'I.'

'That which you did, did you not know to be iniquitous, sinful, and sacrilegious?'

'I did not think of it.'

'And now that you do know it, will you submit yourself to a punishment?'

'Why not?'

'Choose it, then, yourself.'

'To go away to my family.'

'You shall be sent; but first, answer me again. Why would you not the second time draw the tongue, thus failing in the duty of holy obedience?'

'Because the punishment was too barbarous.'

'But how? The first time you obeyed, why not the second?'

'I did not obey either the first or the second time, since I did not draw the tongue on the pavement, for it was well protected by a covering of linen

prepared beforehand, and placed by me in the folds of my cloak; and when the means of preservation were exhausted, I withdrew myself from the inhuman punishment.'

This my last answer closed the proceedings about the maccaroni. The dismissal by Padre Carlo closed the chapter; and *padri*, *laici*, *and terziarii*, scandalised and disgusted, went away to seek better counsel in bed.

Two days after, my uncle, Sacerdote Luigi Clinco, and my brother Michelino were with me.

I had been able to brave the whole chapter. But, enfeebled as I was by the struggle with the monks, I had not either strength or arguments to oppose to the affectionate persuasion of these beloved relatives.

The determination of my family to devote me to the cell and to the altar was, I repeat, most unfortunate for me. But they were influenced in this, not alone by the wish thus to increase the lustre of the family, but also by the fear that if I were to follow one of the liberal professions, we should interfere with each other, and I should be poor, like my brothers. They well knew that the monkhood and the priesthood, on the contrary, presented good positions without end.

I will not dwell upon this. Whatever may have been the motive, the fact was, that soon afterwards an order came to the convent from Padre Luigi da Laurenzana, enjoining me to make immediately a public profession of my vows.

It was, then, my destiny, and I take solemn vows to be poor, chaste, and obedient.

Everything concurred to force me to submit. And thus I arrive at the solemnities of the public profession of vows.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOWS.

A GREAT preparation in the church. Funeral rites for me, as for one who from the world of the lost passes to that of the elect. Great concourse of the faithful, amongst them my two brothers. A sermon from the Padre Guardiano addressed to me, and more exaggerated than the panegyrics of the sixth century, in which he depicted me as the favourite of the Holy Spirit, already on the point of descending upon me. In the midst of all this, the presentation of my vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; a vow pronounced by my lips, but not binding my conscience, since it violated the laws of nature, of morality, and of honour.

After the ceremonials of the Church had consecrated my vows, a more cheerful ceremonial followed in the refectory. Now that I had become '*del lor bel numer uno*' (one of their beautiful number), all the severity and bad treatment of the past gave place to affected protestations and flattering caresses

amongst the monks. Foremost in the number was found the malignant Padre Beniamino da Palazzo. By my public profession they had secured my naturally fine voice for their order. My family also were pleased. Now, to crown their aspirations for my future, it only remained that I should prepare for the priesthood.

To this end I was transferred from Banzi to Oppido, and thence to Grassano, to prepare for the examination necessary to receive first the *ordini minori del suddiaconato*, and then the *diaconato*, and then finally to arrive at *sacerdozio*. I was ordained *sacerdote* at Matera. Eight monks, including myself, were presented at the same time for examination, some for *diaconi*, and others for *sacerdoti*.

The examiners were in the Bishop's *curia*, with the Archbishop. The Archbishop of Matera was a native of Gaeta, and told me that he recollected very well my uncle Felice as the military commandant of that place and fortress.

The examiners were extremely courteous to us, and the various questions and problems they put to us were of the easiest and most elementary character, so that, young and unprepared as we were, it gave us no trouble to answer them.

This examination—if it deserves the name—did not last more than a few minutes; and when it was ended, the Archbishop called me, and asked me if I would sing something; to which I quickly, and with good-will, replied by singing a litany, with which he expressed himself much pleased.

We all passed. It was easy to see beforehand that this would be the result of the examination, it having been a mere formality, an appearance, nothing more. Soon after this came the ceremonial of the ordination, for which the number of candidates amounted to two hundred; each in his respective order. The master of the ceremonial invited me, in the name of the Archbishop, to intone the *Te Deum*, and I immediately made the air resound with *Te Deum laudamus*. Thus the solemn ceremony ended, all returned to their several homes, and I to the Convent of Grassano.

Here I was carefully taught the various apparatus for theatrical effect—all the mimicry, the upturning of the eyes, the contortion of the head, the movements of the legs and arms, in order to celebrate properly, and produce the desired scenic effect upon the faithful in the Holy Mass. And, in fact, a similar pantomime is quite suitable to the portent of changing into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of

Jesus Christ a piece of bread which the priest can swallow at once. Of this, as an outrage to the Divinity and to common sense, I have already spoken, but my readers have not probably yet imagined how far Catholicism carries its doctrine of transubstantiation.

In Grassano, then, I celebrated my first mass. A grand solemnity was prepared for this. Three of my brothers came on purpose, braving all the fatigue and difficulty of the journey.

The distance was not great, being about thirty miles, but the means of communication in those times were very indifferent, and in some places quite wanting. Imagine that at the meeting of the two rivers, Basento and Bratano, there was not any bridge, and travellers were obliged to swim across! Thus my brothers arrived, muddy, tired, and wet through. It was a delight to us, all four, to meet again. The Guardiano, Padre Luigi da Sanfelo, received them most kindly, so much the more as they did not come empty-handed, but accompanied by the most welcome recommendation of a mule loaded with the most choice and exquisite productions of the fertile Spinazzola as an offering to the convent. My brothers were Canio, Michelino, and Felicetto, the last preparing for the priesthood,

but on account of his youth only now arrived at *suddiaconato.*

And now, at length, the Sunday arrives so much desired by the *padri*, relatives, and the faithful, and I in the church celebrate my first solemn mass.

By the permission of the Guardiano, I was assisted by my brother, Sacerdote Canio, who, with his fine although uneducated voice, sang for me a sumptuous *Vangelo;* and the other brother, Felicetto, sang *l'Epistola;* and I, *il Prefatio*, and *il Pater noster.*

For the credulous believers, the sight of three brothers celebrating together was something heavenly; it was a benediction on earth, and they envied our family, as chosen by the divine grace, and almost as holy.

When the mass was finished, they made me sit in a raised chair *in cornu epistolæ*, my two brothers at my side, and round, the crowd of *padri*, *sacerdoti*, *laici*, *terziarii*, and *studenti.*

In a few minutes the Padre Guardiano came in front of me, prostrated himself at my feet, and spread a long table-cloth over my knees and those of my brothers; then taking both my hands, and raising *the arms a little*, he let them fall upon the knees, and terminated the ceremonial by kissing

both the palms of my hands, and wishing me all good, and all prosperity and blessing, in my new and sacred character of *sacerdote*. The same ceremonies of prostration, and kissing, and happy auguries were gone through by all the newly ordained, who presented themselves in order according to their age and position in dignity. When the second series of compliments were finished, the turn of the priests came, who fervently recommended themselves to my prayers, and promised me theirs. The authorities of the country succeeded them, and men of every rank; and then came the ladies, and the countrywomen, and all of them with the warmest congratulations and hearty good wishes. This scene of my adoration lasted more than an hour. All of them also, according to their means, placed upon the napkin an offering for the new priest.

These gifts were of all sorts—money, sheets, socks, handkerchiefs, pieces of cloth, or linen, or cotton, and I remember even a superb tress of hair. All this, however, was considered as trifling in comparison to the value of the indulgences which the faithful took back with them, for the inestimable good fortune of having kissed the palms of the priest just consecrated to the altar; they having been assured that the influence and duration of

indulgences thus obtained would be great in proportion to the value of the offering.

Thus, at the commencement of his career, the priest enjoyed the fruit of those indulgences which have produced to the papacy, and produce still, the '*fior del zecchino.*' Well understood, however, that, with the exception of this one individual libation, the indulgence remained always a papal monopoly. (!)

It was customary that everything offered on similar occasions should remain the property of the new priest, with the obligation on his part always to celebrate his second mass for the spiritual advantage of those who had made the offering, in order better to strengthen in them the effect of the indulgence they had received.

It must be said, however, that some distinguished families, taking occasion to show kindness and attention to the *sacerdote* who may have been known to them, made themselves known by the greater value of their gifts. Thus various well-known families acted towards me, and amongst them the family Matera, which was always courteous and kind to me.

My brothers were astonished and in ecstasies at all this shower of gifts, but were far from thinking

that all was for me; on the contrary, they knew that all would go to the convent.

At length, the ceremonies being finished, I went into the sacristy, and there the Padre Guardiano, who had placed all the offerings upon a large waiter, which was quite filled by them, came up to me with it, and, in the presence of every one there, said to me, 'Here are the offerings made to you, Padre Luigi; make of them any use you please.' I was quite confused, and so also was my brother Canio, who said, 'But how? how?'

At this, the Vicario Padre Nicola da Grassano declared that in fact everything belonged to me. Then immediately my brother, with ready spirit, and anticipating the answer which I should myself have made, said that the Padre Luigi da Spinazzola was happy to be able to offer to the community all that had been presented to him for his first mass. I gave full assent to this. The most extravagant thanks of the Guardiano, in the name of the convent, followed; and thus all was finished, when the bell called us to the refectory; and there we all assembled. The usual grace followed, and then a large quantity of maccaroni! In the presence of this favourite dish with us southerns, there was a general silence, all being intent upon enjoying it

thoroughly. Several other dishes followed. The dinner was arranged in a manner suitable to the solemnity of the day, and the most generous and exquisite wines followed in alternation with the food. With these, the silence was broken, and to me, as subject of the festival, there was a profusion of compliments, benedictions, good auguries, and even poems.

I cannot now remember what was said in my praise, amidst the fumes of that festive dinner; but one thing I remember—a remark directed to me by one at the table, that although my face was not like that of San Luigi, yet I should certainly be another San Luigi Gonzaga for innocence, candour, and purity. Infinite thanks to my *commensale*, who compared me to so great a saint that 'not even his parents could look him in the face.' So well he had understood innocence, candour, and purity—virtues, by the way, sufficiently rare amongst friars. In short, the dinner was of the merriest. I, the hero of the festival, occupied the post of honour of Padre Guardiano, who sat at my right hand. On the left I had my two brothers; all round were the others in their proper order. The dinner was finished with sweets (*confetti*), coffee, and the deservedly celebrated rosolio of Santa Eufemia of Bari.

As I had been the hero of the feast, it was a matter of course amidst friars that I should be the host; and, in fact, all the expenses were paid by me, the necessary means having been sent by our family; and thus, all being well over, my beloved brothers left us.

The parting from them was, for me, most painful; so much the more as I had tried every means to get leave to accompany them, but could not succeed, not having the indispensable permission of the Padre Provinciale. Although these dear brothers were only going a few miles away, yet the separation was mutually most painful.

Now, then, I begin the melancholy life of the convent. One evening after supper, the Padre Guardiano in a pleasant manner put into my hands a so-called *permission*, in the monkish idiom, or, with more precision, an *order* from the Padre Provinciale resident in Potenza, enjoining me '*per santa ubbidienza*' to leave immediately the Convent of Grassano, and go to that at Potenza. In communicating the order, the Padre Guardiano congratulated me warmly, calling me most fortunate in passing in this way to the first convent of the province, in which the most learned men of the order had rooms. I, however, was very far from being so much pleased.

The departure from Grassano was, in fact, to me most unwelcome, because, for one thing, I had formed many dear friends there, by whom I was in return truly loved and respected, and also because I left my heart at Grassano.

I had there known my first love, but a love pure, ideal, sublime, the elevated love of the soul which excludes entirely that of sense and instinct; and my angelical donna had exchanged with me an equal love. My affection for her (like that of Dante for his Beatrice) led, in my youthful fancy, to vague aspirations towards a future when I also might worthily celebrate the angel who had opened my heart to the warmest affections and to the highest ideal. I had a message that she had fallen ill from grief at my departure. Our meetings had been only once a week, when I had permission to visit my friends, but they were moments of paradise never to be forgotten. The man who has never felt true affection, pure love of the heart, is not a man. Often the friar only knows that of the senses; but in me the tonsure of the monk had not killed the spirit, and I felt the love which is fit for a man, and which elevates and makes him sublime.

Since I left Grassano I have never heard any notice of the one so much loved.

Arrived at the Convent of Potenza, I found myself in the midst of a select and instructed number of students, amongst whom the first was my beloved friend and countryman, Carluccio de Ciommo. There were also some very learned men amongst those of more advanced age, such as Il Padre Gianfrancesco da Caggiano, and the other Padre Luigi d'Avigliano, true pinnacles of doctrine; but what will you have? The influence on them of the monkish habit, of the three symbolical knots of the rope, which I have already explained, took away all useful fruit from their learning, and rendered them really eunuchs for any purpose of social progress.

Exactly the opposite to them was Il Provinciale Padre Luigi da Laurenzana, good as goodness itself, and who made a most generous use of his position and influence. I could say much upon the good he did in Potenza, but I will only relate one instance of his liberality and talent.

Aided by his acquaintance with rare and valuable books, he had succeeded in forming a choice collection, and thus instituted a library, in which the value and importance of the subjects were united to the extreme beauty and rarity of the various editions. All that was noble and distinguished in Potenza flocked around the Provinciale. In his rooms might

be seen conversing and enjoying the coffee which he offered to all, the Intendant of the province, secretaries, heads of public offices, judges, civil and criminal, generals and officers of various rank, bishops, canons, &c. He had interesting conversation for, and was valued by, all, and to the intelligent *dilettanti* he showed and explained the treasures of his library.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANCESCO STABILE.

THE chosen visitors of the Padre Provinciale, upon hearing the sound of the organ in the Church of Santa Maria, the church of our convent, often went down and spread themselves over the vast edifice, delighting in the voices then engaged in the religious services, which were those of Padre Giuseppe da Potenza, Padre Luigi d'Avigliano, now bishop of Aquila, and mine.

This last, from its perfect intonation and power, was especially pleasing to these courteous and intelligent visitors, and they spoke frequently of the effect which might be produced with my good natural quality of voice, if it were educated in the school of art. From this it followed that the Intendant Winspeare and his gentle signora earnestly solicited the authorities of the convent to permit me to study music under the excellent Professor Francesco Stabile of Potenza.

These intercessors were too powerful to be refused; permission was unanimously given by the Superiors, and twice a week I had the good fortune to take lessons from the celebrated Francesco Stabile. It is not possible for me adequately to describe his profound science, both as composer and as master of the piano and of singing. I can only say, and I am sure that all who knew him will support me in this, that, if he had had sufficient energy to come out of his little niche, push himself forward, and say to mediocrity, 'Make room, for I must advance and show myself as I really am,' his numerous and stupendous musical works, both for the theatre and for the churches, in place of remaining still unpublished, would have been everywhere known and welcomed, and would have made the circle of the world as the 'Stabat,' the 'Mose,' the 'Barbiere,' and the other *capi lavori* of the immortal Pesarese. The neglect of these sublime productions is not only want of respect to the memory of the great master, but also the loss of a great treasure for the advancement of musical science. For nearly three years Francesco Stabile was my master; most scrupulous, severe, even hard, as I felt sometimes then; but for this conscientious severity, how much afterwards and always have I felt grateful!

He made me study carefully Il Vocalizzo di Crescentini, and that of Donizetti, and besides, some special and most useful exercises by himself adapted and particularly suited to my voice.

In proportion to the progress I made in the studies so well conducted by this excellent master were the congratulations I received from the friends who had been the means of procuring this great advantage for me.

And thus the gifts which nature had bestowed, being carefully and conscientiously cultivated, my fame extended not only in the province, but in the neighbouring provinces also, and perhaps in other parts of Italy. But always, it must be well understood, as *cantante di Te Deum*, *Litanie*, *Tantum ergo*, *Laudamus*, *De profundis*, *Miserere*, and similar pieces of sacred music.

I had also studied with great pleasure several pieces of operatic music; but, in my double capacity of priest and friar, and in times and manners so extremely prejudicial, I could not sing them in any large society. Only I could venture to do so sometimes by stealth and in the daytime, in some saloon of persons well known, officials and friends of Potenza; and when this happened I felt great pleasure. I sang in those rooms solos, and often

also duets with *gentil donne*, wives and daughters of these *superiori impiegati* (superior officers under the Government). Often amongst the courteous compliments then paid, I heard, 'Truly it is vexatious, Padre Luigi, that you cannot be allowed to come out after sunset, to give life to our evening reunions by your beautiful manner of singing!'

When the first year of study, during which Francesco Stabile was so severe, was past, and the object of his extreme rigour had been attained, the good master opened all his heart to me, and made me partaker of the treasures of his goodness, as he before had opened before me those of his learning and musical science. Then he revealed to me all his joys and all his hidden bitterness, explained to me the rose and the thistle of his life. He who already had been my guide and master became my true friend and affectionate father.

Yes, thou sacred and venerated memory, thou hast saved me, with all that thou hast given to me of material and moral virtue! Thou hast many times saved me from the abyss into which misery and famine of heart might perhaps have driven me!

And thou, oh venerated friend and father, hast directed the steps of others, as well as mine, in the arduous journey of life; with thy wisdom and affec-

tion thou hast been counsellor and shield to them, and hast enabled them to resist, and to keep up their spirit and reason; if not thus supported, certainly they would have given way under the pressure of adversity, and would have sunk into the most horrible depths of misery! This hymn of praise to thy memory ought to rise from the many and many saved by thee!

Oh, relatives and fellow-countrymen of Francesco Stabile, why do you not even now render a posthumous and well-merited tribute to the great master? Why do you not honour your family, your city, and our common Italy, by raising to his memory, in the publication of his manuscripts, a monument at once durable and worthy of him?

It is quite time this justice should be done.

I have said that twice in the week I went to the master for lessons. The Padre Nicola Maria da Laurenzana went with me. When the lesson was over, the beloved master came with us to the convent. Here one day coming into my little room, and taking a cup of coffee which I had offered to him, he said, looking me earnestly in the face, 'Oh, Padre Luigi, thou dost not tell me all thy thoughts!'

He with his penetration had discovered that, in

truth, I had not told him all that was occupying my thoughts, as will be seen from what follows.

My voice, now educated in the excellent school of Francesco Stabile, became daily more popular in the province, and gave me an opportunity to visit all the principal places in the Basilicata, being sent for on occasion of the solemnity of some male or female saint. A suitable return was made in money, which, however, did not come to me, but went to enrich the convent.

Thus become well known, one day a party of three elegantly-dressed young ladies and two young men, evidently strangers, entered the church in our monastery at the time when we were celebrating the Novena del Sangue di Cristo. These foreigners were with curiosity observing the church and the costumes of the contadini, when the sound of the organ, and with it the voices of Padre Luigi, Padre Giuseppe, and mine, suddenly filled the church. At these harmonious sounds the five Americans—for so I found afterwards they were—stood still to listen with great attention. The ceremonies continuing during the week, they returned several times to assist during the musical service, until on one of those days the two young men asked and obtained permission to be introduced to me

under the pretext that, admiring very much my singing, they were desirous to make my personal acquaintance. I invited them into my room and offered them coffee. They paid me many compliments, asked a great number of questions, and thus from one subject to another they came at last to ask me if I would feel disposed to escape from the convent, and to go with them to America. 'To what end?' I asked. 'To make your fortune,' they answered; 'to sing at the theatres, and so, in a very short time, to become immensely rich.'

A proposition so sudden and entirely unexpected shocked and surprised me. The idea of riches was very far from being a temptation to me. But the other—of emancipation from the slavery of the cloister—had for me immediately a most powerful and irresistible fascination. I answered, therefore, accepting their offer without hesitation.

Then the two young Americans said, 'In order that you may surmount the difficulties easily, here are fifty dollars.' I took the money, and the one absorbing thought of the unexpected and so much loved liberty, thus fallen down as it were from the clouds, taking from me all reflection, I said to them, 'And what am I to do with it? What are the difficulties I have to surmount?'

'Those of the journey secretly to Naples,' they answered. 'Arrived there and entered into the Albergo d'Inghilterra, you will find one of us at the *table d'hôte*, and it will be then our care to procure for you another name, and to make the other arrangements necessary for you to leave the kingdom.'

Always absorbed in the promised independence, everything seemed to me easy, and I promised that on my side everything should be done.

With this understanding, the Americans, certain of having gained my consent, left Potenza; but, on account of the events I am going to relate, I had no further communication with them.

The first stupefaction passed over; but, always firm in the determination to free myself at whatever cost, there succeeded the greatest tempest of contending feelings, the strongest mental struggles, whilst at intervals foresight began to suggest difficulties so great as to seem almost insurmountable.

A flight from the Convent of Potenza to Naples under the Government of the Bourbons! I began to see that to make such an idea a fact would be indeed a labour of Hercules. But the more arduous the enterprise to gain the highest, the most ardently-longed-for reward of independence, so much the stronger was my determination.

To work then.

By means of thirty dollars I gained from an official of the Intendenza, whom I knew, a passport in my name without the indispensable consent of the Provinciale. I do not exactly know how this official succeeded in obtaining it.

But now the passport thus obtained, it was still necessary for me to get the permission of the Provinciale for all that might happen on the journey. This was also obtained, and in this way: The room of the Provinciale was always left open when he was away. Neither paper nor stamps were locked up. It was therefore easy for me to take one of the papers upon which the permissions were written, and to affix a stamp. The obstacle remained of the signature; for this I obtained the assistance of one of my companions who was studying theology and sacred eloquence under the learned Padre Luigi da Avigliano, and who was able to imitate the handwriting and the signature of the Padre Provinciale. He in this way quickly completed the permission, and would not receive even a cent from me, only a promise that, once free and out of the kingdom myself, I would endeavour to free him also. I cannot help even now smiling at this promise, asked for and given in mutual good faith;

not being able to imagine in what possible way we fancied it might become a reality.

Furnished thus with passport and permit, in the enthusiasm excited by the near approach of liberty I never even thought of other obstacles, and it appeared to me I was perfectly secure whilst travelling six or seven days from Potenza to Naples!

The affection, however, which I felt for my beloved master, Francesco Stabile, prevented my leaving without revealing everything to him, and taking an affectionate leave of him. On the eve, therefore, of the day fixed for my flight from the convent, I went alone to the master for the usual lesson, but on that day I was not able to sound a note. I felt a necessity to give vent to my feelings. I could not any longer restrain, and then suddenly threw my arms round the neck of the so much loved master, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Upon this he made me sit down, shut carefully the door of the saloon in which we were, and then tenderly said to me, 'Why weep? Open to me thy heart; tell me all that grieves thee. Too clearly I saw that something was tormenting thee, and thou wouldest not tell me all; there was some mystery between us. Do not distrust me—tell me frankly and openly all.'

At the touching voice, the paternal persuasion, the friendly invitation of the excellent, the beloved master, interrupted by sobs, but with all the expansion of a soul blessed in confiding itself to one who has pity and sympathy with it, I narrated to him *all*; all that had happened to me, all that I had thought, all that I had prepared and arranged.

He listened to me tranquilly, and as one to whom the confidence for which he had asked might in full trust be given. I saw a slight smile upon his lips as he heard my resolutions and plans; but instantly it passed off, and he did not say a word to oppose me in any way. How great was his prudence! How strong his true affection for me!

He merely said, at the time, that perhaps I had allowed myself a little poetical flight of fancy, but that he would examine tranquilly, and in earnest, how much really practical there might be in my determination, in face of the obstacles which perhaps might happen to contravene the fulfilment of my plan.

He went back with me affectionately to the convent, stayed there with me until sunset, and having received the promise that nothing should be said by me to any one, giving me his own to the same effect, he also made me promise that I would not

carry out any part of my plan until I had seen him again.

With the most entire trust, I promised what he asked. In the night, agitated by conflicting feelings, by varied and oppressive thoughts, I could not close my eyes. The next day I returned to the master, and received a paper from him, on which he had written the view he took of my plan.

I read it in the greatest agitation, and, when I had finished, he asked if I had quite understood what he said.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Well, does it convince you?'

'Yes, indeed,' I answered again.

'And in what sense does it persuade you?' he continued. 'In that of leaving, or in that of waiting till a better opportunity offers, with more truth and loyalty, and with true documents?'

'In the sense of remaining,' I answered.

He then turned and gave me the writing, which I had put down after having read it. 'Read it again, and again, and think it well over. I am going out, and will leave you to your meditations; in about an hour I will come back.'

In fact, I did read it again, and meditated most seriously upon it, and was only the more convinced of the absolute duty upon me to remain. The good

master had opened my eyes to the great danger of being stopped in my flight, and to the fearful abyss in that case opened before me: from the double penalty I should have to pay, first to the *civil powers*, for the illicit way in which the passport was procured, and for the falsification of the permission; and then from the *ecclesiastical* power, as reprobate and renegade.

Oh, golden dreams of independence and of liberty! How in a moment must they miserably vanish! The hour passed as a flash of lightning, and the master returned. He took my hand affectionately, and said to me, 'And so now what dost thou think?'

'To obey,' I answered without hesitation; 'to do as you, in your clear judgment, in your affection for me, advise.'

'Oh, is it really so?' he exclaimed, in a voice of deep emotion.

He was conscious that he had saved me, and, knowing me fully and intimately, he was sure of the complete abandonment of my dangerous project.

Yes, thou, Francesco Stabile, as a true and wise friend, hast saved Padre Luigi da Spinazzola from being exposed as a reprobate, a renegade, and a falsifier!

In simple truth the good master saved me!

But if, unfortunately, I had not had such a friend, and had carried out my design, and had not succeeded in it; become thus guilty before the laws civil, as well as ecclesiastical, should I also have been guilty against those eternal laws of conscience, written upon the heart of every human being? I do not hesitate to answer, No.

Those which I should have broken towards the Church and the order were not obligations and vows which could be binding, because contrary to nature, to reason, and to the sacred, inalienable right of every individual to his liberty. And the artifices made use of in procuring the passport and the false permission were not crimes if we consider the end or the means; not for the end or object, which was the revendication of individual liberty; neither as means, since, while conducing to the end, they injured no one.

The means are not justified by the end when they can be proved to be injurious to any one.

But, after all, it is quite certain that it would not have been seen in this light by every one, and that, in any case, the most heavy misfortunes would have fallen upon me. After the lapse of many years, I now, in calm judgment, am convinced that, young

and inexperienced, dazzled by the splendour of the rising star of liberty, I sinned in judgment; but in feeling, certainly not. Thanks, therefore, again and again to the beloved master who set me right!

In his written paper he made me observe that the friars, not seeing me in the choir or the refectory, or in my room, would quickly have supposed either a suicide or a flight; and in either case, once denounced to the police, a strict search would immediately have been made by them, and, assisted by my voice and manner, they could not have failed to take me.

So great was my ardent desire to escape from the debasement, the negation of the passive life in the convent, to regain my liberty, to find myself in the true and grand society of men, that these real difficulties, until pointed out by my friend, had not even occurred to me.

He went on to develop the fatal consequences of the inevitable arrest, and then said that if I were determined to abandon the monastery in order to re-enter civil society, and exercise in it my rights and duties, I must prepare myself to encounter a formidable opposition, and to suffer great hardships. He therefore forewarned me to consider whether I had sufficient firmness and courage, because, even

if I gained the entrance to the society and active life so much desired, it would not be found all roses, for to all, and especially to an ex-friar, there would be many and sharp thorns. And therefore, if I were really and truly resolved, I must apply in a regular and open way for the passport and the permission, taking care also to have everything arranged for my voyage across the Atlantic. Finally, he concluded that the best thing would be to leave the work to time, which perhaps might mature more favourable circumstances. Until then he advised me to be tranquil, to give myself still more and more earnestly to the study of music, and to avoid needlessly opposing my superiors, lest I should get into trouble.

This good advice I endeavoured to follow, and thus became, if not resigned, at least more tranquil. In giving myself fervently to my favourite study I found some relief from the restless longing of an uncongenial position.

In the meantime, my occupation as performer of sacred music both in festival and in funeral services was always increasing; and so also the general estimation of my voice: to this certainly, and not to any other cause, must be attributed the following, and to me most welcome communication.

One evening, the learned Padre Rocco da Cancellara, the new Provinciale, sent for me, and, in a kind manner, told me that I had been called away to Rome. He added that this fortunate event must be the result of active and successful intervention on the part of my family at the Papal Court. This, however, was far from being true, as neither I myself, nor our family, had anything in the world to do with the Court. The only motive must have been the mention, through some one unknown to me, of my voice as basso-profondo.

Astonished at this news, I said, 'Go to Rome! and what to do there?'

'To compete for the primo-basso at the Sistine Chapel.'

And, in saying this, he put the so-called *ubbidienza* into my hand—that is to say, the *order* of the Papal Court, which commanded me, in fact, to go to Rome as soon as possible for that object. The effect upon me of this sudden and important communication will easily be imagined. The Padre Provinciale was evidently pleased, and warmly congratulated me.

Taking leave of him, and with the order in my hand, I ran to the cell of my affectionate fellow-townsman, De Ciommo, to make known to him this joyful event; and soon after, behold! all the com-

munity came round me, with the greatest felicitations, prognosticating for me the highest honours, even that of the papacy itself!

A few days after taking leave of my friends at Potenza, I set off for my native Spinazzola, being permitted to visit it before I made preparations for the journey to Rome

PART III.

LIFE AT THE PAPAL COURT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY.

I STAYED three days with my mother and our family and friends at Spinazzola. The parting was most sorrowful for us all. My mother took care to provide me with the money and all that was necessary for the journey, in those days a tedious and often dangerous affair. I returned to Potenza, to complete the last arrangements; and then, at length, the *vetturino* was engaged, and I set off for Rome! There were two young Italians in the carriage. We soon got into conversation upon a variety of subjects, and agreed very well together in our opinions upon most of them.

Foremost amongst these, music was mentioned, and upon this I spoke with the enthusiasm so natural to me. One of the fellow-travellers said, 'I do believe you are the Reverend Padre Luigi of Spinazzola, of whose voice as basso-profondo we have so often heard.'

To this I quickly answered, 'No more of my voice. It is merely a gift of nature to me; but, if you would like to hear it, you shall do so;' and I began at once to sing some air from an opera. They expressed themselves much pleased.

When we arrived at Salerno, I asked them to take me with them to the hotel to which they were going; otherwise I had intended to lodge at the convent. They agreed, and thus we all three went to an inn. Our first question was, if there were any musical theatre open that evening? The waiter said, 'Yes, and with good singers.'

We quickly arranged to go there, all three together; and, as I should not be permitted to enter in my monk's costume, they procured a secular dress for me from the waiter. So we went together, and enjoyed one of the excellent operas of Cimarosa, 'Il Matrimonio Segreto,' which was well performed. As for me, I passed an evening of enchantment; but behold! on leaving the theatre, comes an annoyance to disturb the pleasant pastime. A commissioner of the Bourbon police came up to me, and without more ado said, 'Padre Luigi of Spinazzola come with me.' I saw into the ugly affair, and quickly taking two scudi, put them into his hand, saying, 'Let me alone.'

This had the desired effect, and soon, on our return to the inn, the incident was forgotten in the enjoyment of an excellent supper of maccaroni, with the freshest fish, and wine.

They gave me a good room and an excellent bed, and very soon I was fast asleep. It was not long, however, before my rest was disturbed by the entrance of the waiter, who introduced four of the police-guards. The unwelcome visit did not intimidate me, and I asked what they wanted. 'Your passport,' they said, in a rough voice. I gave it to them, and also the paper called *ubbidienza*, from the general of my order, Father Giuseppe of Alessandria. After having looked at the passport, and the so-called '*holy obedience*,' they said, 'Your reverence must get up; this is not the place for you. You would be in your place at the convent.' Upon this, forgetting the friar's rule of passive obedience, I turned quickly to the guards, and said, 'Gentlemen, I shall not get up for all the police in the world; to-morrow morning I will come to the office.' In reply to this, my firm determination, they contented themselves with asking for something to drink. I then understood the object of this nightly disturbance. I gave them a scudo, and they went away.

I soon fell asleep again, as if nothing had happened.

We could not leave the next morning, as two of the horses which had brought the carriage to Salerno were taken ill; it might be a few days before they could go on. I took advantage of the delay, to visit the brothers of my order, and the Asylum for Foundlings. I wished especially to visit this institution for poor children, because music formed an important part in their education, and the musical director was a brother of my order. By good fortune I got there just at the time he was giving a lesson. He was making them study a Mass. I was surprised at his beautiful method of teaching; he had made them masters, by means of his good lessons, of an exact and excellent execution in every way.

When the lesson was over, I was introduced to him. He asked my name and country, and I said, 'Padre Luigi of Spinazzola.' 'Then,' he replied, 'you are the well-known basso-profondo of the Convent of Santa Maria of Potenza.' Finding it was so, he immediately called the boys and the orchestra together, and kindly asked me if I would sing; and then, what I would sing. 'The *Qui sedes* in the Mass you have just performed.' My execution was much applauded, and they insisted that I

must stay until the next Sunday, and then sing the same piece in the church. When the Sunday came, behold, two monks, heads of the musical services in the church, the excellent master, and I. His pupils, the foundlings, did their part extremely well, showing how carefully they had been taught by him. It was a treat to hear them sing, and at the same time to perceive how much pleasure they themselves felt in music.

With the success of the *Qui sedes*, it became generally known that I was in Salerno; and several officials and magistrates who, now settled at Salerno, had formerly been living at Potenza amongst my friends, came to see me at the inn, where we still remained.

In thus meeting one of the principal citizens, I related to him what had happened with the police on coming out of the theatre, and in the night at the inn, and also, each time, the effect of the money I had given to them. 'Similar acts,' I added, 'would make it really seem as if we had brigands for police.'

'My dear Padre Luigi,' he answered, 'do not give a hint of this to any one. You must know, in confidence, that not only in the police, but also in the Government there are brigands.'

I understood him, but was surprised. It was

new to me, and I could not help asking myself, Can it be true? Does our king Ferdinand II. rule the Government and the police by means of brigands? And yet it was even so!

In a few days, the horses being recovered, we set off with our slow *vettura*, and continued our journey towards Naples. On our arrival at Naples, I took up my quarters with the friars of my order in the Convent of San Pietro ad Aram. Here the monks soon made me sing to them, first with pianoforte accompaniment, and afterwards with that of the organ in the large church. In the church, my powerful voice was heard to greater advantage. In the voice they recognised a great natural gift, especially appreciated the manner of singing, and expressed their surprise that such excellent instruction could have been found in the provinces. This eulogium was truly pleasing to me, because it was a tribute due to the talent of my beloved master, and also because it came from competent judges; since not only the Convent of Santa Maria la Nova in Naples, but also that of San Pietro ad Aram, was distinguished for fine voices, and likewise as excellent schools of art.

I stayed about two weeks in Naples; and in that time endeavoured to see as much as possible of

everything worthy of notice in art, and in the enchanting scenery which surrounds the place.

But the time passes only too quickly, and, taking leave of relatives and friends there, I set off on the journey to Rome.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME.

It is not possible to express the profound emotion I felt when, for the first time, I pressed the sacred soil of the Eternal City.

Oh, Roma! metropolis of the seven hills, is there an Italian whose heart does not beat more quickly on seeing thee?

Do not the pages of thy history record the greatest triumphs and the deepest misfortunes of the whole peninsula?

Supreme Head of the Roman power, hast thou not renown enough to fill the world with thy name? and, only too surely, misfortune enough to excite the commiseration of every noble heart?

The civilisation of the peoples, is it not in part owing to thee?

Does not the majesty of thy gigantic ruins attest thy former greatness?

And thou, devoted for so many ages to idolatry

under the sovereign pontiff, must not thou one day break thy chain?

Thou heart and eyes of Italy, must thou not again become her head?

Ah! if now even at length thou art so, would that thou mayest know how to show thyself again as thou once wert! If indeed true liberty be now hovering over thee, would that thou mayest free thyself from the embraces and the poisonous breath of the dying papacy, completely and for ever!

But the Rome into which I was introduced in 1843 was very far from this—a fact I was destined to learn from experience.

On my arrival I went to the Convent of the Minori Riformati, and presented myself to the Procuratore Generale of the order, Padre Venanzio of Celano, who, with his *curia*, lived in the convent. He was short in stature, but of a pleasing appearance; he was also learned, and, for a monk, he was not bigoted. He received me kindly, asked me to sing, and expressed himself pleased and as feeling an interest in my success. Soon after this encouraging reception, several stewards, divers ex-Provincials, many preachers, and friars of various rank came into the rooms of the Procuratore to see me. Most of them were learned; but the monk was always to

be seen in them, selfish, hypocritical, jealous one of the other. These never-failing characteristics were evident to any one admitted to live amongst them. Curiosity brought them to make acquaintance with the newly-arrived brother, and to criticise the candidate for the honours of the Sistine Chapel. Amongst them was one Padre F—— of C——, who was destined to become a real Judas to me. All the infamous qualities which the united evil influence of priesthood, monkhood, and celibacy can foster, were developed in this man. He was then, and had been for several years, one of the singers in the Sistine Chapel in quality of basso, and was body and soul an unprincipled spy of Giuseppe Baini.

My various introductions and presentations were always followed by singing, and, as at the first meeting, the monks generally expressed themselves pleased. All these ceremonies over, the genial Padre Venanzio confided me to Padre F—— with these encouraging words, 'Here, Padre F——, I introduce to you another honour to our order at the pontifical throne.' The mentor thus imposed upon me answered roughly, 'Oh, yes; certainly a great honour!' Thus passed my first day in the new convent.

The next morning the sacristan invited me to go down to the church at the hour for the celebration of the Mass. I went down accordingly and recited the Mass, and then breakfasted with Padre F—— in his room. Refreshed by coffee and toasted bread, we went out together, directing our steps to the central streets of the city, and thus passing through a great part of Rome, since the convent was situated at one extremity. The whole way my eyes were attracted by the wonderful, imposing, and sumptuous buildings of every kind, ancient and modern, which everywhere met my view as we passed along. At length we arrived at our destination. Padre F—— said to me, 'Now you will have to kiss respectfully the hand of the man to whom I am going to present you. He is not only learned in every way, but is besides a true saint.'

We went up a broad staircase, and upon entering were received by a lady, not beautiful in person, but gentle and modest in her manners. Padre F—— told me that this lady was sister to the musical director, Giuseppe Baini. In a few minutes the director himself entered, and I hastened forward to kiss his hand. He walked with his head and body bent. At my approach, he raised himself a little, and with a quick motion, intended for humility, with-

drew his hand from the offered kiss. Then, putting both hands behind him, he scrutinised me from head to foot with eyes that seemed as if they could look me through, they were so large and penetrating. A slight but significant smile passed over his lips. He looked like one who sought to inspire reverence and fear.

These appearances did not, however, disturb me. I was able to answer all his questions with readiness and candour.

After this preliminary examination he turned to Padre F——, and said, 'If the voice in singing correspond with that in which he speaks, it must indeed be a grand basso-profondo.' Upon this, without another word, Padre F—— sat down to the piano, and I, reading from a piece of music put into my hand, gave a sample of my voice to the humble-looking but proud director. As he listened, that long and severe face of his cleared up a little, and a slight smile passed over it. I had scarcely finished before he pressed my hand, and asked me many questions about my musical studies. He was much pleased that I had studied the solfeggi of Zingarelli and Crescentini. Taking up a book of these exercises he made me go through them. He asked me several times if I had been in the habit of singing *a*

voce solo, and I in answer asked if he would try. He then made me repeat, without accompaniment, the same exercises I had just been singing, taking the tuning fork to test my intonation, upon which he complimented me.

After these experiments, he told me to sit down, and began to make enquiries into the position of my honoured parents. Hearing that my father had been for many years a *notaio*, he was pleased to say this was a proof of the respectability of my family. 'The function of *notaio*,' he said, 'is one that demands spotless honour; the man who fills that position being one to whom the custody of the public faith is entrusted.' He enquired also into the soundness of the religious sentiments of my parents and of myself (it is probable that the name Campanella had suggested to him some suspicion upon this point). Finally, he wished to know if my family were healthy. I was able to say they were. Then, if I also were the same? I replied that my robust appearance would speak for itself. At this he smiled a second time, and, dismissing me, told us to be with him again the next morning at ten o'clock.

On the morrow, at the appointed time, Padre F—— and I presented ourselves.

The same lady again received us. We were

at once introduced by her into a large saloon, where a strange and melancholy spectacle presented itself. A number of figures perfectly still and motionless, dressed entirely in black, were arranged round the room. Silent and lugubrious, they seemed more like a sinister decoration to the room than living men. Some of them were short in stature, stout, and with a dull, stolid expression; others were tall and very thin, their eyes dull and lifeless, their flesh-colour between white and yellow, their cheeks hollow, and their cheek-bones prominent. These last were the *evirati* (so called) musicians. For lust of money their parents had mutilated them when children, and sold them to take the soprano parts in sacred music, the doctrine of celibacy prohibiting the co-operation of women. And the papacy dares to boast itself superior to the Ottoman! *There* the eunuchs of the seraglio. *Here* the musicians of the pontifical chapel.

These figures, so dark and still around the large saloon, were bassi, tenori, contralti, and soprani.

Their moral corresponded to their physical qualities. Nor could it be otherwise in that poisonous atmosphere. Religion in them was too often a cloak for hypocrisy; real conscientiousness was rarely found, the yes or no depending generally upon circumstances.

Certainly there were a few exceptions, and these were excellent; they were educated, intelligent, and humane—above all, they were Italian at heart; and with these few I trust to shake hands once more, if I may ever see the Eternal City again.

The only notice I received on entering the room, from these thirty individuals, was a fixed look, or rather a stare from under the eyebrows, in profound silence. I returned a cordial salute, without much ceremony.

After a few minutes, the Padre Luigi of Spinazzola is commanded to open his mouth and sing! I did open it fearlessly. The piece well over, the whole array of singers rose and retired, bowing profoundly to the director as they left the hall.

The director and I remained together, with Padre F——. The director held out to me three or four pieces of music, and in his deep voice said, 'Be careful to attend exactly to all that Padre F—— suggests to you.' He then left us, and we returned to the convent. Scarcely arrived there, all the *reverendi*, *padri*, and *laici* came out, anxious to learn the result of my first solemn trial, which had taken place in presence of the pontifical singers.

I was surprised, for it had been kept a secret from

me that this was one of the three regular examinations necessary to determine my admission.

Padre F—— answered, and so did I; but we both gave short answers, for dinner was ready, and we were ready for it, and we filed off at once in a long line to the refectory. After dinner we found ourselves better able to ask and answer questions.

The next day Padre F—— called me to him after I had celebrated the Mass, and with great patience and precision gave me a lesson upon the music I had received from the director, the value of the figures, and the duration of time in each note, as also the particular manner in which it ought to be sung; things quite special to this music, and different from any other.

In the evening an order came to the convent from the director, that I should present myself to him the day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning.

Arriving punctually at the time thus fixed, I did not find the pontifical singers as on the former occasion, but the director alone. Without the delay of a moment he made me execute the music he had given me to study, with which he was satisfied, and then desired me to begin again. I did so, and he, with complete mastery over the notes, began himself to follow my voice with his own in the most studied,

difficult, and intricate accompaniments, sometimes as tenor, then as contralto, and at last in falsetto, as soprano: this he did to test the precision of my intonation. It was to me quite a new and unexpected experiment: it was extremely difficult, and at first I could not help feeling a little confused as well as surprised; but I was able to keep right, and to preserve perfect intonation in my bass notes.

I saw that the director was satisfied, and heard him congratulate Padre F—— upon having so well prepared me.

Three-quarters of an hour having been thus occupied, the door of the saloon was opened and the pontifical singers entered. They were distributed into their several parts, and now I was to sing in concert with them.

Ah! my dear reader, I can assure you all that was repelling in their appearance was entirely forgotten when they began to sing. It was something sublime; the music they sang was sublime also. However much I might try to concentrate myself to execute my part as well as possible, I was completely overcome, and tears of emotion suffocated my voice.

When the piece was ended, I was obliged to tell the director how much I had felt it. He had already perceived this, but encouraged me by say-

ing that in the other pieces I should be more able to control my feelings. I got through the remaining portions which I had to sing with more composure.

The pontifical singers then left. I received from the director new music, and renewed injunctions to pay attention to the instruction of Padre F——.

Two days had not passed before I was again summoned by the director for the next day at the usual time, nine o'clock.

Behold me now at the third examination. As at the second, I was again required to sing solo upon the music given me to study, then again accompanied vocally by the director, and then with the pontifical singers. When all was ended I received from them many congratulations, and I thanked them in return. Most of these congratulations were hollow and exaggerated, but some were sincere. Amongst those who spoke from the heart was Padre Scalzetto, a native of Corsica, who afterwards, although we did not act together in every instance, was always good and frank, and often taught me the *modus vivendi*, so necessary to practise in order to get on with the least evil possible amongst so many priests.

At this third trial, all that had been done at the

second having been repeated, the director called me to give an example of what I could do in the Gregorian chant, presenting to me several antifoni, which I easily and exactly executed.

With this the trial finished. I received from all the singers their good wishes, that, with the result of the next and final examination, I might become their companion as Cappellano Cantore Pontificio. I received also notice of the day and hour when I must present myself at the solemn examination. At length the Padre and I returned to the convent, where the friars surrounded us. Hearing of the happy result of the third experiment, they overwhelmed me with compliments and felicitations. The most cordial amongst them was the sincere Procuratore-Generale, Padre Venanzio da Celano.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

THE day of the final examination arrived, preparations were made for my monkish toilette. The heavy hand of one of the friars, furnished with a blunt razor, put me to torture, shaving me clean and smooth, both as regarded beard and tonsure. I supported easily, however, the pain of the clumsy operation, cheered by the presence and by the jokes of about thirty students in theology, who, full of fun and laughter, stood around me. I remember them still with the most lively pleasure. They were from the provinces of the kingdom of Naples, and had been sent to Rome to study dogmatic and moral theology—more truly speaking, perhaps, to form themselves at that school of dissimulation, in order to enable them to attain more easily some clerical dignity. How happy for them if, differently educated, they had become good fathers and excellent citizens!

But now the hour of departure for my last trial is come, and, with the indispensable Padre, I go to the dwelling of the director. With him, we get into a large close carriage, and drive to the Vatican. On the way the director admonished me not to forget, when singing, to open the mouth, and to mark, with the greatest care, distinctly every syllable.

'We arrive, and now we are in the magnificent Basilica.

In my leisure days I had visited the wonders of the Vatican, observing with delight these gigantic efforts of Italian genius in all periods of time; but I had not seen the Sistine Chapel prepared for a solemn ceremony, as it was on this occasion. The effect was imposing, and showed what talent could do when circumstances render it desirable to make an impression upon the senses.

We arrive at the Vatican, and ascend the Scala Regia, the magnificent work of Bernini. On entering the Sala Regia, which serves as a vestibule to the Sistine Chapel, I, in my friar's dress, with white cord and large tonsure, attracted the attention of some of the gaily-dressed foreigners walking up and down there; the more so as I walked on boldly with head erect, and looking straight before me. They

were curious to know what would be the result of my examination. On entering into the Sistine Chapel, I was placed on a seat apart from the pontifical singers.

At once all the various ecclesiastics entered, and seated themselves in the places respectively assigned to them; then all the singers entered from one side, and several *prelati di mantelloni* and *maggiordomi di camera* from the other. They also seated themselves each in his own place.

Finally, preceded by I do not know how many priests, came the first *maggiordomo pontificio*, Alaramo Pallavicino da Genoa. His appearance was not pleasing. Short in stature, bald, with small and sunken eyes, complexion yellowish and very dark, he appeared almost like an Indian. I do not remember exactly if he took the seat at the foot or on one side of the pontifical throne.

I was summoned from my corner to the midst of the semicircle, where the dignitaries of the papal throne were seated, and enjoined to sing.

I sang with the choir the music already prepared; but, whether it were the solemnity of the trial, or the effect of the apparatus by which I was surrounded, I could not avoid a strong emotion, from which, however, I soon recovered. The director,

who was near me, perceiving it, slightly shook me, and gave me strength with the words, 'Che cosa hai? coraggio, va bene.'

In this way I was able to execute as I ought my part in the concerted music; and, after that, the Gregorian, a solo, and other ecclesiastical intonations.

The examination thus terminated, the *maestro di cerimonio* made me leave the Chapel, and, in less time than I can tell, enter it again. He then made me kneel with folded arms at the feet of Alaramo Pallavicino, who, smiling and in a clear voice, said to me, 'Padre Luigi da Spinazzola, here, *a pienezza di voci*, you are proclaimed Cappellano Cantore Pontificio, Prelato di Mantelletta, *ad vitam*. Consider that it is given to few mortals to arrive at such an honourable position, which brings with it the prerogative, and raises to the glory of forming part of the splendour of the Vicar of Christ. Become, then, ever more and more fervent in unshaken faith towards il Sommo Pontefice; by this means, ensuring to yourself that salvation in the future immortal life, which is the aspiration and the reward of the sincere *Cattolico*, *Apostolico*, *Romano*. From this moment forward you are considered as an immediate member of the splendour and the service of

the Holy Father. Participate in every privilege which the pontifical singers enjoy. Thus you are relieved from the obligation to eat of oils, or other food which might injure the beautiful voice which God has given to you. Now promise full faith and blind obedience to the Sommo Pontefice, and to all his institutions; to me, who stand in his stead, as your immediate superior, and finally to your most diligent director.'

I answered, 'I promise.'

Alaramo Pallavicino, then standing up, made me rise from my knees; presented me to the body of singers, with courteous words; wished for me many years' duration of florid health, and of the voice of which I had given an example, in order to increase the solemnity of the pontifical ceremonies; extended to me his hand, which I kissed; and finally, with the same hand, cutting the air in the form of a cross, he blessed me and departed.

I remained in the midst of the singers and numerous spectators, and received embraces, pressures of the hand, congratulations, and good wishes by turns from all.

During the examination, turning my eyes towards the door of the sacristy, in a tribune under the sublime *capo-lavoro* of the 'Last Judgment,' I

saw one who looked fixedly at me. I was told afterwards that he was the famous Gaetanino Moroni. Oh, how well he might have served as a model for one of the lost in that immortal picture!

The ceremonial ended, on descending the magnificent staircase, the officials, Swiss guards, and others in the service of the Vatican, smiled and saluted me kindly; and then, at the convent, a real ovation awaited me. The excellent Procurator-General and his secretary, Padre Pasquale, and several other reverends, came to the door to meet me, to be thus the first to show the pleasure they felt, and the honour they considered accruing to the order from having a brother attached to the pontifical throne. After this, all the friars coming out of the refectory, and meeting Padre F—— and me, returned with us there, rejoicing with us, and congratulating us whilst we dined. They were all kind; but I was most particularly impressed by the frank congratulations of the younger members of the community.

I did not go out the rest of that day, remaining within to write to my dear mother, and to my beloved master, Francesco Stabile, and other relatives and friends, acquainting them with the happy result of my examination.

CHAPTER X

SAN MICHELE.

THE next day I was taken by Padre Venanzio to Ara Cœli, to be presented to the General of the order, Padre Giuseppe d'Alessandria (of Sicily). He received me kindly, and congratulated me upon the success thus announced to him. Curiosity being one of the endowments of convents, the monks quickly came in to see the new Cantore Cappellano Pontificio. They expected to find him very fierce in appearance, coming as he did from the country of the brigands, and, if not interesting for any other reason, they were yet desirous to see one who came from such an immense distance. For in those days the country of Bari was thought to be very far indeed from Rome. It really seemed as if they were running to see the exhibition of the 'Great Beast.' Here, as always on similar occasions, I was asked to sing, and received thanks after the song. During the first months of my new career I

was also an object of curiosity at the Vatican, and the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, patriarchs, prelates, and other dignitaries attached to the papal throne, came to see me, and treated me courteously.

In a short time I became known in Rome, and was often invited to sing in different churches. Of course I could never go without permission of the director.

I sang most frequently in the Church dei Teatini. Here I often met the celebrated Padre Ventura, whom I already knew, the Padre Cirino, and other priests from the kingdom of Naples. The musical director at the Teatini was Scalese, truly an excellent and thoroughly good master, and kind in his manners. He, with some other masters, asked me to sing music of their composition, which I willingly did, and was handsomely paid for it by them.

Between the monthly stipend which I received from the pontifical chapel, and these occasional gains, the friar's vow of poverty was not strictly observed.

Two or three weeks had scarcely passed since my election to the service of the pontifical throne, before the sacristan of our Convent of San Francesco a Ripa announced to me my appointment to celebrate Mass in the church of the nuns of San Michele.

The sacristan presented me to the lady superior in the reception room. The usual compliments being interchanged, I was introduced into the sacristy, where a sacristan dressed in black, with white cap and apron, addressing me in the purest Roman dialect, pointed out all that was necessary for the celebration of the Mass. I dressed, and went from the sacristy to the altar in the chapel. Proceeding always, as enjoined, with head bent and downcast eyes, but still looking round, I saw with surprise women prostrate on the pavement in adoration of the sacrament; but they dexterously just raised the head to steal a furtive glance as I passed.

I commenced the Mass with my powerful voice, which I never could repress, when I heard a smothered sound similar to the buzzing of a number of mosquitoes. Turning at the *Dominus vobiscum*, I perceived that the noise came from the prostrate worshippers, who, raising their heads a little more than usual, allowed their women's faces to be seen.

This singular religious performance, which I had never seen before, astonished me, and gave rise to many reflections.

After the Mass was ended, I was asked by one of the friendly sacristans to have some chocolate; and whilst I was taking it I had the pleasure of the

company of several of the sisters, who were all very courteous.

But during the Mass I had had another surprise besides that of the prostrate adoration, and a much pleasanter one. First a duet, and then a terzetto, called *mottetti*, had been sung by the sisters, with so much precision, with such earnest expression, and such beautiful and well-tuned voices, that I was filled with admiration at these rich and highly cultivated natural gifts, and I must confess that I went through the Mass mechanically.

The breakfast over, the lady superior came to me, requesting that for the future I would come punctually at the same hour every day for the Mass.

I continued thus to attend for several months. It would fill a volume were I to narrate all that I observed, and all that happened to me amongst those shut-up girls, and penitents at the feet of the Confessional.

I shall relate only one anecdote, which will, I think, be sufficient to give an idea of the hypocrisy and artifices of those times and places, and to depict the system. I give warning, however, that whatever idea the reader may take from it, and the conclusions to which he may come, the picture he may form will be quite faded in comparison to the degrading and almost incredible reality.

The education of these sisters—if education it may be called—was limited to a little, more or less, of reading and writing. They were, however, all complete in the art of telling the beads, turning up the eyes, compressing the lips, bending and putting on one side the head, and, in fine, putting on a devotional appearance in the most varied and studied manner.

Distinguished amongst these clever actresses was the porteress; plump, pleasing, still fresh, and youthful, being only in her twenty-fifth year. In all the affairs of the school, however, she did her best to appear older. Every time she saw me she was very kind, and when there was time she kept me back to ask a thousand questions. It could be, however, only a very few minutes, and in the corridor, where there was a continual going and coming of the *religiosi*.

In these short conversations she let fall the rosary, but, at the slightest noise or approach of footsteps, took it up in the hand, and began telling it again very quickly, accompanying it with the mimic action, very cleverly, however, and ready to say between a *pater* and an *ave*, 'Stay yet a little longer.' I saluted the passers-by, and received in exchange the 'Reverendo, allow us to kiss the sacred hand;'

and then often I stayed a little longer. On one of these occasions the porteress asked me without circumlocution if I would go to the house of one of her relations, where she would also be, and where she could speak to me at her ease.

I was perplexed at this unexpected proposal, and answered that I must think about it a little, and would let her know the next day. I then said 'yes,' and she fixed the place and the hour on the first day I had permission to go out. I kept the appointment, and the young nun, setting aside the contortions and the rosary, received me without affectation, and, saying that she must open her heart to me, she told me that she could not remain either in San Michele or in Rome, having promised herself as wife to one of my countrymen, an emigrant. She was not sure if he were in France or in England.

I asked what had induced her to place so much confidence in me, and other similar questions. In reply, she said that many times she had been on the point of speaking of this to me, and that she hoped I might have known her betrothed. She told me his name and family, but I was obliged to tell her, as was indeed the case, that I did not know him.

She was not satisfied; she replied, that although

in this she was disappointed, yet she trusted still that I might be able to save her.

I said, 'But in what way?'

Upon this she went on naming to me many different schemes and plans, not one of which seemed to me at all likely to help her, and in any one of which I must have been more or less compromised. Thus repulsed in her projects, as far as my co-operation was concerned, she, respectful if not convinced, endeavoured to interest me in order to assist her in finding out at least where her betrothed was. Even this, her very natural wish, I could not grant; and thus the first interview terminated without any result.

But only a few weeks passed before she again did everything she could to make me promise to meet her at the same place, and, when there, what she said after many plans was, in conclusion, that she was desirous and ready to escape from the convent with another of the sisters, her friend and companion, whose name she told me, and who was more fascinating than herself, if only they could find that I would assist in the flight of the two nuns.

It appeared to me very natural, this wish of the two young girls, who perhaps had been shut up in the convent against their will, especially in the case

or the one who was ardently in love with her betrothed. I felt a sincere pity for them; but whatever sympathy I might have for any one in such painful circumstances, yet my native frankness and detestation of anything folded in the mantle of mystery, and that could not bear the light of day, and my remembrance of the advice of Francesco Stabile, obliged me to say at once that I was not the man to lend myself to her wish.

My determined refusal rendered the whole scheme a failure. I was sincerely grieved for the distressing position of the poor girl, with whom in perfect good faith I truly sympathised.

It was only after many years had passed over, and I was some hundreds of miles distant from all thought of the establishment of San Michele and its porteress, that I learnt fully the real state of the case.

It was in London in the summer of 1852, at about three in the morning, when the day-break is so enchanting in that beautiful season, as seen from some eminence, with the long and broad streets of the immense metropolis, deserted by the multitude of people by whom during the day they had been thronged, that I, in a *hansom*, as the English call it, passed through St.

James's Park, and came down Piccadilly, on my return from a musical entertainment, in black coat and white gloves, the roll of music under my arm.

On a sudden the Italian accent of a boy struck my ear, with the sound of 'Ajuto, ajuto!' (help, help!). At this sound I made the hansom stop, and jumped down. I saw two English youths who had snatched a monkey from the hand of an Italian boy. At this brutal assault upon the poor boy—for the English were really drunken and very rough—I asked what was the matter, and sought to bring them to reason. They, however, either did not or pretended not to understand my bad English, and continued the shameful attempt to keep the monkey. I did not despair of overcoming them, but it certainly was just possible that the poor boy and I might have got the worst of it. Fortunately, two gentlemen came up, who spoke English fluently, and took our part. The monkey by their means was restored to the boy, and at length two policemen came up, and I went on towards my lodging. I had not, however, gone on many paces before one of the two who came to the rescue ran after me, saying in an Italian in which I recognised the accent of southern Italy, 'Dammi un bacio, ô mio buon compaesano!'

(Give me a kiss, my good fellow-countryman.) I kissed him, and with grateful affection pressed his hand, and asked his name. He answered, 'I am the Canon Maffei, and you certainly must be the well-known Campanellone.' I had very often heard him spoken of as a learned and liberal man, and a popular preacher who had emancipated himself from the Roman Catholic Church, and had taken refuge in England. His name, *Maffei*, recalled me in thought to former years when the pleasing and gentle porteress of San Michele named him to me as her betrothed.

I spoke to him afterwards of her; and he, when he heard how I had become acquainted with these things, and that I had been engaged in that establishment, could never leave off relating anecdotes which fully gave a picture of the insidious and mean artifices of those nuns, and made me see, as it were with the eye, how all the seductions and arts are adopted against those in whom they smell the taint of liberality, in order to obtain their confidence to spy out their doings and their thoughts, and to convert them, if possible, to the reaction, or, if not, to compromise and denounce them.

I confess that, though I had constantly officiated

in that church, the idea of anything so infamous had never entered my head. It was by great good fortune that I had not fallen into the snare. I think that such facts as these help to photograph—if I may use the word—the system of the papacy.

CHAPTER XI.

LIBERALISM.

Soon after I became Chaplain at San Michele, the superior made me acquainted with all the rules of the institution, and introduced me, one by one, to the four hundred sisters. How many mysteries I might have penetrated had I been of less good faith!

On account of my position as Chaplain, I was obliged to visit frequently the inmates of the infirmary.

I thus became acquainted with the medical men attached to it, and with one of them in particular. He freely and often spoke to me, lamenting the vow of seclusion and celibacy of these poor women, and saying how much better it would be for them if, redeemed from it, they could be restored to the holy offices of wife and mother.

My acquaintance with this doctor became continually more intimate. Mutual sympathy united us. I could appreciate the sincere and earnest

patriot, animated by the most liberal and generous sentiments. In him I recognised a true lover of progress.

It was through him that I became acquainted with several liberal-minded Romans. I visited them at their houses as often as I could, consistently with my usual engagements. I was thus enabled to form clear ideas upon good government, and could estimate more truly the perversity of that of the papacy.

I could investigate more surely into the causes of the bitter sorrows of the oppressed people, when listening to their heart-rending lamentations, and imprecations at the name of Gregorio Decimo-sesto.

All this on the one side; on the other, the ostentation and simulated piety of those innumerable ecclesiastics, who, proclaiming charity and truth, were daily calumniating each other. At their head, Cardinal Lambruschini, who, surrounded by a number of unprincipled instruments, exercised a sinister and despotic power.

So many and so flagrant were the wrongs and miseries inflicted by them, of which I was at that time the witness, that I cannot even now, at the distance of twenty-five years, think of them without a thrill of horror.

The number of sincere liberals, with whom I at that time became acquainted, united to the most ardent patriotism and unshaken faith in the future that caution and prudence which the times imperatively demanded, in order that the work of propagating the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty might not be compromised. By these means we succeeded in keeping firmly united together a vast association which embraced not alone the whole of Italy, but extended to other lands.

If my education in the convents, and the many years I spent amongst friars and priests, had made me assume, unperceived by myself, some of the egoism so common in that class of men, yet its power over me was as nothing against that common sense and feeling of justice which opened my heart and mind to the principles of the liberal party in Rome, and made me determine, setting aside all other considerations, to devote myself to the apostolate of truth and liberty, of everything conducive to the moral progress of society. After the lapse of so many years, conscience assures me that I have never broken the vow I then made.

At that time my financial position was good. There still remained part of the money I received

from my mother, and my musical services in the several churches increased the monthly stipend from the Sistine Chapel. One of the churches in which I most frequently sang was that of Sant Andrea la Valle, where the music was directed by the well-known Scalese, a truly excellent master.

My position at the pontifical chapel, the personal relations which I had in the many churches where I went to sing, and those also with the liberals and *progressisti*, gave me opportunities of knowing the state of Roman society thoroughly. On one side I saw thoughtful, sincere, and expansive liberalism; on another, a qualified and vacillating desire for progress; on a third, hypocrisy, dissimulation, and selfishness; and lastly, on another, ferocious and open despotism. A great number were uncertain, in whom was neither to be discerned the perfume of liberty nor the smell of the slaughter-house. The majority were tired of priestly government, which weighed heavily, not only upon their substance, but upon their persons and their honour.

And now the first vigil of Christmas since my admission into the Sistine Chapel drew near. I had been desired on that occasion to sing the first lesson in the service for the Nativity, which begins with the words, '*Alleviata est terra Zabulon.*' Accordingly,

on the night of the vigil, I went down from the choir, and was conducted by the master of the ceremonies into the centre of the nave.

Many ecclesiastics were seated around in red tunics ornamented on the shoulders with the most exquisite lace, the lower part of the dress of various colours, according to the rank of the wearer. These were the princes of the Church, the Cardinals of various orders, bishops, priests, and deacons. Every one of them with the inevitable bent head, and neck awry, the breviary between the hands, but glancing with curiosity to see by whom the seats assigned to Sovereigns and diplomatic authorities were occupied. But more willingly still their eyes were directed to the graceful young foreigners, American, English, French, &c., who flock in numbers to witness the pontifical ceremonies.

In a separate and high place, upon a rich throne, and under the weight of a heavy dress of silk worked in gold, was an old man whose face was covered with red spots, the effect of the best Orvieto wine. It was Gregory XVI. Near to him was another man dressed in the colour of blood (and very well it suited him): his manner appeared to say, 'I am the real Pope.' It was Gaetanino Moroni,

I intoned the *Jube, Domine, benedicere*, and the eyes of all around scrutinised the new singer. When the intoning of the lesson was finished I returned to my place, receiving many congratulations from those I met on the way.

A little later I received also congratulations from Cardinal Lambruschini, and upon an occasion which I have never forgotten. One day he, coming to visit the Convent of San Francesco a Ripa, sent for me to come to him into the room of the Provinciale, who was also of the Genoese party. He kept me in conversation for full twenty minutes. He concluded by saying that the Neapolitans had little religion: this was an expression usual with him towards all who were not Genoese. In this way he sought to accredit his own haughty and omnipotent party, as all the ecclesiastics, not Genoese, at that time in Rome can testify.

If he had said that I had very little Roman Catholic religion, he would have said the truth. Not, however, because I was Neapolitan, but because I felt myself and wished to be a man.

I could not understand why many of the friars, *riformati* and *osservanti*, made all kinds of enquiries about the Rev. Padre Luigi d'Avigliano, that learned man with whom my readers have already become

acquainted. I answered these enquiries quite naturally, praising his learning and talent, as they well deserved, and lo! one fine day I met him in my Convent of San Francesco a Ripa. He came at the request of the General of the order, Padre Giuseppe d'Alessandria, for the purpose of compiling a treatise upon physics in Latin idiom, in order that it might serve for all nations. In fact, he gave himself up to the work night and day, and in a relatively short time it was printed, and had a great success. With him, also from Potenza, came the sympathetic and clever youth, Paolo Cortese, as a student.

Cortese, the dear and well-educated abbate, Gerardo Santaniello, and I got on very well together, and were quickly united as good fellow-countrymen.

I took care to introduce Santaniello to the several members of the Liberal party with whom I had become acquainted, and whose confidence in me continually increased. I was sorry I could not do the same with Cortese, but he was too young, and, besides, was not to be disturbed from his studies, to which he gave himself with assiduity and good will.

One day, on the occasion of a meeting of the

Liberal party, a letter was brought in addressed to me. It was as follows :—

'My dear Padre Luigi,—I do not know you personally, but I well know that you sincerely co-operate in the defence of the cause of humanity. Go on, but with caution, and reflect well before you pronounce words that may compromise your person, very dear to us, because consecrated to social well-being.

'Your fellow-citizen,

'G. Garibaldi.'

This letter from the great and true-hearted patriot confirmed and strengthened me in the apostolate upon which I had already entered.

I answered him that I would continue indefatigably the propagation of Liberal and humanitarian principles; at the same time, not neglecting the prudence which in those perverse times was necessary in order not to compromise, that which was more than myself, the most holy cause.

As time went on my companions in the Chapel showed me more kindness, and I must say the greater number of them seemed sincere. For my part, I was always frank and open with them, and

endeavoured to be as careful and prudent as possible in my intercourse with others, but firm to my principles as the needle to the Pole. It was scarcely possible, however, to avoid suspicion in a society where artifice and dissimulation were almost universal.

I had never imagined the amount of atheism, of utter contempt of all morality, which, amongst the innumerable ecclesiastics by whom I was surrounded, lay hidden under the mantle of formalities. With these there could be no intercourse without words and gestures of simulated piety and devotion.

My frankness was truly an exotic in this atmosphere, and could not be expected to bring forth good fruit. On the contrary, it would naturally give occasion to all sorts of mistakes, and of false representations to my disadvantage. So in fact it turned out. How much the name of Campanella added to the suspicion with which I soon came to be regarded, how much it was in favour with the despot Bourbon and omnipotent priest, may be understood from the following incident:—

Soon after I became Fra Luigi of Spinazzola I made acquaintance with one Rocco Martorano, canonico of the Cathedral of San Gerardo in

Potenza, with whom I formed an intimate friendship. He was good, learned, and eloquent. The inhabitants of Potenza knew how fully he responded to my affection for him.

He often said to me, 'Take care, Fra Luigi, how you mention the name of Campanella, especially if you allow it to be seen that you are animated by Liberal sentiments, since those who rule us mentally and bodily have that name fixed in their memory, as well as that of every other family which has given them trouble.'

I remember with real pleasure that the excellent prelate spoke to me often about my great ancestor, Fra Tommaso, and also that he gave me some of his manuscripts to read. It is not possible for me to express the delight I felt in the enlarged views I received from studying the opinions and the high principles of the great reformer.[1] What became of those precious manuscripts my most careful research never procured for me any information. God forbid that superstitious fanaticism should have succeeded in destroying them!

At the same time Martorano procured for me other excellent books, and amongst them 'Il velo del Rimorso,' by Capestrano. This reading made me

[1] See Addenda.

both weep, and shudder with a noble indignation; because the youthful mind,

in quel soave
Vaneggiar primo, le terrene cose
Del suo dolce color tutte dipinge,
E così l'alma, che ad amare è presta,
Una gentile immagine si crea,
Beltà, virtude, amor tutta aspirante.

CHAPTER XII.

UBBIDIENZA.

THE time for the election of the Maestro del Cappella came on. It was referred every year to the vote of the pontifical singers. Many of the electors asked me to whom I would give my vote. I answered that I should give it to the oldest amongst the candidates.

Some blamed my choice, telling me all manner of evil against its object. I answered that, as this was not proved to me, I could not change my vote upon merely gratuitous assertions. The old man did not succeed, and I became an object of dislike to the dominant party, whose hidden tactics I did not at that time understand.

Besides this, my frankness in giving my opinion openly upon all that took place amongst the singers very much displeased my former mentor during the experiments and at the examination, Padre F—— da Cantalicio, and his worthy friend the Dominican,

Padre Pozzi; so much so, that they became spies upon my movements, and began to treat me contemptuously—at first with slight rudeness, and then with increasing insults. At length they prohibited my singing in the several churches as usual, thus depriving me of the respective payments.

The source of this persecution against me was the musical director, Giuseppe Baini, who was, as every Roman I have known can bear witness, notwithstanding his great learning, a Jesuit in the full sense of the word, and despotic as any tyrant. He was not pleased when I gave my vote to the oldest man. So much for freedom of suffrage.

I went to him and to the Padri F—— and Pozzi, and respectfully asked why I had been prohibited from singing in the churches; and as they in answer only gave me futile reasons, as if I were an imbecile, I could not help showing that I felt the injustice strongly.

Upon this the director said to me, in ferocious accents, that for exalted spirits there still remained the Inquisition in Rome. At these infamous words the blood froze in my veins. I do not know how I had power to restrain the impulse of indignation. I succeeded, however, and with superhuman power conquered myself so as to ask simply, 'But is not

this a case in which reason is sufficient to decide?' The bent despot stood erect with fierce aspect, and in a voice of thunder, pointing to the door, exclaimed, 'Via di qui, insetto regnicolo.'[1]

Oh, Romans! you who knew him, tell me, was not this Giuseppe Baini?

It was not more than three or four months after this, that I, with the other pontifical singers, performed the funeral offices over his corpse extended on the pavement, as I afterwards saw that of Cardinal Pacca. I could not help thinking, here is the insect; yes, as I am, and you also, my reader. The pride of his great learning so fully possessed Giuseppe Baini, that he fancied himself something divine, and, breaking all the laws of human brotherhood, committed one of the greatest crimes, that of the persecution of others.

The musical director who succeeded him tried to extinguish party feuds amongst the priests and friars, but in vain. I, in the midst of them all, was often told by those who appeared to wish me well, that I did not know how to live, because I did not know how to deceive.

'Mundus vult decipi, decipiatur,' was said; but

[1] 'Insect of that kingdom,' an expression used by the Genoese to his rival the Neapolitan; so much were ancient feuds still in force.

I did not think that men desire to be cheated, and, even if so, I am not and never was the man to cheat them.

The youthful element in Rome was on the side of the Liberal party; especially the pupils of the Roman college, amongst whom was the gentle and intelligent Aurelio Saffi.

The movements in the Romagna and in Calabria, which occurred about this time, were declared by some pretended party leaders to be initiatory to a general rising in Europe. In part they had been fomented by the foreign tyrants themselves. In them a pretence was readily found for the decimation of the Liberals, who in good faith had generously thrown themselves into the patriotic movement. Oh! the number of great and good men who were thus sacrificed! The noble, the lamented victims!

The first to provoke insurrections are often the tyrants themselves. Then come the crowd of selfish adventurers, who, stimulated by pride and ambition, expect to gain from the movement both money and place. Lastly come the smaller number of honest, disinterested, generous patriots, destined victims too often to the foreign tyrant or to the artful adventurer. Notwithstanding this, such men, divested of ideas of power and personal ease or safety,

soldiers of humanity for life, were then, are now, and ever will be found. To them are due the steps which society makes in the way of progress; and if I have an ambition, it is only that I may with my whole heart be one of them.

The love of progress humanises and elevates mankind, by affirming its sacred rights, and by harmonising with them its duties, and by its denial of despotism.

Already the Romagna, the Two Sicilies, and the whole of Italy were prepared to rise against the foreign tyrants, and found an echo to their mournful and indignant cry in other parts of Europe. The despotic Powers took alarm, and, in consequence, persecution and repression of anything like free thought increased. For myself, although unwearied in propagating the love of country and liberty, I yet thought that I had been sufficiently guarded to avoid the police researches of Lambruschini.

One day, however, his secretary, Monsignore Massoni, sent for me, and in a soft, insidious manner, sought to learn my habits, and to penetrate my hidden thoughts. He asked for my confidence, saying that he was a friend of one of my relations in Naples. He spoke to me with horror of revolutionary attempts. In short, in the most magisterial

and inquisitorial manner, he sought to scrutinise me thoroughly, and thus to become acquainted with the projects and movements of the Liberal party; making use at the same time of the most studied artifice in order to make of me a champion of the papacy.

It was a clever work of inquisition and seduction, but the hammer of these arts was broken against the anvil of my firm determination not to reveal anything. I was able to avoid committing myself respecting the Liberal movements, without assenting to the reactionary ideas which he expressed.

I now thought myself well out of this adventure; and, in proportion with my increasing co-operation, my faith in the future of progress also increased. I must say it has only become stronger as years have passed on. It is only necessary that this faith should be pure, enlightened, and active; and, in that case, I am convinced that a few men, armed by an indomitable will, would be able to shake the most formidable despotic power.

Rome at that time was as a nest of serpents, directed by the priests of the Genoese party, at the head of whom was Lambruschini. It may be imagined how misplaced I found myself amongst them. Scarcely a day passed without some malignant insinuation, some insidious question, calculated to

throw me off my guard and to betray me to some one of the ecclesiastical spies—friar, priest, or Government underling—who at that time abounded in Rome.

One day the Procurator-General, Padre Venanzio, sent for me, and asked if I were infected with Liberalism, if I were connected with the Carbonari, if I went into the society of the Progressisti, and similar questions. I was not intimidated by these interrogatories from one who had always inspired me with confidence, and who was still kind to me as he always had been. Our interview ended by his saying, 'I sincerely trust that what these Genoese devils vociferate against you is not true.' Padre F—— of Cantalicio, however, showed very clearly that he did not wish to have any more to do with me.

The greater number of the pontifical singers, on the other hand, continued apparently in good-will towards me; shook hands and smiled, but never had the courage to let me know a word of what was going on. The Father Scalzetto alone often earnestly said to me, 'It is really too true that you do not know how to live in this nest of priests, whose hearts are as black as their coats.'

In fact, a tempest was gathering round my head,

and all who knew me saw it quite well. My young friend, Paolo Cortese, asked if I had been sufficiently cautious,—if I knew, and could really trust all my friends,—since he felt anxious for me, on account of some words he had heard dropped by an apostolical messenger. Our mutual friend, Santaniello, whose death in the reaction in Naples I afterwards so deeply mourned, was at this time introduced by me to *the Roman Liberals*, with whom he cordially co-operated. For me to unite with them was a comfort, surrounded as I was by the debasing influence of priesthood. Raising me to the dignity of a man, and a free man, it inspired me with the sentiment of responsibility for my actions to my own conscience; and in obedience to this I was in the habit of daily retiring into myself, and considering what had been my life that day. Often I had the comfort of feeling it had been marked by an endeavour to do my duty.

But to fulfil the duties of an honest lover of progress must necessarily draw down the thunders of the Vatican; and I was summoned by the Provinciale of San Francesco a Ripa. He received me roughly, and gave me the so-called *ubbidienza*, or injunction from the Padre-Generale of the order, to depart for the kingdom of Naples. The only reason given, was my vow of holy obedience

In a word, they intimated to me that I was to leave Rome immediately.

I quite understood from this that I was the victim of the retrograde party; but I could not in any way understand how my canonical election could thus be annulled, and how, considering the good terms upon which I was, and had always been, with the choir, I could be thus ignominiously dismissed. I, resolved, therefore to see to the bottom of the affair, and actively to use every means to get the unworthy order revoked. I directly went to the good and sympathetic Procuratore-Generale, who received me well, as usual, and was astonished upon reading the paper *ubbidienza*, of which he had not been made acquainted.

Without losing time, he took me with him to the General of the order at Ara Cœli.

CHAPTER XIII.

EX INFORMATA CONSCIENTIA.

THE Padre-Generale Luigi da Loreto, some months since bishop of Avellino, had been substituted for the former Padre Giuseppe da Alessandria, and was not prepossessing in his appearance. He was inexorable, asked several sharp questions, and then dismissed me, saying that I absolutely must leave Rome immediately, if for no other reason, that I might not scandalise others. His secretary treated me as a real brigand, and to all my questions as to the reason for this extraordinary punishment, the only reply I could get was the usual *ex informata conscientia.*

The Padre Venanzio still continued good to me, and in the presence of the furious General came to me and said, 'Be calm, and trust all to time, since even thy canonical election is to be broken against the inscrutable motive of the *ex informata conscientia.*'

I could not all at once acquiesce in the brutal

and, above all, unjust decree; and therefore resolved to ask for a permission of two weeks' residence in Rome, which was granted. In this interval I wrote directly to Naples; and from some of my relatives there I received a letter for Rodolfi, resident Minister of the Two Sicilies at the papal throne, for Cardinal Acton, and for Francesco Paolo Borbone, brother of the king Ferdinand II. My Liberal friends advised me to leave immediately. I felt the wisdom of their advice, and was almost decided to follow it; but I could not divest myself of the natural dislike to return to Naples with my canonical election, which was gained by my musical talent, annulled, thus exposing myself to the sneers of the friars, always taking pleasure in the misfortunes of others.

I presented myself, therefore, to the Minister Rodolfi, who received me somewhat kindly, but observed, with Jesuitic smoothness, that the best course was to return to the provinces, resigning myself to the tranquil and retired life which so well suited the good and honest friar. This advice was not in any way modified upon my saying that to keep good and honest did not involve the necessity of condemning one's-self to a course of life which was certainly not life, but simply vegetation.

The same day I went to the Convent of the Jesuits, with the letter for his Royal Highness Francesco Paolo di Borbone, who had rooms there. I encountered immediately a reverend Jesuit, who asked me to give the letter to him. To this, however, I objected, saying that I must give it into the hands of the Prince myself. The Jesuit, again objecting, told me that it was a very difficult thing for any one to have a private interview with a high personage. I found it was necessary for me to tell him my situation as Cappellano Cantore Pontificio, Prelato di Mantelletta; and I did not mistake, for this was the talisman which quickly changed the manner of the Jesuit towards me. He introduced me courteously into a well-furnished room, and in a few minutes the youthful Prince came in. He certainly had very little the appearance of a sun-burnt Neapolitan, but rather, from his light hair and the freshness of his complexion, appeared Swiss or German.

I directly placed the letter in his hands, and explained to him my situation. He listened to me with courteous attention, and dismissed me, desiring me to return in a few days, and, if indeed nothing serious could be brought against me, the order for

my departure would without doubt be countermanded through his intervention.

I returned at the time fixed, and could not see the Prince, but, instead, his tutor, a priest of fine and courteous appearance, who, in a kind manner, gave me to understand that his Royal Highness had not been able to obtain anything in my favour, since most serious accusations against me had been the cause of my expulsion. In vain I repeated that I must know what these accusations were. I could not learn anything more than that they were all hidden under the dark mantle of *ex informata conscientia.*

The kind manner of my interlocutor was very soothing to me, but did not strengthen my hope of obtaining my object. This tutor of the young Prince, amongst other kind words, said to me that he knew perfectly what an honourable and respectable family mine was, and he concluded by saying that the wisest course I could adopt would be to resign myself, and to leave. The only one other thing, he said, that might be tried first, would be to go to Cardinal Lambruschini's confessor, and endeavour to interest him in my cause, as he was acquainted with all that was going on, and had much influence.

Determined to leave nothing untried, and feeling

this suggestion of going to the secretary of Lambruschini to be the last chance, I went on directly from the Convent of the Jesuits to Monsignore Medici, whom I found kind, but yet without any hope that justice would be done to me, and therefore exhorting me to be patient and to go.

I then went to Cardinal Acton, where I had the best possible reception. He treated me in a truly cordial and almost confidential manner, made me sit down, read the letter of recommendation which I offered him, listened with lively interest to my narration, and comforted me with the assurance that he would do his best, that I must return tranquilly to the convent, and that he expected to be successful.

On taking leave of him with feelings of the most lively gratitude, I heard him order the carriage, and as I went away I saw him drive off to go to Cardinal Lambruschini.

This affectionate interest on the part of Cardinal Acton excited wonder in me that so much love for his fellow-creatures, and such an earnest wish to do justice to the oppressed, should be found under the purple. Leaving the palace of the cardinal in the carriage, which at much expense I had kept waiting several hours, I met, in a sumptuous private

carriage, the young Riario Sforza, just on the point of entering his dwelling.

I already knew the bad fame in which this predestined cardinal was held, amidst the vices of this priest-taught city, but I also knew this did not at all lessen the great influence he had at the Papal Court. I also knew that he, as Rector of the Cappella Giulia, had a few months since congratulated me upon my voice.

I therefore determined to go also to him. Upon the grand staircase I met a Neapolitan coming down, and told him briefly my situation. He encouraged me, went back with me, and through his means, and on giving my name to the attendant, I was soon in the presence of the young prelate, who, in a tone of haughty authority, demanded what I wanted. I respectfully told him what had happened to me, and ended with asking for his patronage, not only as a protector of one unjustly accused, but as a Mæcenas of music, and as having given me encouragement in that art.

But to address a man whose heart only beat in his breast for the circulation of the blood, and for the gratification of his brutal passions, was like speaking to the winds. In fact he treated me in the most unworthy manner, and, in language fit for the

lazzaroni, concluded by saying, 'Get away with you, bad friar, worse than all that miserable set in the Cappella Giulia.'

At this shameful and insulting treatment, I lost all patience and could not refrain from saying, 'That which of right belongs to thee, thou hast said of me.' And with these vain attempts ended the day.

The following day I went to Alaramo Pallavicino at his rooms in the Vatican. I found him with his secretary. Both of them treated me in a most brutal manner. I felt really disgusted, but, restraining myself, I insisted that they would at least let me know what were the enormous crimes of which I was accused. In answer to such a natural, but never answered demand, I was only told that I might read in my face if I only looked into the glass, and in my innermost conscience if I would search there, the enormities of which I had been, and was still capable. The secretary, still more furious, added, 'Thy mind and thy heart are corrupted, and it is necessary for the salvation of both that thou shouldest be once more secluded.'

A shudder ran through me from head to foot on hearing words like these from such a person. Alaramo Pallavicino concluded by saying, 'Go, at

once, and quickly. I have already given orders that the three months' salary shall be paid.'

Discouraged by this insolent repulse, but more than ever determined not to leave any stone unturned, on leaving the apartment of Pallavicino I went into that of the Pope, in anxious search of the omnipotent Gaetanino Moroni.

The passage through these numerous and vast saloons was made easy to me, as I was known by the officials and Swiss guards, as well as by the crowd of attendants. Thus all the doors were quickly opened to me, and I soon found myself in the presence of the real Pope, Gaetanino Moroni.

This one, in his peculiar idiom, with innumerable *egli*, *lui*, *ella*, *lei*, and with the affected gentility of a Figaro as he was, asked me what would the Padre Luigi da Spinazzola?

At this question, I asked how it was that he knew me. To this he said, 'Is he then surprised? and who does not know him for his powerful voice and for his masterly style of singing?'

Thanking him for the compliment—which, however, was of little value—I came at once to the subject, and narrated to him briefly, but strongly, all the circumstances so important for me, and insisted upon being informed of what I was accused, that I

might then be able to justify myself, and thus a precipitate order of exile might be revoked, which, in my complete ignorance of the cause, had fallen upon me as a thunderbolt.

To this Gaetanino: 'Then he does not know what accusations have been brought against him?'

'No; not at all.'

'But has he then been a victim of caprice to his loss?'

'This is what I fear, and therefore I entreat your great influence and help with the Holy Father, that I may be allowed to justify myself, and that the order to leave Rome from the General of my order may be revoked.'

'Will he hand to me the *ubbidienza?*'

I remitted it to him directly, and he, looking over it in haste so as just to observe the date Ara Cœli, folded it again, and carefully put it into his pocket with the air of one who takes upon himself an assurance of success.

This manner of his opened my heart to hope; and I, always too ingenuous and easily deceived by the finesse of priestly dissimulation, believed that I was now on the high road towards my desired object.

The cunning fox soon perceived my trust in him, and, with the evil joy of one who likes to amuse

himself with the weakness of others, he added, 'He may be reassured; he may be certain that in a day I will speak to the Holy Father upon his account. But he in the meantime, on his part, must fervently recommend himself to the Madonna, and to the saints, his advocates and protectors, and above all, in his present dangerous position, he must solicit and implore the efficacious and most powerful help of the sacrifice of the Holy Mass, which will certainly turn to his great succour.'

Upon this insinuation I understood that it was necessary for me to have a Mass celebrated by the Santo Padre. I therefore took from my pocket five gregorine, of ten scudi each, and gave them to him, requesting he would get a Mass said for me by il Sommo Pontefice. Thus it was in those times!

The wolf, with the gregorine in his hands, smiling, and in a tone of simulated softness, said, 'Ah! thus you do very well; this pleases me. Take courage, confide in the Holy Father, and thus *l'olio finirà per venire a galla dell' acqua*' (the oil will at length come to the top).

And now, as his object, if not mine, was attained, he dismissed me, saying, 'Even if at last *he* is obliged to depart, think that he returns to his own country, the beautiful Parthenope, that he regains the earthly

Paradise. But he must not be discouraged. On the contrary, he must not cease to hope.'

As he was speaking four Swiss guards passed, and he, always with the most simulated politeness in words, but certainly accompanied by gestures not understood by me, desired them to accompany me out of the Vatican Palace.

The guards did their duty, and quickly consigned me to a captain. I had already seen this man in various parts of Rome, and he was always courteous and civil. Upon this occasion, however, his manner was that of serious severity, derived from an order he had received, and before he left me he would have my solemn promise never again to enter the courts of the Vatican.

If in those times there had been an electric telegraph, it might have been said to be solely for the object of informing all the world that I had become a reprobate, unworthy to put foot within the precincts of the pontifical throne.

Finding myself alone in the great porch of the Vatican, a thousand thoughts crowded upon my mind, but one ever dominant was to try all before I gave up. And so I went again to Cardinal Acton, who had so kindly received me before, in order to see whether he had any good news to give me in

consequence of his interview with Lambruschini. But he, receiving me still in the same friendly manner as at first, was yet far from having anything good to communicate; but sadly, and with true affection, said to me, 'My dear Padre Luigi, mind what I say to you: if your life is dear to you, depart for Naples, and at once; there is nothing else to be done. Once arrived in Naples, use all possible means to procure your secularisation; when this is done, you can then try, with greater probability of success, to recover your rights at the Sistine Chapel.'

This friendly advice decided me; and I told the excellent cardinal that I would leave. He accompanied me himself through the rooms almost to the threshold, repeatedly saying, 'It is better, it is better —it is more, it is indispensable—that you leave.'

I took leave of him with true gratitude, and in one step as it were descended the ample staircase, absolutely determined to go away; but I was hardly in the street before I was tempted to make one trial more, and to go to the confessor of Lambruschini, as the tutor of the young Prince, Francesco Paolo di Borbone, had suggested.

I sought again and again for this father confessor, and at length found out that he was a Bernabite (of the Genoese party), and I soon took my

way into his cell, where he no sooner found who was before him, than, as if really possessed by some demon, he flew out into a rage against me in the most brutal manner. The effect which this furious outburst of passion had upon me was to show clearly that, if I were to return the same to him, it would be as useless as to beat water in a mortar, and that it would be better to treat him with some of the Jesuitical arts, so easy for priests generally, and to appear resigned, submissive, and passive. I therefore bent the head, folded the arms, and, with an expression of humility and penitence, waited until he had poured forth all his wrath, concluding by denouncing me as one lost in body and in soul, if I did not wash out my enormous offences by a long and indubitable proof of profound repentance.

Upon this conclusion, as my simulated posture and manner were not alone those of repentance, but of resignation to his reproaches, I, raising my head slightly, asked in a submissive voice, what were the sins imputed to me.

At this insubordinate question, the Bernabite broke out more furiously than ever, exclaiming in an angry tone, 'And do you not see, wretched man, that the mere seeking to know what are your sins is of itself already a greater sin, which even now

you are committing? Do you not know that there is not an action in Rome hidden from us? And do you not comprehend that your remaining longer in the Holy City has become utterly impossible? Get away with you, and more quickly than quick, if you do not wish to subject yourself in Rome to that severe punishment you so richly deserve.'

In proportion as his anger increased, so rose in me the consciousness of my own integrity. Reassuming my usual manner, I left without a word in reply, fully persuaded that similar conduct towards honest men was its own condemnation.

Thus every means having been tried, and in vain, in order to procure the revocation of the order for my departure and exile from Rome, I determined decidedly and definitively to leave immediately, and began to make the necessary preparations. Before I went back to San Francesco a Ripa, I went to see Padre Ventura and Padre Cerino again. They both confirmed me in my resolution as to the expediency and even necessity for leaving Rome at once; and predicted for me the revendication of my incontestable rights, in the better times to come.

Having made the few arrangements necessary at the convent, I left the next day for Naples. The

last to embrace me were the warm patriots, Gerardo Santaniello and Paoluccio Cortese.

After a long and wearisome journey, the distance, which is now an affair of a few hours, was at length accomplished. I arrived at Naples, and then went immediately to the holy saints of the Convent of San Pietro ad Aram. The intense curiosity shown by these worthy friars to know the reason and everything concerning my banishment from Rome is not to be described. They beset me continually with the most searching questions.

But this curiosity of theirs it was not possible for me to satisfy, as no exact and valid reason for this severe measure against me had ever been given. The real cause of this injustice, of which I was always kept in ignorance, could certainly only have been the aspirations after liberty, the warmth with which I defended it, the youthful and fervent activity in defence of the oppressed, the detestation of the daily recurring most mournful scenes in which honest and excellent men became marked out as objects of the execrable, suspicious system of the Papal Government. All this true sympathy was certainly a fault against the old and regular order of things, which, in order to maintain itself, must perpetuate much that is known to be evil.

Now that this bad system must necessarily cease with the fall of the Papal Government, it appears to me that the time is come for justice to be done for the serious damage and wrong done to me in annulling a canonical election, obtained through personal merit only, and which wrong I suffered for having propagated the eternal principles of justice, of liberty, and of the well-being of the whole human family. Time will show whether this my opinion be well founded or not.

PART IV.

WITH THE DEFENDERS OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECULARISATION.

THE monks of the Convent of San Pietro ad Aram were divided into two parties as to the manner of receiving me. The majority consisted of the younger brethren, who cared as much for dogmatic religion as I did for Vatican holiness, and they sincerely sympathised with me. The other party consisted of the old and mature, and these considered me a most dangerous person. But they also took pleasure in listening to my singing, although the outward severity of their bearing towards me remained the same.

In this my renewed sojourn in Naples, I had many invitations to sing, first in one church and then in another, for which a fair payment was always made. In this manner my acquaintances were increased, and the cautious but faithful fulfilment of my self-imposed duty towards the cause of progress and emancipation became more fruitful.

I lived in Naples in this way for about a year, when unexpectedly I received a letter from the Bishop of Avellino (the same Padre Giuseppe da Alessandria of my order mentioned before), kindly asking if I would accept the office of teaching the Gregorian chant to the canons and priests of his seminary. I willingly accepted the offer, and the salary was fixed to our mutual satisfaction.

Thus I lived in the seminary of Avellino in the position of teacher of singing.

The director and those masters who were also living in the seminary kept aloof from me at first, looking at me with suspicion. But on the third evening of my abode amongst them, these black-vested, but educated and worthy men attacked me in a kind manner after supper upon various subjects. We were about ten in number, and after the usual excellent supper we were all very cheerful. The chief topics in discussion were the position of ecclesiastics and the faults attributed to them. The most fierce in argument were of course those who were the most simulating and hypocritical in religious ceremonies and outward acts. I, after all the rest had spoken, maintained frankly and firmly that the fault was not in the individuals, but in the false and unnatural system under which they lived.

This conclusion surprised most of the speakers. They looked from one to the other, and an expression of dissent and dislike passed over their countenances. However, the discussion was soon over, and, mutually wishing 'good night,' we retired to seek that counsellor of peace and quiet, a good bed. But I had only just entered the well-arranged room assigned to me by the rector, when I was followed by two of the principal masters of the seminary, who insisted that I really must fully explain to them what I meant to say in the argument after supper. This demand was made in a most friendly spirit, and afterwards they laughed heartily, when I laid before them the false position in which we strong men, in common with all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, were placed; subjected to a law repudiated by our own moral sense and nature, that is, the law of celibacy, fatal and chief cause of hypocrisy and deceit. The two men were pleased with my frank avowal of this truth. From this time they became and continued my good friends. The other masters in the seminary a little later followed their example. They did not hesitate to let me see them as they really were—active co-operators and diffusers of the ideas of progress and liberty in the cause of our common Italy.

The good name in music which I had obtained in Naples, soon was also given to me in Avellino, and in the province. I was invited to sing in several churches, and often went to some distance for this purpose; always, however, with permission of the Bishop.

With these musical engagements the opportunity again offered itself of spreading the renovating ideas of liberty. In this I laboured with the greatest ardour; seeking to persuade *a viva voce*, and also spreading the pamphlets and circulars I had received from the central committee in Naples, declaring that every man is, and ought to feel himself, a man, and brother to other men, having equal rights and duties.

In this apostolate I met with many and many true and sincere friends, who proved themselves such when it came to the trial on the first outbreak in 1847, and in the more general movement which followed in 1848. There were not wanting amongst them, however, some hypocrites and traitors, who put on the garb of liberalism, and were as poisonous serpents in a delightful garden. The insinuations of such men prevailed against me, and I received from the Bishop, whom I had faithfully served in the position to which he had called me,

an order to leave the seminary. According to the infamous canonical custom, no reason was assigned, and no attention paid to the evident proof of the fruit of the musical instruction I had so carefully given to all the ecclesiastics in the diocese during my two years' residence in Avellino. Not a word in defence. *Ex informata conscientia* was all-sufficient.

I was truly grieved at this; first, because it divided me from sincere friends whom I had gained in Avellino, and also because I felt great pleasure in the progress which these ecclesiastics had made in the art of beautiful song, and in the pleasure and admiration universally expressed on hearing them.

Celestino Ottaviano of Avellino, and Raffaele Masi of Atribaldi, both educated and earnest patriots, comforted and reassured me, proving that the cause of our country could be better served by my sojourn in Naples than in the provinces.

Therefore, without wasting words or time, I left for Naples, and, immediately I got there, devoted myself body and soul to the good cause.

Perceiving this, the friars of my order at San Pietro ad Aram desired my return to Potenza, and in consequence a very short time passed before an order *ubbidienza* arrived, enjoining me to leave for Potenza. This renewed order, in addition to those

I had already received, exasperated me. I determined to use all my endeavours to obtain my secularisation, as the excellent Cardinal Acton advised me when I left Rome. I at this conjuncture embraced this plan with firm and deliberate purpose.

The thought of freeing myself from the friar's tonsure, to assume the less stringent habit of the priest, pleased me, and as a first step I addressed a letter to the well-known Padre Luigi of Avigliano, as to one who had been eye-witness to the serious injury and wrong perpetrated against me by the Court of Rome in the repeal of my canonical election. I begged him to interest himself, and to induce the Provincial to leave me quietly in Naples during the time measures were taken for my secularisation.

The intervention thus requested was granted, and through it I obtained my wish. And thus, to my great joy, I was able to leave the convent, and to take rooms in a modest and quiet quarter of Naples.

This step irritated the monks still more against me. To revenge themselves they intimated that I could not continue to say the Mass in San Pietro ad Aram. They could not, however, fully enjoy this

truly monkish sort of vengeance, for the fates would have it that the deservedly respected Domenico Avezza, rector of the Monastery of the Sagramentisti, offered to permit me to repeat the Mass at the church of that monastery. To do this it was, however, necessary to have the *pastor-bonus* (permission from the Bishop's Court at Naples), and another similar permission from the Provincial of my order. This last I had already in my possession; but how to obtain that of the Cardinal-Bishop? The corruption of that Court came to the rescue. At the head of it was a prelate, elegant to affectation in his dress, astute as a crafty fox, atheist if ever man was, but only at heart—not outwardly, be it well understood—and a devoted, sincere worshipper of the god Mammon. From him then, and from his dependants, all that one desires can be had for money, and the tariff is anything but high.

I did not give more than five colonnati, and through their powerful agency obtained the so much desired *pastor-bonus*. This being now arranged, the good rector of the Sagramentisti directly admitted me to celebrate the Mass in that church.

The number and the different kinds of bigots, hypocrites, and devotees I met with in that church I cannot tell. All seemed kindly disposed towards

me, and, being pleased with my voice, procured for me invitations to sing at other churches.

The rector of the nuns at the same time, the good Avezza, wished to engage me, if I remained in Naples so long, to sing *Il passio* on Palm Sunday and on Good Friday. To this I agreed, and was generously rewarded by him.

In this way six months passed over, and the time allowed by the *pastor-bonus* expired. I went again to the Monsignore Vicario Majorsini, in order to have it renewed. He signed it again at once; but, looking at me from head to foot, he said, with an ironical smile, that all the mildness of the monk was clearly seen in me. A Commission waited upon the Vicario at this moment, and interrupted the interview.

As I was leaving the Bishop's palace, I fell in with a cardinal who was mounting the grand staircase two or three steps at a time. When we were at the point of meeting, this red bird of evil augury stopped me, and asked if I had set my head in order yet?

'In what way do you mean?' I asked.

'In the way,' he said, 'of setting your mind and intellect in order, which has become quite out of order, and vulgar, and spoilt.'

This apostrophe put me in good humour, and I quickly answered, 'I hope, Eminentissimo, that with time this will be done, and before long, seeing that all Europe is in the same way—out of order and spoilt.'

'But how, how?' he asked, in a tone of authority.

'Yes,' I repeated firmly, 'it is in disorder and spoilt; and its people are expecting the regenerating breath of life, to awaken them to a consciousness of their rights and duties.'

The prelate then with proud contempt said, 'And you, do you believe yourself grand enough to undertake such a mission?'

'And why not?' I asked. And so we parted; he went up the staircase, and I descended.

Furnished as I was with the *pastor-bonus*—that is to say, with permission to celebrate the Mass for another six months—yet, amidst so many warnings, I could not help seeing that my position was extremely precarious; and I felt obliged to renew and continue my endeavours to obtain secularisation.

It would be long, and of no use to describe here, the numerous difficulties and miseries I had to overcome and to endure before I could attain my object. By the force of unwearied patience I at length

gained access to the Bishop of Conza and Campagna. He listened to me, and in the most regular and gradual manner I was enabled to change myself from a monk into a priest, annexed to his diocese, with the patrimony of the Sistine Chapel. Thus I became to a certain extent free of myself—a freedom which I had so long and so ardently desired.

CHAPTER XV.

GREGORY XVI.

I QUICKLY took advantage of the liberty thus gained, and passed through all Lombardy and the Venetian territory, under the pretext of amusement, but really with the intent of becoming acquainted with the friends of liberty and progress in those provinces, and to encourage and assure them that their brethren in the south were ready and numerous, anxious to rise at the first signal from the Liberal committees, to emancipate the whole of Italy from the rule of the stranger.

With respect to the acquisition of internal freedom, I found that the aspirations of the Liberal party at that time were limited to obtain, by mutually concerted efforts, a constitutional franchise.

There were, however, some amongst them who endeavoured to enforce the necessity of carrying out at once the Republican form of government.

I tried every means to conciliate these different

opinions amongst the Liberal party, showing that they would have the fatal effect of weakening the cause we all had at heart. I demonstrated to them, in the strongest manner possible to me, that our first, absolute, indisputable duty was to free beautiful Italy from the rule of the stranger. Only when that was completely done could the question of *the form* of government be considered. Sufficient *now* to determine that, be it in one *form* or in another, it shall be based upon Liberal principles.

To the cry of Independence, and with the motto *War to Austria*, all Italy rose; whilst also in Paris, in Vienna, and in Hungary similar movements were felt. The outbreak was universal. The moment was solemn.

Sicily was already ripe for movement. I assured the patriots there that the whole peninsula which I had passed through was also ready. These generous Sicilians were the first to rise.

Demonstrations also began in Naples, and more or less found an echo in the sister cities of Italy. On my return I worked with the central committee there.

The universal fervour of men's minds could not any longer be repressed. All were aspiring to rise into freedom; and the feeling only became more

powerful in proportion to the efforts of tyranny to suppress and crush it.

Irresistibly arose the universal cry for emancipation—the press re-echoed the people, never tiring with pamphlets, circulars, every kind of stimulus to patriotic feeling. All these tended to produce the desired effect; but one small book especially was welcomed with the greatest interest and excitement, of which the most honourable Luigi Settembrini was considered to be author. And certainly he must have been, since after the reaction on May 15, 1848, when he fell a victim to the ferocious Ferdinand II., this writing, amongst other things, was adduced against him.

It was the moment in which the whole of Italy developed that strong determination to be free which had been gaining force since 1821, and which the best men, with self-sacrifice and unwearied labour, had been engaged in exciting and cherishing.

Now that the foreigner no longer rules in Italy, and the supreme desire of national independence has been achieved, let us hope, even if liberty be not yet fully established, that at least tyranny can never again boldly, and with impunity, reign in that beautiful country. I could not even then, in the

moment of danger, and I cannot now believe, that such unwearied self-sacrifice and devoted labour can be fruitless. No; I trust and believe that in my beloved country tyranny will never again be able to crush the manifestations of most just and noble sentiments, and that in every Italian the consciousness that he is one of the human family will be respected and fully recognised.

The voice of the coming revolution was heard from all parts of Italy; and in Naples demonstrations of popular feeling were made frequently.

The number of persons arrested became more numerous as the demonstrations increased. I found myself one of them, but only for an hour, thanks to the talisman of only two scudi. But, although the danger was for the moment averted, all the Bourbonic police had their eyes upon me. At their head, on account of my position as ecclesiastic, was the most eminent Cardinal Riario Sforza, a devout and scrupulous guardian of the most divine Celibato.

At this time, however, although not in favour with the Bourbonic aristocracy, I was not on bad terms with them, as I only asked that justice should be done everywhere to all, and said that the want of this equal justice on the part of the Government was the cause of so many popular demon-

strations, and that the people of the Two Sicilies had a right to raise themselves from the low and degraded position in which they were held, and to be governed by free institutions.

It is not, however, to be wondered at, if this, my way of seeing things—this sympathy with the whole human family, with fellow-countrymen and fellow-patriots—should at length have excited against me not only the Neapolitan aristocracy and priesthood, but also all the phalanx of police.

And in consequence, lo! the well-known Saverio Del Carretto summons me before him.

The officer who brought the summons was civil, and in a kind sort of manner conducted me to him.

Readers, whether Italian, or foreigners resident in Southern Italy, will probably have seen or heard what kind of man this Del Carretto was.

This real monster of horrid aspect received me with an outburst of authority, and in a rough voice said so much and so many things that I cannot now repeat them. I remember, however, perfectly well that the litany of invectives was alternated with repeated threats. 'Unworthy priest! if you do not mend your ways (*ti fotto* in the Neapolitan dialect for *ti caccio*), I will throw you into a dark dungeon.'

At first I listened to this attack in profound

silence; always, however, firm and erect before him; but as he went on more and more violently, making all kinds of false aspersions on my character, I could not longer contain myself, but burst out: 'If it were true that I am an unworthy priest, the fault would not be in me, but in the falsehood of the system. The menace that you will throw me into a dark dungeon is simply insane. If you did not openly insult justice itself, it would be impossible to do so. I know perfectly well, and can prove, that I am an honest man, and my character as a citizen is true and without a stain.'

At the mention of the word 'citizen,' the fury of this bad man redoubled.

He exclaimed with infamous falsehood, 'The Italians are not worthy to be called citizens, but vassals and serfs; the greater number of them are nothing else but a vile rabble.' [1]

'And what has made them such, if not the hypocritical religion and the bad Government?'

To this demand he said quickly, 'Then, as far as I can see, you really are a revolutionist?'

'Not a revolutionist, but an apostle of the rights and duties of humanity, which is tired of being

[1] '*Una vile canaglia.*'

governed by despotic tyrants;' and I pointed out to him the miserable poverty of the people, so that in the richest and most fertile country fully two-thirds of the population were in want of bread.

And here the Minister, a little moved, asked, 'And how is all this to be helped?' And I frankly answered him, 'By inducing the King to give to his people the Constitution of 1812. Then the legitimate representatives of the kingdom will find the surest way to heal the wounds of our unhappy country. Instead of the four famous F's of despotism, they will seek to encourage labour, education, well-being, and good morals. Our people will be strengthened to feel themselves Men, and not *canaglia*, as the Minister too truly said many of them are; but, it must be remembered, without any fault of their own.'

Il Del Carretto, so furious at first, cooled down a little afterwards; partly, perhaps, because he could not find good answers to give to these true words, and also, perhaps, because he did not forget that he had known me favourably on account of my voice. He had heard me sing in various churches; we also often met in evening musical parties. On these occasions he had in a kind manner expressed his pleasure in the music, especially in my execution

and expression, in the *Bivacco* of the *Maestro Battista*, and in the air in the *Marino Faliero*, *Bell' ardir dei congiurati.*

In proportion as the Minister relented towards me, I spoke more frankly to him. He finished by dismissing me without anger. He merely advised me to take care, and not be deceived by false Liberals, who, pretending to be men of progress, excite revolutions for their own profit, and just throw another man off his horse, merely in order to mount into his saddle themselves. This was only too true. I found it to be true later, and find it true now; but, notwithstanding, I have never lost the firm faith I still hold in the incessant and increasing progress of humanity.

The popular demonstrations in Naples continued. In one of these the police watched the proceedings, and conducted me before the inspector at the nearest station, who subjected me to an exact and close examination.

I answered frankly as usual, again exposing the insidious and wicked system of secret police, and the infamy of its 'black book;' defending, at the same time, the principles of humanity and justice. Upon this, the inspector rose, and said that, as humanitarian, my deeds contradicted my words,

since only last evening I was at the head of a few brigands, students from the Calabria, who shouted, 'Long live the Constitution!' I answered him with warmth, that they were not few in number, or brigands, but thousands and thousands of most honest and respectable citizens.

I passed the night in the brutal embrace of the Bourbon police. In the morning I found myself at liberty! This miracle must certainly have been wrought through the intercession of some good soul. But to this day I have never found out who it was!

In the meantime Gregory XVI. died. After an excited conclave, Giovanni Mastai Ferretti of Sinicaglia succeeded him, with the title of Pius IX.

CHAPTER XVI.

PIO NONO.

THE amnesty and reforms which inaugurated the pontificate of Pius IX. gave him a prestige which was hailed with enthusiastic acclamation.

The Liberals were nearly all of them led astray by this hallucination. The venerable Giovanni Battista Nicolini of Florence was almost alone in his want of trust. Distinguished as an author and a true-hearted patriot, he could not bring himself to believe that a pope could be other than a pope, and for this want of faith in the almost universal confidence he became alienated from his illustrious friend, Giro Capponi.

In proportion to the veneration felt by the Liberal party for Pius IX., was the dislike and distrust of the opposite party; and that he was thus hated by the tyrants kept up the illusion of the people. They hoped and expected that the reforming pontiff would crown his work by the proclamation

of a national rising to drive the stranger from the soil of Italy, and by the firm establishment of civil liberty in their beloved country.

A very short time sufficed to dissipate those illusions, and to convince those who had been deceived by them that not even the shadow of liberty and independence could exist in union with the papacy.

At Naples, however, the applause of Pio Nono, together with demands for reform, still continued; and I, deluded like the rest, hailed the supposed liberal pontiff, supported with all my power popular demonstrations in his favour, and without hesitation, in *his name*, exposed myself to the brutal police of the Bourbons. But it was a dangerous game, and certainly if I had remained a little longer in Naples I should have found myself in the 'obscure dungeons' with which I had been threatened. Fortunately I perceived that it was necessary to take refuge in Rome in time to avert the danger.

Upon my arrival in Rome I placed myself at the disposition of the Liberal committee, strongly urging them to send a few sincere, honest, and proved patriots to Naples, to guide and encourage the people in their efforts to obtain reform. This

wish was acted upon, and the young men thus sent became afterwards part of the National Guard.

In Rome I heard with the greatest pleasure more full and detailed accounts of the progressive movement. 'There was not a living soul in Rome that did not bless Pio Nono.' Every one believed him to be a real friend to progress, and a true-hearted Liberal. So they said, and so I believed.

I soon asked for an audience, which was readily granted. No necessity now for the fees formerly so indispensable to procure an audience at the Vatican. In this way I *twice* had an audience with Pio Nono. He received me with a pharisaical smile, promised he would recall me to my position in the Sistine Chapel, exhorted me in the meantime to have patience, saying, 'All will be arranged favourably for you, it being quite true that your canonical election *ad vitam* ought not to have been annulled.'

Carrying on the dissimulation, not suspected at that time by any one, but which in the sequel made him really a parricide to his country, he said that he had ordered the salary due to me, which had been taken off by Maggiordomo Alaramo Pallavicino, to be paid—and with the interest upon it, he added in a jocular tone, as it were between joke and earnest.

And I in the same semi-serious tone asked, 'And

the interest upon the interest?' The Pope laughed heartily at this, saying, 'This is quite new to me.'

He dismissed me in a most gracious manner; gave me his blessing, recommended me to preach moderation in their demonstrations to the Romans.

I, in my complete illusion, exclaimed, 'Oh, most blessed father! continue on the glorious path of saving Italy! The Roman people, all of them, encourage you. The whole of Italy, not the Romans alone, manifest in the most solemn manner their gratitude and applause. Citizens of every class make festival in order to exalt the name of the common father, Pio Nono, a name venerated over the whole world, as the newspapers of every country testify.'

To my enthusiasm the Holy Father merely replied in these few words, 'God grant it may be for our good!'

These words never went out of my mind, although my faith in him did not allow me to notice their import at the time. They betrayed the mind of the Pope. He was even then far from earnest in the reform he had initiated, already fearful of his own work, and ready to become traitor to Italy and to liberty.

My friends in Rome congratulated me upon the good reception I had received from Pio Nono.

Trusting to his promise, I expected daily to receive the invitation which should recall me to the Sistine Chapel; far from the suspicion that promises so solemnly made to me by the Pope himself were 'made to be broken,' as they certainly were.

Whilst I remained in this too credulous confidence, the reaction was being actively organised under its chiefs, the two Monsignori Grassellino and Nardoni.

The progress of this guilty conspiracy became at length but too evident; and one could not but foresee the fratricidal war and fearful bloodshed that must inevitably follow if it were successful.

The Liberal committee therefore exhorted the people to be on their guard. The partisans of reaction were becoming day by day more confident. Worse still, private quarrels under the shelter of these party feuds were indulged and fomented, so that acts of revenge became an affair of everyday occurrence.

Under these circumstances, I earnestly endeavoured to persuade the various Liberal committees to affirm our sacred rights openly; by popular demonstration to expose the intrigues of the party of Grasellino and Nardoni, and thus to defeat their intention to sacrifice us by an early massacre.

Impatient of delay in an object which I felt to be of supreme importance, I determined to act. No sooner said than done. Some notices were printed in which it was said that the next day, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Abbate Campanella, in the Piazza del Popolo, would say a few words to the Roman people.

Directly the advertisements were ready, in the dress of a townsman, and with a broad-brimmed hat, such as the patriots wore at that time, I went through the principal streets distributing the papers, and thus the invitation which they conveyed was spread over Rome.

The next day, at the appointed time and place, behold me endeavouring to persuade and convince the crowd of people around me that the party of the Neri were strongly and swiftly preparing the reaction, and that it was of the utmost importance to oppose and defeat them by every means in our power.

I sincerely believe that the reaction would have been successful at that time, had it not been for the positive and incontestable facts by which I then, with my powerful voice, proved to the people the iniquity of Grassellino, Nardoni, and their party, and the imminent danger of a sanguinary reaction. These, all of them, without loss of time, took to

flight in order to save themselves from the just anger of the people.

But Pio Nono, who was the supreme and true head of the reaction, did not take flight. It was owing only to the vigilance of the patriots that the streets of Rome were not at that time, in consequence of his treachery, stained with the blood of its citizens.

Romans, can you not even now bear witness that this is true?

The evening of that day I returned home early, tired to death. After having addressed the people in the Piazza del Popolo, we had together made the circuit of Rome; I opposing to the cry raised by the excited multitude, 'Death to the traitors!' the not less energetic but more humane 'Away with the traitors!' which was echoed by many, especially by the true and educated Liberals.

I was therefore scarcely in bed before I fell into a profound sleep. About midnight I was suddenly awakened by the touch of a gentle hand, and a subdued voice whispered, 'If life is dear to you, fly!'

I started as if in a dream; but in a moment the greatness of the danger, and the necessity of doing everything possible to avert it, flashed upon my mind —not so much from regard to my personal safety,

as from the misery it would give me if my capture should prevent my continued labour in the cause of Italy and freedom. And then came the remembrance of all I had said and done the day before. And then thoughts of the brutal ferocity of the papal system—of the execrable means of vengeance of which priests are capable. Lo! then, as a flash of lightning, I got up, dressed, took with me what I most prized and valued, and sought refuge with my friend Montecchi, who quickly placed me in security for the moment with trustworthy people.

There, under cover for some days, I employed myself in the service of the Liberal committees in various parts of Rome, disguised in different ways, as they severally suggested. After a time, they advised me, in the interest of the cause, to escape from Rome, and again to enter the kingdom of Naplès.

Therefore, in the dress of a charcoal vendor, all torn and black, riding upon a mule, and humming one of the songs of the country people, I advanced to the frontier.

Arrived at the custom-house, the officer, looking like a fierce Bourbonist, examined me closely from head to foot, smiling ironically. I could instantly see that he knew me to be something very different from a seller of charcoal; that he, in fact, suspected me

to be a revolutionist, which for a Bourbon is another word for a brigand. I saw my position was difficult. To escape from it, I determined to be beforehand with the tempest; to show myself well disposed towards the officer, put my hand in my purse—as I well knew that even with a small sum of money the Bourbonic wrath may be softened. I then spoke in a friendly way to my dear *capo-guardie*, and, putting a crown piece into his hand, said that, although in this disguise, I in reality was the Abbate Campanella.

I could not have pleased him better, and in this disguise, safe and well, passed the frontier, to go and sell very different wares from charcoal.

CHAPTER XVII.

FERDINAND II.

In Naples, at this time, demonstrations were continually made to the cries of 'Viva Pio Nono!' and 'Viva Ferdinando Secondo, Constitutional King!' They were generally allowed to go on by the Government; but once it gave way to its unwillingly repressed displeasure. The crowd was very great. I found myself amongst the people, together with a young friend, the brave Dr. Valente, when a Swiss regiment, under the command of a superior officer, charged furiously upon the unarmed mass.

It was a mournful contradiction to see those soldiers, children of free Helvetia, selling themselves for gold, and become instruments of despotism!

For some years the law has put an end to this unworthy market, and it was high time.

In this terrible onslaught, Dr. Valente and I pressed forward to the front, and, exposing our breasts to the bayonets, vehemently protested to

the commander how infamous it was that the sons of a republic, hired for money by a tyrant, should become the butchers of their brethren! These words found an echo in his heart, and the further shedding of blood was this time prevented.

At length Ferdinand II. gave way to the desire of his people so universally manifested, granted the Constitution, and swore to it upon the Gospel.

The whole people celebrated the happy event with enthusiasm. But even then there were not wanting clear-sighted men who placed little confidence in the long duration of the franchise, doubtful, with reason, of the loyalty of the Bourbon family. Others, on the contrary, and I was with them, rejected the idea that anything so bad as a guilty prevarication, or, worse still, a premeditated treason, could be possible. We maintained that the Liberal concessions of Ferdinand sprang from sincere conviction, and that he could not break the vow he had so solemnly taken. Thus we cradled ourselves in illusions, which maturer years have dispelled.

We have been taught by experience that Liberal institutions destined to a long and healthy duration are rarely initiated by the possessors of despotic power. Similar institutions thrive best in the at-

mosphere of a healthy public opinion, emanating from the people themselves.

In Naples and other cities spoiled by a long continuance of tyranny and corruption, the Constitutional *regime* hardly commenced before men of every faction, and of every shade of opinion, were introduced into the committees. Thus time was taken up in useless discussions, and no practical good was obtained.

The question whether the Jesuits ought to be suppressed was brought forward, but no decision was come to. On the contrary, when on the same evening, at three different committees, this question was brought forward, it became very evident that, as to the Jesuits and their insidious ways, very little was known or cared for; and the reason was, some were indifferent to anything but the coveted place for which they professed themselves Liberals, and others, at heart partisans of the Neri, had put on the mask of Liberalism to hide their guilty designs.

All the facts I could adduce were as nothing to the majority of these men, who, far from having country and liberty at heart, dreamt of nothing but the increase of their personal comforts and interests For this they put on the garb of any faction, and to this they sacrificed every other object.

It became necessary to make an appeal to the ever sincere and just judgment of the people.

To conceive the thought, and to put it in action, was the same thing; therefore turning round, and addressing the large assembly in which I found myself, 'Who is Italian let him follow me!' I exclaimed, and moved on. Many followed; amongst them, one Pietro Parisi, a lawyer, who sincerely and earnestly united with me to promote and direct the demonstration. Going round by the way of the Toledo, with the invitation of 'Who is Italian follow us!' and stopping at the principal caffés, we found our number soon increase, and as we went on kept continually increasing.

Thus, in an imposing attitude, we encircled the Convent of the Jesuits.

Then, when I saw that all were in order, with the strongest and most sincere conviction, and with an impulse that came from my heart, I broke out into the cry, 'Away with the Jesuits!' Such a cry was in a moment responded to by that of 'Death to the Jesuits!' But to this I immediately replied 'No, not death; we will not wish death to any one. Away, away! and no more. Let them go away to their own countries, and to their own homes. Every one to his own fireside!'

The crowd restrained itself as to any personal injury, but increasing in numbers and force, entered the convent like a high tide.

In the midst of devoted patriots, were also to be seen men of the most brutal aspect, whose motives certainly were anything but praiseworthy. It was a moment of extreme danger, and most important that such men should not be allowed to compromise the honour of the liberal cause, disgracing the patriotic demonstration by guilty and disorderly conduct.

Parisi and I strove together to our utmost to prevent things going too far, and our efforts to this end were successful. He took care of order in the interior of the convent, whilst I remained firm at the door, in order that no one might pass through unobserved. Our strong and fervid exhortations on this occasion had the desired effect. The people proved themselves to be sincere liberals, and therefore honest citizens, worthy of the name of Italian.

I shall never forget that scene! Some of the terrified and trembling Jesuits, conscious of the treatment they deserved, came and recommended themselves to my care, to avoid, as they said, scenes of blood and vengeance. They certainly had not the faith of the ancient martyrs, but were miserable cowards.

Amongst these men, to my surprise I recognised a young medical student whom I had known in Avellino; a certain Farini of Atribaldi. Amongst us there in Avellino he was respected as a good student, and loved as a cheerful and genial companion.

And now here I find him in the dress of a Jesuit, in a convent. From my remembrance of his open, frank character, I could never have thought it possible he could have put on such a dress. What a mystery man is! The mere sight of him thus, and a burst of laughter, was an affair of the same moment.

To this he said, in a tone of reproach, 'And you laugh?'

'Perhaps I ought to weep,' I replied.

'But what do you want to do with us?' asked the once brave Farini; 'where do you wish to send us?'

'To your homes, where you will be much better off. And for you especially, you will give up these vestments and practices which disgrace you, you will return to the world, where human hearts beat with joy and sorrow; you could as a medical man, with your talent, be useful to your fellow-creatures. I laugh not in mockery, but in joy at this future for you.'

I have not seen or heard of him since that day, but I trust with all my heart that he may have translated this thought into act. I feel the more hopeful because it seems impossible that his fine natural talent should not have urged him to do so.

The Jesuits were sent away—but with all respect, in carriages escorted by the National Guard—and then quickly embarked on a vessel bound for Malta. Hardly there, however, behold! the greater number of them, divested of the '*negra fischiata sottana*,' in the disguise of townsmen, returned to that centre of the reaction, Naples, and there employed themselves in actively fomenting the deplorable and ferocious reactionary measures.

In the face of this reaction my situation may easily be imagined, especially after the expulsion of the Jesuits. This having been done openly, and before the eyes of the police, they could not accept the offered bribe which before they had so readily proposed as a condition of escape. On other occasions it had served me in good stead. On one occasion, especially, this powerful agent had saved me in a former much more formidable difficulty than the present. I will return a few steps to relate the circumstances.

Ferdinand II., at the time of which I now speak,

had given the Constitution after one of those great popular demonstrations of which I have already spoken.

I, who was strongly suspected and watched by the Cardinal Riario Sforza, had been by him inserted in the black book of the police. They were not only desired to keep their eyes upon me, but also to seize the first opportunity to throw me into prison. This his pious desire was satisfied. But only for a short time.

Amongst the many thousands of pamphlets and papers which the liberal committees caused to be circulated, and which I with hearty good-will assisted in distributing secretly, there came a beautiful sonnet in praise of Pio Nono by the celebrated Gabriele Rossetti [1]—the same Rossetti who, to escape from tyrannical persecution, had been obliged to seek refuge in London, where he had received the kindest reception. In order more effectually to distribute this with some other printed notices and papers, I had agreed with three persons to meet at a certain place in the public street. Two, however, of them were afraid of being discovered and went away. Remaining thus with only one, and consult-

[1] The father of two poets well known amongst us, Dante and Christina Rossetti.

ing together how best to proceed under these circumstances, we walked on up towards Capo di Monte, almost without perceiving where we were—when lo! in a moment four police officers stationed there came round us, and took us to the office of the police. And here, in a dark, gloomy room, I was obliged to pass the night.

The next morning I was brought before the head of the police, whose appearance was in contradiction to his ugly office, for he was really a fine, handsome man.

He closely interrogated me, asking innumerable questions, all of which I answered. I wore at the time the usual dress of the townspeople, then much in fashion with the liberals; I had also a large broad-brimmed hat, and to assist the disguise I had a false beard. He asked me to put the hat on. When I had done so he smiled, saying, 'Now you look like a real brigand; but even under such a disguise the all-seeing police know quite well what sort of person it is who thus conceals himself.'

Upon this assertion, I exclaimed, 'Well, since you say you know, tell me openly who I am.'

He directly answered, 'You are the well-known Abbate Campanella.'

At this unexpected revelation I quite forgot that I was in the presence of one of the Bourbon police.

Tearing off the beard and the hat, I threw them both upon the ground, exclaiming in a firm voice, 'Yes, you are right; you have not a brigand before you, but an honest citizen—Giuseppe Campanella,—who before God and his own conscience, has nothing to reproach himself with on account of anything he has done.'

This my affirmation had some effect upon him. He dismissed the officials who had been present during my examination, and when we were alone his manner quite changed towards me. He told me frankly that I should be set at liberty immediately if I would pay down the sum of fifty piastres.

I told him that I had not that sum of money; but that if he would give me time to write, and to receive an answer, I would try to get it.

This opportunity he freely gave, and with good-will.

I therefore wrote to Carlo de Cesare, asking him to send me the sum necessary to purchase my freedom.[1] He directly answered, expressed his condolence with me for the snare into which I had fallen, but at the same time his sorrow that he could not possibly procure the money to send to me. The officer read De Cesare's letter with avidity. Having

[1] Money which I had lent to De Cesare.

read it there arose a strong discussion between us, he desiring at all events to have the entire sum, and I not willing to give anything, or only very little. In the heat of this controversy, I remember having said to him that the infamous system of which he was a satellite would before long disappear.

These words were received by him with an ironical and contemptuous smile. To their truth, however, time has set its seal. In conclusion, the affair became a comedy.

It was settled by my disbursing twenty-five pieces of twelve carlini each to the superintendent of the Bourbon police, by means of which I went out perfectly cleansed from any blemish, and in complete freedom over myself.

It is really well to know the name of this upright Bourbon magistrate. It was the celebrated Commissario Silvestri.

The reader will, I hope, pardon this digression. I will now take up the thread of my story.

The Jesuits had been driven from Naples. This, however, was owing entirely to the strong manifestation of the popular will. In the liberal committees discord and disunion were of daily occurrence, and paralysed all united action.

Masked partisans of despotism, adventurers

greedy of place and money, pretended liberals, but really merely self-seekers—these men took up the words Country and Liberty, and defeated every generous object.

The fact being thus, as a last resource, to prevent the so justly dreaded reaction, the head of which it was whispered was the King himself, three devoted and courageous citizens had mutually encouraged each other, and had resolutely determined to take the life of the tyrant Ferdinand II.

Who these were is a secret which shall go down with me to my grave.

My friend, Luigi Lavista of Venosa, enjoining the utmost secrecy, made known to me their designs. He came to me, he said, because he considered that I was the only man who could prevent the regicide, and, with that, the fearful misery and bloodshed which must follow as its inevitable consequence.

Lavista knew me thoroughly, and agreed with me in the conviction that a crime can never lead to good, and that no cause, however holy, can excuse the crime of assassination. We will fight against the tyrant with all our power in the full light of day; but in a just struggle against him: because he is an assassin, we will not become assassins ourselves. Remembering that God has said 'Life and death are

in My hands,' we cannot in any way make ourselves His ministers to take away a blessing we are unable to give.

With this conviction strongly impressed upon my mind, I went instantly to the three conspirators, and after most serious and earnest words, I had the ineffable comfort to find that I had succeeded in prevailing upon them to abandon the plan they had formed, which must have led to a massacre.

They promised me to abandon it; and they knew how to maintain in deed their promised word.

I should have done the same if I had suspected Ferdinand II. to be the perjured traitor he really was, even then. But I was far from such a thought, and in all good trust believed him to be religiously faithful to the vow he had so lately taken to maintain the Constitution he had given.

An occasion soon presented itself, in which this, my full confidence in the sincerity of the King, was put to the test.

It was a custom in Naples, that on Good Friday the Royal Family should walk in procession through the Strada Toledo. It was now the Good Friday in 1848.

The King with his suite were later than usual in descending from the palace. The people, ex-

pecting his appearance, began to murmur, anxiously fearing some sinister resolution against the franchise so lately obtained.

A deputation was then improvised on the moment, of which I was called upon to form part, and we asked and obtained access to the King.

Fear opened easily to us the hitherto inaccessible apartments of the royal palace.

Arrived in the presence of the King, we endeavoured to persuade him to abandon anything like fear or mistrust. The people honoured him, and firmly believed in him as a true constitutional king. They were only anxious that he should show himself to them, now, in accordance with ancient custom, we said. We further assured him that, although there was not the least danger, yet during the procession we would, as guarantees, be always at his side.

He was thus persuaded to descend and was escorted by us, the deputation, the whole length of the Toledo, and received everywhere with the enthusiastic applause of a crowded people.

But, on this occasion, which I can never forget, I could as it were, touch with the hand, and fully appreciate how great must be the anxiety and fear attending the position of a despotic king.

Under the royal vestments are hidden the feelings and the conscience of a man. They must at times, and on occasions like these, speak to him, and remind him that he is a man, and that in the immense crowds around there are men with human feelings like his own, whose enmity he has justly provoked, and to whose well-being he has been criminally indifferent.

Ferdinand II. during the procession restrained as far as he could any outward signs of emotion. But his changing colour, now flushed as in fever, now pale and white as in mortal fear, and the unquiet, furtive glances which he cast around as if expecting some hidden spectre to arise, betrayed his real feelings.

I have not words to describe his demeanour, as during the procession we passed the end of some side street opening into the Toledo, or heard from the midst of the crowd, which was as densely packed as possible, some voice rather louder than the rest. Then he could not conceal the terror he felt, and to the other external involuntary signs, was added a convulsive tremor over his whole person.

I must truly confess that in those moments I felt pity for him, and in an under voice said firmly,

'Your Majesty, do not feel anxious. All is going on well, and in good order.'

This king was at that moment truly a most unhappy man. The popular ovation in his honour was as nothing to one who had evidently expected every instant to feel the point of some stiletto at his breast.

The event belied these regal fears. Under the guarantee and escort of true and honest liberals, all passed off as a festival, without the slightest disorder.

I must add that if on that occasion any disturbance had arisen, it would have been owing to the partizans of absolute power, not to the people.

They believed sincerely in the good faith of the 'Constitutional King.' The people were there, as elsewhere, impulsive, unquiet if you will, but not suspicious. On the contrary, they were animated by feelings of the most perfect confidence in the fulfilment of the promises made to them.

Strong in one of the most beautiful gifts, that of generosity, the dissimulation, the perfidious arts of the 'Liberticide,' would never even have entered their minds. Treachery being impossible in the people themselves, they never could have suspected it possible in their King.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEAPOLITAN BATTALION OF VOLUNTEERS.

In the meantime, the whole of Italy gradually became penetrated by the sentiment, that the one indispensable condition of existence for her, was to drive away the stranger from her soil. Liberty without independence could not take root; and independence from foreign as well as domestic tyrants could not be really durable without true liberty.

These opinions and feelings were continually spreading in the north of Italy. Letters, papers, and persons coming from Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, strongly urged the necessity of war against the invaders. They clearly proved that as long as they held dominion over so large a part of Italy, the lately obtained franchise would be in danger in every part of the peninsula.

The Neapolitan Constitution had been followed by that given by Charles Albert to the Piedmontese,

and by that given by Leopold of Lorena to the Tuscans. The Duke of Lucca, Maria Theresa, and the Duke of Modena, all having refused the just demands of their people, had been defeated.

Pio IX. had not yet *openly* repudiated the reforms which had initiated his pontificate; on the contrary, he had blessed Italy from the balcony of the Quirinal. Already the heroic people of Milan, in the glorious five days, had freed themselves from the warlike and barbarous rule of Radetsky; and Venice, with a prudence equal to her courage, had also emancipated herself, and almost without blood-shed, from her foreign masters. The sister-cities of the Lombardo-Veneto followed her example, and constrained the Austrians to retire into the fortresses. Against these Charles Albert had sent an army.

The aspirations of the people of the two Sicilies for the war of independence broke out into action. The Princess Belgiojoso, most opportunely arriving in Naples from Milan, was induced at her own expense to form a voluntary regiment in the cause of this sacred war. The most active co-operation assisted her in carrying out this intention, and thus in a few days a fine regiment was formed and sent off at once for Upper Italy. I was greatly tempted

to follow it; but upon reflection it appeared more necessary at this time to remain to strengthen the movement for the war of independence, and to caution the people to be careful of their newly-recovered liberty; since the ambiguous policy of Ferdinand II. with respect to the National war began already to excite suspicions as to his sincerity.

In order that the policy of the King should be freed from this wearisome vacillation, it became necessary that the will of the people should be manifested solemnly and indubitably.

Behold us then, the ardent lovers of our common country, actively engaged in initiating such a demonstration. The ground was well prepared. We succeeded in obtaining it, equal to our desires, and to the urgent necessity of the occasion.

The people were collected, not menacing, but resolute, in the precincts of the royal palace, in order to obtain their will that without further delay an army should be sent to the war of independence. We proved in few but stringent words the necessity that Ferdinand II. should at length openly affirm himself to be not only a Constitutional but also an Italian king, by sending a strong body of troops into Upper Italy, for the war against the foreigners.

These words were echoed by innumerable and repeated cries of 'Truppa, truppa in Lombardia!'

But no outward sign of compliance with the wish so strongly expressed by the assembled multitude appeared from the palace. All continued unmoved and silent.

When lo! by one of those movements which, with such exquisite tact and fine perception, often emanate from the multitude, as if to force the King to pronounce himself in some way, to the cry of 'Truppa in Lombardia,' mixing with and overpowering it, arose that of 'Viva Ferdinando Secondo' —and the 'Constitutional King' comes out and shows himself to his people.

This new improvised attitude of the demonstration had the desired effect. The King appeared in person at the loggia of the palace, and was received with enthusiastic cheers.

Immediately we took up the cry, 'Truppa in Lombardia,' which was repeated in thunder by the people.

Ferdinand then made a sign that he wished to speak. Silence was immediately obtained, and then in his powerful but grating voice, like that of an enormous frog, he said, 'Orders that the troops shall march have been already given.' At this

assurance we raised the exulting cry, 'Viva Ferdinando Secondo, Re Costituzionale, Re d'Italia!' and these words were repeated by the people with the most earnest enthusiasm.

The scene will certainly never be forgotten by those who were present. The simple and entire trust of the people in the promise made to them, was really beautiful. They dismissed at once, even the shadow of a doubt as to the sincerity of the Bourbon.

Oh that there could dwell in the bosom of princes the simple trust and generous confidence so often found amongst the people! The states governed by them might then be happier.

In apparent fulfilment of his promise, arrangements were made between the King and his ministers, and 18,000 men of the royal army were sent out against the Austrians.

Notwithstanding this, there were indications that the Bourbon police were working to organise the reaction with the utmost secrecy and assiduity.

This reaction, if successful, would not only have taken the life out of the existing internal franchise, but would also have rendered abortive the desired union in the war of independence of the army and volunteers of Southern Italy.

The liberal committees saw all this perfectly well, but were weakened by the intrusion amongst them of secret partisans of despotic power; whilst the truly liberal and disinterested were divided into those who still believed in the sincerity of the King, and those who, *not* deluded, saw only too well how all was going on to a miserable end.

These committees, therefore, did not come to any practical conclusion, either to prevent the dreaded ruin of domestic liberty, or to ensure the co-operation of our army and volunteers in the war of independence.

I mourned and shuddered at the bare idea of this threatening state of things. It was then that, finding it impossible to do all, I turned my earnest endeavours towards an object which certainly seemed to me of great importance, and this was to organise volunteers for the war of emancipation. The excellent lawyer, Pietro Parisi, and Silverio Cappelli felt equally with me the importance of this work, and laboured with intelligence and perseverance to complete it. Our efforts were crowned by a greater success than we could have anticipated; so that in a relatively short time we were enabled to form a numerous battalion of volunteers at Santa Maria la Nova, where we had fixed our centre.

The greater number of them were taken from the lowest class of the people. It would have been considered scarcely possible to form good citizens and brave, disciplined soldiers out of these men. And yet a short time afterwards, at the defence of Venice, it was proved what kind of spirit was in them.

Yes, it is quite certain that human intelligence, well instructed and educated, is capable of returning an abundant harvest to the cultivator.

It is not to be wondered at if in these men, pitiable slaves of ignorance and superstition as they were, the most corrupt habits and practices should have been united to the most disgusting neglect and dirtiness of the whole person. But in them natural beauty of form, equal truly to the best type of antiquity, corresponded to the vivacity and acuteness of natural talent.

We therefore gave all our powers to make them really men, certain that in this we should also prepare them for good soldiers. We earnestly spoke to them of their mission in society; of their rights and duties towards other men, and of the advantage and comfort they would feel if, freeing themselves from the chains of ignorance and superstition, they

would devote all their powers to the service of their country.

Besides moral education, I was obliged to occupy myself in forming habits of cleanliness; washing them the first time myself, and thoroughly well.

It is quite certain that these dear youths gave me the greatest pleasure I ever felt in my life, since they well and fully responded to all our care for them, and in a comparatively short time, from semi-brutes as they were, they made themselves men. A success of this kind proved to us through facts, that education, freed from the obstacles and hindrances of despotism and superstition, and based upon the unshaken principles of morality, can certainly work wonders.

The battalion thus formed, and morally harmonised, all our thoughts were turned to the selection of one fitted to be the commander. Whilst we were engaged in this important object, but without having been able to find the man we desired, the venerable Emilio Imbriani and the Baron Poerio came, and used all the persuasion in their power to induce me to take the command of the battalion myself.

Any one who knew me then, or knows me now, must be perfectly acquainted with the hatred I have

for war, and the aspiration I cherish for the time when all humanity shall be so united as to render war an impossibility. They would certainly have been amused at this offer made to me. And yet, since this great evil of war had become an inevitable necessity, in order to secure the supreme blessing of independence, in the vigour of life, endowed with indomitable energy and determination, I might have accepted it; at least so it was urged. The strong good-will, it was said, might at first supply that want of knowledge in the art of war which study and practice would give to me as it had done to others in similar circumstances.

I assured the gentlemen that I could but very inefficiently fulfil the duties of such a position; whereas if I were to go with the battalion as chaplain, I could do much better service as priest. Not, however, be it well understood, merely to say Mass to the volunteers, and to assist them in confession, and in other sacred offices, but what was much more important, to keep them morally in the right way, in patriotism, in self-devotion; being in the midst of them, to encourage them in the strongest tempest of the future trial, amidst the whistling of balls and the thunder of cannon; to assist them as a brother

when wounded, and to comfort them when dying, with the infallible promises of Divine Love.

These words of mine then were binding and sacred promises, in the fulfilment of which during the succeeding events, my conscience tells me I did not fail. The reasoning was appreciated by those to whom it was addressed, and I was appointed to the office of chaplain.

But it became more urgent to find a suitable commander, and at length we turned our thoughts towards the brave, honest, and well-known liberal, Francesco Materazzo, Lieutenant in the Royal Guards. We succeeded in our endeavours to induce him to accept this trust, and in him we had our Major; a better choice we could not have made. By his admirable conduct he justified the election of which we three, Cappelli, Parisi, and I, had taken the responsibility. In a very short time he created an excellent military organisation, and in the actions that afterwards took place he proved himself a brave and sagacious commander.

The battalion, as far as instruction and discipline were concerned, was ready to take the field; but we were wanting in a most essential point—nothing less than the equipments. Many of our men were in want of necessary clothing; many more had no

more covering to their feet than that which nature had given them. The Government, which had engaged to send out an army, ought for the same reason to encourage sending out volunteers; but as yet it had not done anything for us. Private enthusiasm had already done much, but in procuring uniforms and arms we had no resource but to apply to the Government.

We drew up a short petition to the Government, praying that in order to crown the efforts which had been made by private citizens for the national cause, it would provide uniforms and arms for the volunteer battalion. This petition soon received the signatures of many influential persons. After some delay its object was attained, and the battalion received a sufficient number of uniforms and arms; and then, after much difficulty in overcoming the numerous impediments thrown in our way, we at length departed, and by the usual route arrived at Ancona. This place had been chosen as a halt for the soldiers, and here they were continually joined by new levies. We had been preceded by a division of the regular Bourbon army. As we remained here a few days, some of the officers came in the most courteous manner to converse with us. The greater number of them knew me, having seen me in Naples. They

did their best to lead us into discussions upon the wonderful events which were developing themselves. Upon these their conversation was so ambiguous, that I was at a loss to understand what they really meant to say. I tried to persuade myself that having been accustomed all their lives to the train of thought usual in the atmosphere of a despotic government, they found it difficult to estimate the comparative importance of events under a totally different state of things. I had full confidence in their good faith, and never had a suspicion that these vague and mysterious hints might foreshadow that reaction which so soon after broke out in the kingdom of Naples, and of which the greater number of them became the guilty instruments.

Leaving Ancona by short marches, and after many delays, we arrived at Bologna. On the way, at Sinigaglia, the birth-place of the still unsuspected and most popular Pio Nono, we were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The whole city, as it seemed, came out to meet us; and here, untried as yet in battle, amidst universal blessings and shouts of joyful welcome, we were received almost as if we had been conquerors.

The whole army of 18,000 men sent out by the Bourbon, and all the volunteers were united at

Bologna. Here also an enthusiastic reception awaited us. The citizens, volunteers, and regular troops all fraternized together. At this spectacle our hearts were full of joy, and our dearest hopes were strengthened that the better destinies of Italy would be assured and for ever. Oh how bitter was the disappointment!

In this concentration of forces, finding myself continually in contact with lieutenants, colonels, and generals of the Bourbon army, I was again led into arguments of the same kind as at Ancona; mystified by the same Jesuitical arts, but more clearly allowing the dark and reactionary tendencies to be seen. Amongst other things, they said that the national movement was a fictitious and ephemeral thing, and that it could not therefore have any serious and practical result. As they on the one side were ambiguous and insincere, so I, on the other, frank and fully convinced, answered them that they were greatly mistaken in thinking that the movement was partial and would fail, since it was not of one province or state of Italy, but of the whole peninsula; and not only so, but through the whole of Europe the people were tired of the hard rule which had so long oppressed them, and were determined to free themselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE 15TH OF MAY, 1848.

In the meantime the reaction in the two Sicilies had attained its iniquitous object, and the time had become mature for the explosion which took place in Naples on the 15th of May, 1848—a day which, written in the blood of its innocent and generous victims then sacrificed, will remain for ever upon the page of history, to perpetuate the infamy of Ferdinand II. and of his guilty accomplices.

In the slaughter of that fatal day all the powers of tyranny conspired in the belief that they could quench the aspiration of freedom. Vain attempt! for from massacre arise martyrs, and from these again the unconquerable men, who, sanctifying their cause by self-sacrifice, finally succeed in making it triumphant.

Many were the victims of that execrable reaction, and several amongst them were my friends!

Oh, true lovers of country and liberty! your example gives strength to the present and to future men, to persevere unto the end, in the good way; and their tears, their gratitude, and their veneration will be the heart-felt tribute to your memory!

If it were not too long, I would desire here to commemorate all my friends who fell at that time. Yes, of all I would say how my heart bled for them, how sincerely I still mourn for them; but I must limit myself to two, the beloved and excellent Luigi Lavista and Santillo.

Lavista, a citizen of the birth-place of Horace, was himself the exact image of the just man so well described by that immortal poet:

> Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mentem quatit solidam - - -
> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Liberty and independence were by him clearly understood, warmly beloved, and with all his powers defended; but by just means alone. The greater the nobility and the rectitude of an object, the greater and more just must be the means by which it is sought to be attained. So he thought; and therefore it was he who told me of the conspiracy

fully organised to kill Ferdinand II., and who engaged me to prevent it, as I have before narrated.

The tyrant, in return for having saved his life, put him to death.

Elevation of thought and warmth of heart were united in Lavista to mental culture; so that if he had not been thus prematurely taken away, he would have been an honour to that beloved Italy for whose sake he sacrificed his life. He was taken and killed by the Swiss mercenaries, and his handsome person was dragged contemptuously through the streets of Naples.

As was Lavista, so likewise was Santillo sacrificed. He was barbarously murdered in his own bed by the hired bravos of the reaction.

Frank, generous, and educated, he was ennobled by the

anima secura
Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi pura.

Santillo was a type of the true, honest, working patriot. He it was who, united with me and a few intimate friends interested in the improvement of the people, often in different parts of the crowded Parthenope spoke to the poor people. They were corrupted, it is true, by ignorance and superstition, but they were quick in intellect, and most warm

and generous in feeling. We spoke to them of the rights and duties of men towards themselves and towards their families, and then of the relation in which they were placed with their neighbours and with the state. We endeavoured to give them the most simple notions upon the different forms of government, whether a despotism, a constitutional monarchy, or à republic; so as to prepare them in some measure for the exercise of their future duties as citizens. We all did the best we could; but Santillo, from his greater knowledge and eloquence, was by far the most useful.

Oh, to what deplorable excesses may the demon-counsellor of tyranny lead men!

My name was also amongst the number to be thus assassinated. Of this I was assured by one who had seen it in the black catalogue. I, 'an agitator!' Yes, an agitator unwearied and earnest for liberty, for the independence of the peninsula, and further still, for the well-being of the whole human family, and therefore urging upon all, and always, peace and love; abhorrent of blood and war, and in the popular demonstrations that had taken place, intent upon preventing any disorder or excess, desirous that the just desires of the people should be manifested in a dignified and tranquil manner,

studious to stifle instantly the too-easy cry of 'Death.' I, who had the most sincere faith in the King, and who, at the request of the murdered Lavista, had been the instrument to save the prince's life. In return our names were written in the book of death, amongst those who by King Ferdinand II. and his accomplices were marked down for slaughter.

If my life was at that time spared, it was only because, already far from the kingdom of Naples, and surrounded by the volunteers whom he distrusted, the tyrant did not dare commit murder by the hands of his hired bravos, in the midst of them.

Thus I had death very near me in those days; and in the course of my adventurous life, death has very often been equally near, both when I knew it and when I knew it not; and now, in the decline of life, that I have arrived at that period when

Agli occhi stanchi si scolora il mondo,

I stand as firmly fixed as ever in those principles of humanity and of progress which will be sacred for me, in thought and in action, to my last breath.

I have a sincere and unshaken faith that the infinite mercies of God will descend as they have hitherto never failed to descend upon me since. I

say it openly—I always have believed, and I believe now in God, the beginning and end, omnipresent, eternal, infinite. In God, whom the whole order of the universe confesses, and the human conscience cannot ignore. In God, wisdom, power, love.

Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.

Love which gives life to man and woman, and which propagates and maintains the human species, and every other kind of animated and living existence, from the gigantic elephant to the smallest insect, from the towering palm to the smallest blade of grass. Love, so great and so intense that it does not disdain to descend even to me, although a transgressor, alas! too often, of those His divine precepts, which, even in me as in every one, to strengthen us in the pursuit of the good and the best, have been by his power written in our hearts. In God is infinite, perfect, and unfailing justice, which cannot do less than punish the ill-doer, and reward the good, too often inadequately recompensed in this our earthly pilgrimage; and to whom in consequence is given an eternal future life.

Yes! the veil has been removed from my eyes.

I do not believe in those systems of theology which degrade the Supreme Being, even so far as to

represent him as ferocious and inexorable. God all Love is my faith. I believe simply, fully, and in perfect trust, in *God all Love*: this is my faith. I feel Him to be perfect goodness, and proclaim the blessed truth.

The reaction of the 15th of May was a crime against the people of the two Sicilies and the whole Italian nation. It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. It divided the prince, himself Italian, who governed the largest state in the peninsula, from the national cause. It is scarcely possible to conceive how the King could have been induced to commit enormities which, outraging his people and breaking the laws of common honesty and justice, must inevitably have fatal consequences for himself and for his dynasty.

He was gifted by nature with more than usual quickness of perception. But the talent he had was entirely without cultivation, and, surrounded by counsellors who represented the least tendency to free-thought as dangerous, he, 'to secure his own safety and power,' lent himself to the most guilty and brutal excesses.

The 15th of May had two objects: the first, to destroy all liberal institutions at home, restoring to the King his absolute power; the second, under

the pretence of self-defence, to recall the army which had been sent into Upper Italy to join in the war of independence.

From such a war, an issue inconsistent with the safety of absolute princes might be expected. Whereas with Austria, triumphant champion as she had always been of despotism, the throne of the Bourbons would be safe.

Therefore, behold! at the same time with the annihilation of the Constitution, to which King and people had solemnly sworn, an order is sent out to the Commander-in-chief of the division, General Pepe, recalling all the soldiers home. General Pepe was ordered to resign the command of the army to General Statella, in case he himself would not lead the army back.

It is useless to describe the kind of man General Pepe was. He is already well known as the distinguished soldier and fearless citizen who from early youth had sacrificed everything to his country, for her sake supporting bravely every evil, even to the bitterness of a long exile.

General Pepe immediately gave up the command, exclaiming, 'Ah, poor Italy! to what hard conditions tyranny still subjects thy children!' The King and his ministers were not satisfied with sending the

order of return to General Pepe. They feared lest his influence and that of other liberals might prevent the obedience not only of the volunteers, but also of the regular army, to the royal command, and induce them instead, to continue the march, and unite with the army of Lombardo-Veneto. They sent out, therefore, the sum of 30,000 ducats to be distributed by means of secret agents amongst the soldiers, in order to ensure their full obedience to the order of return.

This fact, perhaps not sufficiently known, but of which I can guarantee the truth, shows how low the Government had sunk in the arts of that corruption which had become necessary in order to secure the obedience of its dependents.

General Pepe having given in his resignation, Statella, furious reactionist as he was, eagerly took upon himself the supreme command, and without delay, put forth a proclamation, in which he made known to the armed forces of the two Sicilies, in the most imperative terms, the royal order for their return into the kingdom.

In consequence of this command, our brave and wise Major Materazzo called his battalion together, and asked if they intended to obey the order to return,

or if they were resolved to pass the Po, and engage in the war of independence.

The patriotic leader, fully determined himself, was yet desirous that the alternative should be frankly and clearly placed before his men, in order that if any amongst them wished to return, the disgrace might be all their own, he having done his part; and if they chose the better part, the honour would be to those who determined to defy the anger of the tyrant, and to go on to fight for the salvation of their common country.

'We will pass the Po! We will go on to drive away the foreign invaders!' were the cries which broke forth universally, spontaneously, from all these men, and made the face of their gallant leader radiant with joy. This brave and hearty response to his words made my heart beat, and in the excitement of the moment the thought flashed across my mind to profit by this patriotic impulse in our battalion, in order to call forth a similar decision.

Turning therefore to our volunteers, I exclaimed, 'Brave Italians, are you then determined to pass the Po? and will you pass it with others of your brethren, who will divide the danger, as they will divide the glory with you? If so, follow me.'

At this invitation I had them all after me, and I

led them before the house in which the Generals Pepe and Statella were lodging. On the way, and upon our arrival, the number, which began with some hundreds, might have been counted by thousands.

I then mounted upon a table and stood in the midst of them, and addressed them with all the energy I possessed, saying that now was the supreme moment in which they must decide whether they would obey the command of despotism, now again rising amidst the slaughter and massacre of the 15th of May, or the voice of their country calling upon them to re-conquer their independence; that it was necessary frankly to choose, and, according to that choice, to act.

All the volunteers, and the patriots of Bologna, who were listening to me, made the air resound with their spontaneous, warm, and unanimous applause, proving how much they had at heart the cause of liberty and of their country. Nor did those who were there of the soldiers of the Bourbon army, fail to join in the same expression of feeling.

The demonstration was imposing and solemn; and the expression of the general wish could not have been more decided. But as yet no one appeared from the dwelling of the Generals, and I, to

break the silence, which could not fail to irritate the large expecting multitude, raised the cry, 'Come forth to us, General Pepe!' The words were scarcely spoken before they were repeated by all.

Some minutes passed, which seemed an age, when behold! the ancient champion of liberty presented himself at the balcony, and with frank and full confidence, and venerable aspect, he looked kindly upon those who had called him forth. His appearance produced a profound silence. 'Here I am with you; what do you ask? What do you wish me to do?'

Knowing that I was answering for all present, I said, 'Venerable father of liberty, what we want, what the country calls for, is, that you should take again the command, and that you, our General-in-chief, would lead us beyond the Po, to meet the enemy and foreign oppressor of Italy.'

These words were affirmed by universal acclamation. The General was much affected, and with a full heart, assured us that he would lead us on to the defence of our country, of liberty, and of honour. It was a solemn and sublime moment, never to be forgotten; every heart was full of the most noble, the most generous enthusiasm, excluding all fear, all doubt.

Whilst the multitude were thus reassured and rejoicing, I went up to the apartment of the generals, and in one of the first rooms I saw Statella, with a magnificent dog, as guardian, at his side.

He looked pale and anxious. Directly he saw me, he came quickly forwards, saying, 'I resign the command so lately assumed, and lay it down, but at the same time I commend myself to you, chaplain, to ensure respect, and that no attempt shall be made against my life.'

This cowardly fear moved my contempt. Nevertheless I assured him that patriots were very different from tyrants and their accomplices, that they only fought with generous arms in open field, and in the light of day; and that never would they imbrue their hands in a brother's blood in a treacherous manner, even if it were that of their most bitter enemy; and therefore that he might return without fear to the King.

Whilst I was thus talking with Statella, many of the superior officers in the Bourbon army came in and stood around him; the greater number looking askance at me, twisting their moustaches, and in all their bearing showing a mixed feeling of contempt and fear.

Some of the patriots came up into the palace

with me, and when they observed this manner of the officers, they all, fearing some act of violence against me, drew close around ready for my defence. Amongst them was the generous Nicola Fabrizi, then a simple citizen. He came to my side, and although I had not the least fear, pressed my hand and sought to strengthen me, whispering in my ear, that at the least offence against me he would be my shield.

Animated by this act of affection, I took in my hand a bust of Pio Nono, not yet an open traitor, which was on a column in that room; and turning with an impulse I could not resist, towards these same officers, I exclaimed with strong feeling, from my heart, 'Is there no one here who wishes to cleanse himself from the stain and disgrace contracted through having become a tool of an effete despotism, an instrument and defender of the tyrant? If, as I hope, there be one here, let him frankly come forward and give proof that he is no longer in bondage; that he will redeem and purge himself in that baptism of blood to which the country this day calls him and each one of her devoted sons; that he will pass the Po with us, and drive away the common enemy, descended from beyond the Alps, and all too long established upon our

sacred soil to maintain domestic and foreign tyranny.'

These fervent words were not in vain, for many of these officers were reminded by them that they were men and not sheep, and that amongst men they were Italians. They broke at once the chain of their long and opprobrious servitude, and rose from degradation and slavery to the dignity of freemen. They came with the pure joy of the redeemed, and declared themselves ready to follow us.

We then all went down together, and I found myself surrounded by the expectant multitude. They eagerly pressed round me, anxious to know what I had been able to learn in the palace, and what we had done. Joyful at the thought of what had been promised, and of the success of our efforts, I hastened to tranquillize the meeting, and told them that Statella had resigned, that General Pepe had resumed the command, and would lead us to cross the Po, and thus to pledge us to the most just, the most holy of all wars.

The most ready orator could not find words, the pen of the best writer would not be able to express the joy which filled the hearts, and shone in the faces of the number of anxious, fervent men who

formed that solemn demonstration. It must have been witnessed to be fully felt and understood.

Is this not true, I ask of you, patriots of Bologna?

If tranquillity was thus restored to this immense multitude, it was not so with the people of Bologna generally, who, in the order of return to the Bourbon army, feared the ruin of the national cause. One demonstration hardly finished (and, thank God! happily finished), it became necessary to organise directly, in order to tranquillize people's minds, and to drive away discouragement, that most fatal of all counsellors.

The new demonstration was organised.

These are extraordinary labours, and to any one in cool moments considering them, they would seem impossible; but enthusiasm in a cause truly worthy of it, makes them possible, if not easy. The extraordinary power of an elevated idea, much more than any material argument, multiplies a hundredfold the physical strength, and makes the attainment of the end certain.

The soldiers and volunteers, in close ranks and in imposing order, marched through the city to comfort the inhabitants with news of the success that had been obtained.

The blessings and applause of the people

followed us on our way, our number increasing as we went on. Mixed also with them were many of the Bourbon dragoons, whilst from nearly every window came forth, as if by magic, national banners waving in the air. In the evening the whole city was illuminated as for a festival.

Towards midnight, the procession went past the palace of the Cardinal Legate, and here I, in my continued, and I must say incorrigible good faith, believing still in the sincerity of the liberal sentiments of Pius IX., and of his ministers and representatives, invoked the Cardinal to shew himself, in order that we might all receive his blessing on our way.

This request was re-echoed by hundreds of voices. The Cardinal delayed a little before he presented himself. Liberal so far as a Cardinal can be liberal, he must still have said in his heart, 'Oh! what a set of worthy credulous people!' But at last the purple dress appeared; and the Cardinal from the balcony, cutting the air with the right hand, blessed us in the name of God and of Pius IX.

After this the immense concourse dispersed and retired peaceably to their homes, and I did likewise, and perceived that I was bathed in perspiration, and that the black dye from the priest's vestment,

which I wore, had passed to the under vest, upon which not the least bit of white was left. In fact, from early morning I had not rested for an instant. I went to bed worn out, but cheerful, in the hope that something of use to the good cause had been done.

Rising in the morning early, I was surprised by the visit of five young men of Bologna, who, sent to to me by the liberal committee of that city, brought two large medals, one of gold, the other of silver, in token of gratitude for services rendered to the cause of liberty and of Italy.

I felt very grateful for this kindness, and begged the young messengers to express my sincere thanks to the committee.

Yes, my good and patriotic Bolognese, even now, after so many years, the remembrance of you is most grateful to me, and I tell you frankly, if then, within the walls of your city, I was enabled to do anything of use, it was in great part owing to the corresponding feeling for the good and the right by which you were animated.

General Pepe resumed the command amidst the joyful acclamations of all the Romagna, whilst Statella, resigning his, returned into the kingdom, accompanied for a certain distance from Bologna

by our commander himself, Major Materazzo, to ensure his safety.

Upon one occasion, when General Pepe did me the honourto invite me to dine with him, I became personally acquainted with several of those Bourbon officers who had pronounced for their country—a decision which, when it came to the proof, they gloriously maintained.

Amongst them was the generous and intrepid Girolamo Ulloa. With all these brave men I contracted relations of sincere sympathy. They were men of superior education and courteous manners. They had embraced the cause of liberty and progress, with a firm and calm faith in its ultimate success, and had devoted themselves entirely to it. They reciprocated my feelings, and did not fail constantly to give proof of true affection. Amongst their number, Ulloa and Colonel La Gala were distinguished for elevation of mind and character.

La Gala, with the ancient loyalty and true military frankness, openly declared that he had been before, in good faith, a loyal servant of despotic power, but since the King had proclaimed a Constitution, and had solemnly sworn to it, he was, on this subject, completely changed, and had placed the inviolable fulfilment of his own duty in the defence

of liberty and Italy. To that he intended to consecrate all his powers, and for that he was ready at any instant to sacrifice his life.

La Gala was a true man. To say one thing and do another was hateful to him—one of those with whom a promise is surely followed by its fulfilment. It was not long before he gave proof of this consistency.

Behold him, in fact, using all his powers to induce the royal troops to pass the Po. Listen to him, as with clear words he lays before them the fact, that it was by the unworthy arts of corruption, by means of the thirty thousand ducats sent out for the purpose, that it was sought to make them desert the impending war of emancipation, and to become again the blind and brutal instruments of despotism; that such a desertion would be infamous in soldiers who had sworn to the Constitution, and by that had risen to the dignity of citizens; that it was not because the King had perjured himself that they ought or could do as he had done, and abandon the path of honour; but, on the contrary, they had only to pursue it with greater firmness, giving indubitable proof of their determination by resolutely passing the Po.

But the arts of corruption had already attained

their object. The greater number of the soldiers showed themselves determined to go back.

This stupid and fatal blindness deeply affected the unhappy and generous La Gala. He could not survive the anguish of disappointed hope and the almost general triumph of treachery. Urged by an irresistible access of despair, he seized a weapon and killed himself on the spot.

Alas! unfortunate La Gala, for thy blood, also, the demon of despotism is responsible.

I joined with La Gala in endeavouring to dissuade the regular troops from going back, and to induce them to go forward with us. With some we succeeded. But, animated by this success, and becoming more fervent in my endeavours, a colonel in the Bourbon army, who knew my family, called me aside, and pressing my hand as in confidence, warned me that my efforts to seduce the troops from obeying the royal command to return, was a crime in military law, and therefore I must leave off directly if I did not wish to be shot.

I could see clearly myself that corruption had done its work, and that there remained no hope of moving the troops from their resolution. My work then would be quite useless to our common country, and would only bring ruin on

myself. I therefore felt that I must attend to the advice so kindly given, and accordingly retired. I had not gone far when I came upon a terrible sight—the corpse of the unhappy La Gala, still warm and lying in its blood.

What a scene was that! What a tempest of conflicting feelings rose in my soul at that moment! I escaped from death almost by accident. The unfortunate La Gala, overcome by despair, had brought death on himself by his own hand.

It even now does not seem to me as if it could be true that those soldiers who a short time before were loud in their acclamations of liberty and Italy, and showed themselves desirous to defy the enemy of both, should so soon exclaim instead, that they would go back to their king—to that king who had trodden under foot the faith of the most solemn oath taken by him; who was not ashamed to make use of bribery to obtain his ends, and who did not scruple to imbrue his hands in the blood of his people, of whom he dared to proclaim himself loving father (*padre amoroso*); who was so ferocious as to mark down one by one the individuals destined by him to fall by the steel of his hired assassins, and to make his mercenaries charge upon the unarmed masses, without regard to women, old people, and

children, and to destroy with fire and sword their poor but peaceful dwellings.

Oh! the malediction of the present and of future time will follow the memory of such a prince; and the name *Rè-bomba* which the people fixed upon him will remain written in indelible characters on the pages of history.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. Whilst we are thus in Bologna, the minds of men agitated by these passing events; whilst all the volunteers, and also part of the royal troops, stood firm in their response to the invitation of Italy; whilst, on the other hand, the great number of the troops would no longer hear of it, but had changed their cry of 'Viva l'Italia!' 'Viva la liberta!' into that mournful one of 'Viva Ferdinando II.! we will return to our king!' (*vogliam ritornare al rè nostro*)— Padre Alessandro Gavazzi came forward to try with his eloquence to turn the heart and open the eyes of these blind and foolish men.

Gavazzi's friends at once interfered to try to dissuade him from a useless attempt, which would only expose him to danger, and could not have any good result.

But the heart of this true apostle of liberty beat

too ardently for his country; too irresistible was his generous impulse, and it was impossible to turn him from his design. He looked only to the justice, the sanctity of the cause which lay before him, and for which he would plead; without any other consideration he set himself to do it.

With eloquent words which came from his heart, he endeavoured to convince the soldiers that the path of return was that which would stain them with the blood of innocent citizens, would oblige them to become butchers of their own brethren, and instruments in the slaughter necessary to maintain despotic and absolute power; that they would have no excuse of any kind, by which to purge themselves from the horrible stain of assassins, when now the way of honour, in the faith sworn to the liberal command, that of redemption, in making themselves champions of liberty and of Italy, lay open before them. Following this path, and throwing down the hated despotism of Austria, they would become the best of emancipators, destroying at one blow the foreign oppression and internal tyranny. Since, if the Bourbon be the strongest despot amongst the Italian princes, he is not on that account the less a vassal of Austria, to whose im-

perious commands he yields full obedience, and without whose assistance he could not keep up his absolute power. He conjured them, therefore, to save themselves from the perdition into which they were sinking, and to follow the good road to the defence of their country, now extending its arms for help.

Much more he said to them, which ought to have convinced the most inert; but they were as words thrown to the wind, towards ears deafened through brutal ignorance, and hearts which the corrupt influence of gold had made hard as stone. The patriotic orator, the good, intrepid citizen, was received with words of mockery and insult; and he, true evangelist as he was, not heeding this, and continuing to speak, found the rifles of the soldiers pointed at his breast. Not fear—this is not possible in him—but the mournful conviction that his efforts were useless, made him at length retire.

Bologna was beyond measure excited, both by the mournful suicide of La Gala, which excited universal compassion, and by the failure of Gavazzi's appeal. A splendid funeral was ordained as the mode of expressing the profound grief of the citizens for the fate of La Gala—that victim whose conscience was so pure that he could not bear to see the defection of his soldiers, and who, not having been able by all

his efforts to prevent it, preferred to die rather than to survive their dishonour.

It was then that the thought occurred to me and to other patriots, to invite Gavazzi to speak over the bier of La Gala. We went to his house on this mission. Gavazzi willingly consented. On this occasion we became acquainted with his mother, who was truly one of the strong women of ancient times. Rich in beautiful talents, and inflamed with the love of country, she told us how all her five sons had exposed themselves bravely against the foreigner who unjustly trod under foot the sacred soil of Italy. The mother was truly worthy of such sons!

The funeral of La Gala took place amidst an immense number of mourners, who were profoundly touched by the discourse pronounced there by Gavazzi.

Notwithstanding the want of success at the close, yet the conversion of Bourbon soldiers previously obtained was frank and sincere, if not very numerous, and procured courageous and patriotic soldiers for the war of independence.

I had soon a very reassuring proof of this. A sergeant or lieutenant (I do not now remember which), a certain Boltone, came to me, and clearly proved to my satisfaction, that of those amongst the

soldiers who had decided to follow the national movement, there were now a number sufficient to form a good battalion, and that it would be better, without more delay, to constitute it at once. General Pepe himself gave the necessary orders. The battalion was quickly and well organized, and the command was given to the same Boltone.

We had only just completed this when another encouraging incident occurred.

The well-known Colonel Cotrufiano solemnly promised that, at the head of his some five thousand robust and well-trained dragoons, he also would pass the Po.

This assurance gave us the greatest pleasure, and by way of making the most of it, we diffused through all Italy printed circulars, calculated to re-animate confidence and courage, with the assurance that in addition to all the volunteers, a good number of the regular army, and especially many thousand dragoons with their colonel, treading under foot the parricidal order to go back, would give help in the holy war.

These circulars had the desired effect. They reanimated those who were depressed, and were as balsam to the wounds which the *colpo di stato* of Ferdinand II. had re-opened.

But the promise of Colonel Cotrufiano could only have been a guilty deception intended to delude our credulity, for when the moment came, he, with the greater part of the royal troops, and with his dragoons, instead of passing the Po, went back into the kingdom, to assist in more firmly consolidating the restored despotism, to oppress those unhappy and deceived people, and to drown in blood the voice of conscience which must yet reproach them with broken faith.

Worthy champion of the king his lord! Worthily by this action, did he do honour to his illustrious house, and to the title he bore of Count d'Aragona!

The retreat of the Bourbon army became a fact, and the people of Bologna and the whole of Romagna were so deeply moved by this desertion, that they were eager to attack the troops on their retreat. The number of *progressisti* who surrounded General Pepe were of the same mind. I, however, supported by others, maintained the contrary. Arguing that in the face of the foreign invader, against whom our Italian brothers were already engaged in battle, we ought not to lose an instant, but rush to their help in the struggle; that this was not the moment to provoke a civil war, always to be dreaded, but at this time fatal; that once having driven from our

country the Austrian invader, we could with greater certainty of success devote ourselves to destroy domestic tyranny.

Alas! the event did not answer our hopes. The most heroic efforts were not sufficient to drive away the stranger; and Italy for many long years lay desolate under Austrian dominion and domestic despotism. But it is, on the other hand, certain, that a collision with the Bourbon troops, demoralised as they were, would not have been of the least use; whilst it would have presented to Europe, which with interest was watching the rising of a great nation, the miserable spectacle of a fratricidal struggle. It would have paralysed the forces of the volunteers, and have facilitated the triumph of the foreigner.

CHAPTER XX.

PASSAGE OF THE PO.

THE desire expressed by the people of Bologna to attack the Bourbon troops in their retreat, gave way to the force of the reasons urged in proof of the necessity that we should not lose an instant, now that Italians were engaged against the foreigner, but rush at once to their aid. This course was supported by the brave Nicola Fabrizi and by Girolamo Ulloa. The words, 'To pass the Po at once,' were repeated again and again, and it was unanimously decided that without further delay the passage of the Po must be made.

This decision, the urgent necessity for which had now become evident, was followed by the encouraging assurance that the two brave Bourbon officers, Cosenz and De Virgilio, together with other officers, and with a good section of artillery, would pass the Po together with us. This most happy and unexpected assurance filled our hearts with joy. The

volunteers kept festival as for a victory, and drew from it the most flattering auguries for their future.

Now then at last, the volunteers, and that portion of the Bourbon army which had been won over to espouse the cause of their country, all equally brave, exulting, and ardent, cross the Po. Thus the Rubicon was finally passed. In this transit we encountered no material enemy, but another enemy, much more insidious and formidable than Austria, threatened us, in the shape of a reactionary conspiracy. This, in the most crooked and underhand manner, set every means to work in order to divide us, to break us up into parties, and to prevent us from hastening to fight for light against darkness, for independence and liberty against slavery and absolutism.

Oh! what never-to-be-forgotten impressions that passage of the Po left in every breast! It was for us a path to glory—a triumph! We breathed more freely now we were no longer stifled by the pestilent air that despotism diffuses around, but, on the contrary, inhaled the air of truth and justice. Hearts beat more vigorously with the thought that we were now approaching the goal towards which our hopes had been so long directed, the object we had so ardently desired. All doubts for the moment

vanished. Faces that had worn an expression of reserve, fearful of hidden plots, became cheerful and open, showing clearly the strong impulse by which all were animated; impulse to encounter unknown but terrible dangers for our country's sake, and joy to find ourselves in the path approved by conscience.

The sight of the rapid course of the largest river in Italy, through that rich and magnificent plain, between banks of luxuriant vegetation, and under a pure and enchanting sky, harmonised with the importance of the act we were accomplishing. It seemed as if the beautiful smile of nature would sustain and comfort us.

This general enthusiasm was destined to receive another impulse, so much the greater as it was entirely unexpected. The Po passed, behold at some distance, drawn up in order, a numerous band of soldiers; friends undoubtedly, not only from their appearance, but because they seemed to be drawn up there as if expressly to receive us with jubilee, and to exchange with us a fraternal embrace. By degrees they drew near to us, when we perceived with more certainty, by their uniform, that, like ourselves, they were volunteers ready to take the field. Strong and gallant fellows they seemed, all

of them, animated as they were by a generous and noble object.

'But from what part of Italy do they come? Who are they?' Such questions were asked, and the answers soon given.

They were a body of full nine hundred men of Lombardy, completely organised and disciplined, who, full of confidence and ardour, were going to join themselves to the ranks of the volunteers, for the redemption of Italy. To those engaged in the pursuit of the noblest object, and ready to defy for its sake the greatest dangers that opposed its attainment, the finding unexpectedly, and on the very field of action, firm and ardent companions, is comfort unutterable! This we all felt, and expressed it in joyous exclamations. The Lombards returned our greeting, and soon Lombards and Neapolitans, whether volunteers or belonging to the regular troops, fraternised together.

Those embraces formed a touching scene. Peoples whom despotism had for centuries kept strangers, if not enemies, at once as it were called to mind that they were all children of one unhappy but glorious country—Italy; and as such were hastening together for her liberation.

Sirtori, now General—whose name alone is suffi-

cient eulogy—was there amongst those Lombards, as a simple soldier. He soon joined me, and surrounded by Neapolitans and Lombards, we both in a loud voice swore to defy every obstacle, to expose our lives on every occasion, in order to drive away the stranger, adding that we did not doubt a similar asseveration would be made by all who heard us. And truly, all with the warmest and most sincere acclamations echoed our words.

The Po passed, we marched on to Venice, and halting there took up our quarters in that place of enchantment, the Piazza San Marco.

Venice was not new to me, since, as the reader will perhaps remember, I had already visited it, together with the other cities of upper Italy, when I travelled to carry out the wish of the liberal committees, in endeavouring to cause the various people of Italy to unite and fraternise—people amongst whom, up to that time, strife, jealousy and dissension had been sedulously fomented by their respective small despotisms. I had also to extend the thread by means of which the signal for the general movement was to be conveyed.

I had retained the most pleasing impressions of that singular and grand city, and I had there made many cordial friends. But the impressions I received

on seeing her now, freed from the yoke of the stranger, and heroically prepared to defend her recovered independence, under the glorious banner of the republic, was incomparably greater. It appeared to me as if its splendid sky had become still more glowing, as if its sumptuous palaces, the work of Italian genius for consecutive centuries, had become more beautiful; as if the treasures of the Piazza, the Piazzetti, and the Molo had redoubled in value.

The friends I had left in Venice soon came round me, and vied with one another in expressions of affectionate sympathy. They were beyond measure delighted with the Neapolitan forces that had escaped from the temptations of the Bourbon, and congratulated us greatly. The honest and pure patriot, Nicolo Tommaseo, in the presence of many hundred persons, said frankly, turning towards me, that we Neapolitans having braved the power of despotism, and having generously passed the Po, had deserved well of our country.

I answered for all; thanking him for his encouraging words, and adding the hope that with time all Italians might make themselves worthy of the good opinion of their fellow men.

The wish I then expressed in a moment of

enthusiasm, I can repeat now with a calm and tranquil mind. Will it ever be fulfilled?

Certainly the Italians, from that time up to this, have done much; but much remains for them to do before they can be considered a truly free and moral people, and therefore as deserving well of humanity. The necessary progress will, however, become easy to them if they once feel the duty of emancipating themselves from party spirit, seeking only to send to the National Parliament, and consequently to power, as their representatives, intelligent and truly honest citizens; men incapable of corrupting or of being corrupted.

Soon after our arrival in Venice, it was insinuated to our Commander-in-chief, that the battalion of Neapolitan volunteers would not be able to fight.

This became known, and it may be easily imagined with what indignation the report was heard by our officers. With much difficulty I succeeded in tranquillizing them; promising to set all right, and to reinstate the battalion in the good opinion it so justly deserved. I would go myself to General Pepe, I said.

I went to him therefore; but although that brave and generous soldier received me well, I

could yet perceive how much evil had been spoken of us. I was able to show him the simple truth, and to expose the falsehood and absurdity of the calumny which had been circulated against us. The General-in-chief was quite satisfied, and freely showed the satisfaction felt by every good man, when, between the right and the wrong, he can establish the right. He sent for General Ulloa, telling me to explain our case to him, which I happily did to his satisfaction.

The arduous position in which our battalion was afterwards placed, during the events of the siege, gave opportunities to prove that all I had said of it was true. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise, since our volunteers were sincerely animated by the sacred love of country, and were ready and determined when necessary to give their lives for her sake. The officers who commanded them were animated by the same spirit. They were also enlightened and gallant men, distinguished in every way. Amongst them, their brave Major Francesco Materazzo.

The solemn trial of their courage and firmness was not long delayed. It presented itself on occasion of the impetuous attack which the Austrians made at the post called Cavanella d'Adige.

On the first occasion on which men engage face to face in battle, even the strongest are shaken.

The whistling of bullets, the incessant report of musketry, broken from time to time by the resounding roar of the cannon, the dense clouds of smoke, illuminated by flashes of vomiting fire, the violent and frequent explosion of hollow projectiles, which, with their innumerable fragments, become ministers of death,—all these terrify. Then the friends and companions around, just before bold and confident, who all at once fall either wounded or dying, the heart-rending cries, and the broken and last words which in the intervals of the resounding tempest strike so mournfully upon the ear and pierce the heart with anguish cause a profound terror; the whole is so dreadful that even the most courageous have expressed, that for the first time it caused a thrill of horror—but the cause for which they contend, if it be decidedly and strongly embraced, is found powerful enough to rouse them; and acting strongly upon the imagination renders them indifferent to the greatest danger.

Yes, in this their first encounter our brave volunteers proved themselves strong and determined. The first natural fear shaken off, they fought with unconquerable courage and firmness. I in the midst

of them was suddenly thrown down by the rebound of a ball which struck me in the leg, a slight wound, but if not protected by strong boots and thick trousers might have had a bad effect. I was soon able to rise and go where my mission called me, amongst the hailstorm of balls, to comfort the dying, to succour and place in safety the wounded, to give them the first and most indispensable help, and to induce them to consent to amputation when the surgeon decided that the alternative was inevitable death.

The Venetian soldiers, with those of Friuli and Lombardy, perfectly acquainted with the position of the Cavanella, boldly took the offensive, and advanced as far as the Campanile of the Church, from which the Austrians, under cover, kept up a continued and deadly fire.

Without doubt, however, they would on this occasion have been made prisoners if the Neapolitan volunteers, entirely ignorant of the country, had not been thus prevented from advancing so far. Notwithstanding the most daring and heroic efforts on the part of our men, the very great superiority of the enemy in number prevailed.

Our brave Commander, General Ferrari, seeing that our losses had been so great in the few hours of

the struggle, most reluctantly was convinced that a longer resistance would be a guilty folly.

He therefore ordered a retreat, but, truly admirable, these young soldiers, instead of obeying the order, endeavoured to continue the unequal struggle. Despite all their endeavours, however, the number of the killed and wounded increased more and more, so that at last they were obliged to retreat.

This was effected in perfect order; but when in the evening the troops were in their respective quarters, the Lombards broke out into open sedition, being divided into two opposite parties, the one maintaining that the retreat, though mournful, had become an inevitable necessity, and that no one, from the highest to the lowest, could be accused of pusillanimity; the other asserting, on the contrary, that the Commander-in-chief, General Ferrari, was a traitor and a coward.

The quarrel went so far as to be a disgrace and a scandal, especially amongst volunteers, who, on account of the holy cause for which they fought, ought to have given an example of strict discipline and also of union and concord. Some amongst them, feeling this, sent for me, and accordingly I presented myself in the midst of the disturbance which took place in the barracks. The men were completely

in the dark, for it was night, and amidst a tempest of words no one had thought of lights, and this very much increased the confusion.

First getting the lamps lighted, I soon obtained silence; and then without the least reticence I proved to them that General Ferrari was not to blame in any way; that his conduct was then as always, the very best; that to dare to call him a traitor was an unworthy falsehood; that he had ever been, and is now, a patriot with all his heart, a brave soldier, and an honourable citizen.

I had the comfort so completely to convince these misguided men, that the cry of 'traitor' was changed for that of 'Viva il General Ferrari!' 'Let him lead us to reconquer our position.' This new cry reassured me, proving as it did that these brave young soldiers, whilst rendering justice to a good man, were still animated by a noble enthusiasm. They were, in fact, impulsive and of quick feeling, but generous at the same time, so that though easily misled, they were yet sure to listen to the voice of truth and justice.

They had been for the moment deceived by some pretended liberals, instruments of the retrograde party. Fortunately, the number of these men who had got in amongst the volunteers was small, as I

found afterwards, when the same men tried to persuade me also that General Ferrari was a traitor, and to disturb my endeavours to vindicate the character of a brave man. I could have pointed out some of these men the next day, when the authorities, judging that the scandal must have arisen from the insinuations of Austrian spies, determined to punish them. I did not name them, however, from the same desire for peace which had made me act as I did the previous evening, and also from the consideration that the evil amongst the volunteers was, in proportion to their numbers, very insignificant; and the hope that, warned by this defeat, and being now fully known, these men would not be able again to use their seductive arts with success.

Manin and Pepe were pleased with what I had done, and thanked me: thus their approbation was added to that of my own conscience. Ferrari also thanked me, and pressing my hand, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'That I could be suspected of treason!'

What a recompense for an honest and sincere patriot!

In the attack upon Cavanella, the Neapolitan volunteers in my battalion had done their duty as veteran soldiers, and were therefore to be transferred

to a post of acknowledged importance, like that of the forts surrounding Chioggia, which nearly met the advanced posts of the enemy.

There, however, the sky, smiling as it does everywhere around Venice, appeared to us a bitter mockery while we were suffering from the evils those marshes and bogs occasioned us.

The Murazzi, that colossal work of the Venetian Republic, worthy of the words inscribed upon it, *Aere Veneto, ausu Romano*, keep the sea at a higher level than the opposite land, so that the water, instead of draining off, has no outlet, becomes stagnant. This, with its mephitic exhalations, occasions periodical fevers amongst the inhabitants, and produces swarms of molesting insects, which leave no peace, day or night. It can easily be imagined how much we suffered.

Now that by the mercy of God the stranger no longer contaminates that part of Italy, it must be the duty of the government to do all that is possible to give vent to the water lying stagnant in those vast marshes. I know that in similar situations the Italian national government has done much good.

It is not my intention to follow out all the events of the defence of Venice, since others have already done so to the perpetual honour of Italy, and of that

sincere patriot, Daniele Manin. I limit myself, therefore, to those facts of which I had personal knowledge.

Many differences and disputes arose amongst our troops. We were broken up and divided into many factions, principally by the arts of the hidden adherents of Austria, as well as of domestic despotism. These differences easily led amongst impulsive and ignorant men to fierce quarrels, ending too frequently in duels.

The duel! one of the most barbarous aberrations, one of the most flagrant negations of human reason. The logic which makes satisfaction for an offence depend upon the greater dexterity or strength of one or the other party, is a sanguinary remnant of the middle ages, and it is a disgrace to our times that it still lingers.

Enraged at the fatal increase in the number of duels, I wished earnestly to put a stop to the folly. That for a stupid misunderstanding, an idle word, or even for a real offence, two inconsiderate men, from a false idea of honour, should be induced to run the risk of becoming murderers, seemed to me so monstrous, that whenever I heard a duel was to take place, I hastened to the two antagonists, and tried to prevent the meeting by every means of reasoning and persuasion in my power. Generally I had the

comfort of seeing the two, a little while before rivals, extending hands in token of reconciliation.'

The success I met with on these occasions often induced the friends of any two men who had challenged each other to fight a duel, to come quickly to me, asking me to interpose and prevent the conflict. The joy of success in these single cases was accompanied by the still greater satisfaction I felt in the hope that my arguments had also effect on the greater number, as was proved by the fact that duels became rare. The restoration of peace was always celebrated by a libation of the best wine, at the expense of the peace-maker.

Owing to the last circumstance, on one occasion, when there had been no real challenge to fight, some merry fellows, loving a joke, made up a sad tale of quarrel, with all the circumstances they could think of to make it interesting to me; caring little for the pain it gave me, but intent instead upon the bottle of wine to be drunk at my expense, they came to me with serious faces, entreating that I would do all in my power to pacify two furious but generous young men, and prevent them going to fight a duel which must end in murder.

These pretended furious combatants and their anxious friends, taking advantage of my credulity,

completely succeeded. Only for a time, however. The trick was soon found out, and then not a word more would I hear about peace-maker or expected duels. Not that if I believed a challenge had been really given I should not have felt an overpowering necessity to place myself between the combatants, but because now, whenever they spoke to me about a challenge, I always thought of the bottle of wine, and that they wanted to repeat their joke at my expense.

It was a bad kind of joke, not only as regarded myself, but also as having a possibly injurious influence upon others. In fact, soon after, being asked to endeavour to prevent a duel, which they told me was about to take place between two men of the names of Masi and De Capitano, I, not having confidence in the truth of what they said, refused to go. The duel, however, did really take place in a room, and one of the combatants was wounded. And this I felt sure I might have prevented.

CHAPTER XXI.

MESTRE.

Our stay in Chioggia was extremely painful on account of the numerous maladies caused by the bad air, but, strange to say, we suffered still more from the worry and irritation caused by the numerous insects of all kinds. The discomfort caused by them was so great that often a skirmish with the Austrians was welcomed with joy as a means of shaking off, at all events in the moment of action, these infernal insects.

At this time the health of the whole battalion became so serious that the sanitary commission thought it necessary to remove us to Venice.

We were engaged in the defence of Venice and its several forts, when the daring attack upon Mestre, so deservedly celebrated in the annals of the defence of Venice, was determined upon, and we were ordered to take part in it

It was a struggle worthy of the best days of

Greece and Rome. The impression it made upon me cannot be adequately described. But the strongest feeling it raised in me was that of the deepest sorrow for the generous and brave men who, as ears of corn under the reaper's sickle, fell, some wounded and some dying, on all sides around me.

Oh noble and brave youths! the remembrance of them even now forces hot tears from my eyes.

I would willingly here record them all, but I must limit myself to two.

If ever there was an example of the powerful influence derived from a pure love of our country, it was certainly to be seen in the youth Carlo Poerio, brother to the Baron Poerio, who for the same patriotic feeling became a victim to the tyranny of Ferdinand II., and only escaped after a long imprisonment.

A member of a rich and noble family, rich also in intellectual gifts by nature, Carlo Poerio abandoned the comforts of home and the repose of study, impelled by a generous devotion to his country, to join in the war of independence.

When the attack upon Mestre was decided upon, he determined to take part in it. But this was to expose himself to inevitable death; for, generous as

nature had been to him morally and intellectually, she had not been so physically.

He was of a fragile constitution, and the senses of sight and hearing were so weak as to render it quite impossible for him to sustain the stress of war. His decision was a generous mistake. The friends who knew him, amongst whom were persons of influence and authority, tried all in their power to induce him to change his determination. But in vain. When the time fixed upon for the expedition drew near, I, quite alone with him, tried to make him perceive that, although it was a great sacrifice for him to retire from this service, yet it was exactly the sacrifice he ought to make upon the altar of that country he loved so much. For her sake he was bound not to throw away his life, as, for her, his certain and inevitable death would be a serious loss. It appeared to me that this argument had convinced him, and I left him consoled by the assurance that he had given up the thought of joining in this hazardous enterprise.

The assault upon Mestre took place, and it will be imagined what was my grief in the midst of that formidable action, suddenly to find the beloved Poerio horribly wounded and mutilated.

Alas! such was his ardour for liberty and Italy,

he could not restrain himself, and in the first encounter with the enemy he fell a victim! He was dying; and yet only this morning he was radiant with joy and hope! And I so fully believed him to have been persuaded, and therefore saved from certain death!

I remember that I put my hand upon his heart, and found that there was still life. We took him to Venice, and there in his own home, in a day or two, always consoled by me, he died in my arms.

Farewell, oh friend! Farewell, most noble spirit! Much, all too prematurely, Italy has lost in thee! But thou hast left to her thy sacred memory, which, held in veneration by posterity, cannot fail to inspire in others the virtues of which thy heart was the temple!

The other beloved and excellent friend who fell in the action of Mestre, was Margotti, a native of the Neapolitan province of Campagnia. I had known him long, and had formed a true friendship with him in Naples. He was then as I was, a priest; but superstition and hypocrisy, too often characteristic of the order, had no part in him, whose heart only beat for all that is noble and generous. His mind was cultivated, his character frank and candid. Stole and sword united have been always

synonymous with tyranny and despotism. But Margotti knew how to separate them, and divesting himself of the one, fought for liberty with the other.

Scarcely did he hear the call of Italy before he answered it, and with the purest enthusiasm hastened to join the ranks of volunteers for her defence.

At Venice he was made lieutenant, and fell at Mestre, as a brave man, at the head of his soldiers. He also soon after died from the wounds he had there received. I assisted him to the last moment, and received his last wishes.

He died in the faith of the just, and uttering the sacred names of Italy and liberty.

Although the projected attack upon Mestre was kept strictly secret, yet, either from spies of the enemy, or from traitors amongst ourselves, it became known in time to Austria, and preparations were made to oppose us by a force at least three-fold ours.

On the memorable October 27, 1848, our troops with the greatest enthusiasm rushed to attack the fortified position of the enemy.

But the numerous and well-directed cannon of the Austrians thundered against us so tremendously and mowed down our men in such numbers, that

even the most courageous were put into disorder. We were just on the point of retreating.

In this supreme moment, a man boldly advancing from amongst us, bearing the banner of the Roman volunteers, cried out to me at the top of his voice, 'Campanellone! forward! forward! forward!' I followed immediately the example and invitation of this brave man, and seizing the banner of our volunteers from the fugitives, I exclaimed strongly. 'Brave Italians! forward! forward!'

Every hesitation was cast to the winds. There was no longer any thought or attention to the heavy hail of balls or to the great slaughter amongst us. Almost as if we were moving forward to a fête, under a shower of flowers, as one man we rushed with irresistible impulse to the assault. The position was taken, the enemy was put to flight, guns were taken, and with admirable skill and coolness, were quickly turned against the enemy. The war-chest was taken, many head of cattle, much provision, and full six hundred prisoners.

In taking the artillery and in its immediate employment against the enemy, Boltone much distinguished himself. The reader may remember him as the Bourbon lieutenant who, at the passage of the Po, proposed to me, the organization into one

regiment, of those soldiers in the regular army who had decided to pass the Rubicon with us.

Deservedly, he is now a General in the kingdom of Italy, and I feel pleasure in rendering this tribute of respect to him.

But who was that other man who, the banner in his hand, by his intrepid advance, inspired us all with an irresistible courage? Italy well knows him and still weeps for him. Truly do the eloquent words of the great orator Gavazzi describe his character: 'Viva in eterno, viva fra tutti gli onesti la memoria di Ugo Bassi.' Yes, even now how I rejoice that I united with that holy martyr of liberty and of Italy, in the movement which reanimated her defenders, and urged them on to the glorious deeds of Mestre. Yes it was while led on by us, that the Palazzo Bianchini, whence a number of Croats kept up a tremendous fire, was taken by the heroic courage of our men, and the sacred banner of Italy planted triumphantly.

At the taking of the Palazzo we made many prisoners. The enthusiasm with which we were all inspired during the victory of Mestre did not detract, however, from the consideration of the horrors of war —that fearful carnage between man and man; born

brothers, only in different circumstances; influenced by blind obedience on the one side, and irrepressible love of liberty on the other, combating with and massacring each other! The thought made me shudder, and at the same time mourn, reflecting upon the unutterable miseries of humanity!

The capture of Mestre was a memorable fact, clearly proving what can be done by a handful of men when fighting for the independence of their country. All honour to these brave men!

Scarcely three months before, on August 11, 1848, by an imposing popular vote, the Austrian commissioner Sabandi had been displaced, and the republic had been re-confirmed. The illustrious Manin, the Rear-Admiral Graziani, and Colonel Cavedalis had been named triumvirs. This took place after the disasters of Custozza, Volta, and Milan. Thus the people of Venice, restored to themselves, gave an evident example of the spirit inspired by freedom, in the admirable action of Mestre.

It may easily be imagined how great was the number of wounded on that day. Ugo Bassi and the other chaplains strove together in endeavours to succour them.

In the presence of misfortune, no distinction was

made with us, between patriot and foreigner. *All*, for us, were brothers, before God and humanity.

Oh that all men might at length recognize their common brotherhood! Then war would cease to pollute the earth. Will this day ever come? I hope so, and then the greatest victories will not be those contaminated by blood-shed and devastation.

My work for the wounded was not only on the field of battle, but also in the hospital, where I had a room. It is impossible to describe the miseries I witnessed there, and the anguish I suffered.

The remembrance of the noble youth Gaetano Badulisani, from Cosenza, has left with me a never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. For long days and nights I attended him during the strange illness that brought him to the grave. He was very dear to me. I had known him as a true and earnest patriot since the first demonstrations in Naples. He had a noble intellect and handsome person. Joining in the war of independence, he was wounded before he came to Venice, but it was supposed not seriously.

Soon after his arrival, I had to assist him, on account of the wound, which though not much in itself, threatened to be fatal, since, with the utmost skill and care, it could not be healed. All at once a change came, and Badulasani's whole body became covered

with noisome insects, which came out seemingly from his skin. It is not to be told what irritation this caused to the poor patient. Day and night, with a soft brush, I freed him from them, and the insects, which appeared to be made to live only upon him, fell dead to the ground, without one of them taking to me or any other person. But very short was the respite to the patient, for soon a new irruption of insects succeeded, to be followed by another, and then another, so that we could not in any way put an end to them. Death alone did that.

In the last days the pure mind of the dying man wandered, and in the access of fever he violently insulted me, and others near him. Soon returning to himself, however, he melted into excuses and tears. He was an object of pity to all, and of care to many, who from their hearts loved him.

An opinion was spread abroad at that time, that this singular illness had been caused by poison in the bullet, that had opened a wound which could not be closed.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARGHERA

Assiduous care and attendance of the wounded divided my time with the administration of consolation to the dying. These, and especially the Neapolitans brought up in the midst of religious superstition, with lamentations and in broken voices, invoked me for confession, exclaiming, 'Chaplain—ah, Chaplain—come, confess me!—reconcile me with God—let me not die under the weight of my sins,—that I may be saved from hell, and may be made worthy of Paradise—or at least of Purgatory!'

I then answered, 'Yes, here I am, dear one. Hast thou greatly sinned?'

'Yes, and now I am going away dismayed, and I have no strength to tell you all.'

'Neither do I ask you to tell me,' I returned; 'I only ask if thou hast a penitent heart?'

'Oh, Padre! that I could live again to show my penitence!'

'If, living, thou could'st do it, dost thou promise to restore that which thou hast unjustly taken, and by good actions, to purify thy hands if stained with blood?'

'Oh! if I were rich I would despoil myself of all, of everything, to make compensation for what I have taken. If my life were my own, I would give it, to bring back to life the one I killed.'

'Now then, be tranquil. Thy repentance is not so great as the pardon of God.'

'But my crimes have been so great, so enormous, and how with penitence alone—*now*—can I escape from hell?'

'*Now* is thy heart with God? Dost thou love Him with all thy soul? Dost thou believe that He is the greatest love?'

'Si—si—thanks Padre—and thus . . .'

'Well then, can you believe that God our creator, God the supreme love, would condemn His creatures to eternal flames? God only wishes for thy heart, and this He now obtains by the sublime way of penitence. He is ready to receive thee into His arms.'

In this way I made use of confession; entirely

setting aside the wicked system of espionage of which priests had made it an instrument. It was a consolation to the dying, because it truly expressed his reconciliation with God; it was also a comfort to my own heart to think that I had been able to illuminate a brother with a spark of Divine light, and to guide him at the last moments to the consoling faith in Infinite Love, and in a new life better and more serene than this.

On account of the enormous superiority of the enemy's numbers, Mestre could not continue to be held by us. It had to be abandoned after a few days. But the glorious fact of its capture was invaluable as regarded the enemy, and also powerfully contributed to keep up the confidence and courage of the defenders of Venice.

And now the winter of 1848–9 came on, and passed in comparative tranquillity; the small and continual skirmishes not exciting much interest. There was no great difficulty about provisions, as the Austrian blockade could not be perfectly kept up. Besides this, the news that came to us from the other parts of Italy, and from Hungary, served to keep alive the hope of an approaching revolution.

Numerous recruits deserted from the Austrians, and came over from the main land to the Lagunes. These compensated for the loss of those soldiers from

the Romagna who, in obedience to the order of recall from the Pope—now completely unmasked—returned to their homes.

As spring came on, our hopes greatly increased when we were assured that Piedmont had resumed hostilities against Austria, and when the Sardinian fleet had again made its appearance in the waters of Venice. This joy was not of long continuance, however; the news of the defeat of Novara soon arrived, and in this sanguinary battle one of the largest armies for the defence of Italy was destroyed. The moment was most serious; but we had the comfort of perceiving that no feeling of discouragement prevailed, either amongst the people or the volunteers. On the contrary, both the one and the other, with serious and impressive earnestness, prepared themselves to persist firmly in the defence.

The assembly of the people's representatives met, and unanimously decreed resistance to Austria at all cost; granting to that end, unlimited powers to the president, Manin. The day—April 2, 1849—on which such a determination was made ought to remain inscribed, not only on the records of the Italian people, but on those of humanity! It was that of a people resolved, generous, sublime, emulous of the Spartans, who in face of the greatest danger, in the face of an overwhelming and inex-

orable brutal force, heroically affirmed its own rights and committed the direction of its destinies to the most pure and honest of its patriots.

Ogni viltà convien che quì sia morte,

was the motto engraved upon a medal coined at that time, and intended to hand down to posterity that bold and memorable decision. Truly, the motto could not have been more suitable or expressive. The greatest enthusiasm on the part of the volunteers as well as of the people, hailed the decree.

Austria, in consequence of the rapid, and, for her, fortunate result of the campaign against Piedmont, had now her hands at liberty, and therefore was able to concentrate her forces against Venice, with the evident intention of speedily subduing this the only city that remained unconquered.

The Austrians, in the first instance, directed their arms against the fort of Marghera, an eminently strategic point, and the key of the Lagune on the side of the main land. The military genius of the first Napoleon had taught him the importance of this point, and when Venice, first shamefully sold, was afterwards conquered, he commanded that a formidable bulwark should be raised at Marghera, for the defence of the Lagune.

The ferocious Austrian General Haynau, on May 4, 1849, commanded the army of the siege. From the first parallel he opened fire against the walls of the fort of Marghera, sustained with the greatest firmness by the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Ulloa, commander of the garrison. As the weather continued adverse to the Austrians, twenty days passed before they succeeded in constructing the second parallel. But once constructed, on the days of May 23 and 24, they opened so terrible and deadly a fire, that the fortifications were reduced to a heap of ruins, and rendered completely indefensible. It was therefore decided in a council of war to abandon the fort: this was effected in the night between May 26 and 27; the defenders retreating in good order.

During the sanguinary actions of Marghera, I was present up to the end, and I can truly attest that the resistance offered by the garrison was marvellous and sublime; and in proportion to the heroism of the defence, was the slaughter of the brave defenders. Only those attached as I was to the ambulance, can have had an adequate idea of the fearful amount of carnage. I was terrified at the sight of the destruction which man can bring on man!

On the first day of this horrible slaughter of our

brave men, the attendants of the ambulance were quite unable to supply the necessities of the wounded and dying. We felt ourselves quite insufficient, and in despair. The second day the slaughter was even greater, but it almost seemed as if we had become accustomed to that tremendous scene; and with convulsive efforts, redoubling our strength, we supplied the infinite need to the utmost of our powers.

In the midst of this scene of death and carnage, two officers came to seek me out by the order of Lieutenant-Colonel Ulloa. They were the bearers of his most anxious wish that I would make use of all the persuasion in my power to induce the Commander-in-chief, General Pepe, to retire from the fortress, where he was exposed to the most imminent peril: since the loss of him, under these most serious circumstances, would be the greatest misfortune which could befall the country.

The intrepid Pepe, in fact, was walking slowly up and down in the fort under a perfect hailstorm of bullets and of every kind of projectile.* The ground of the fort was literally covered with the dead; and in the midst of them, impassible as the figure of destiny itself, stood the General.

Then I, determined to save a life so dear to us,

and finding that the most earnest entreaties were unavailing—by a bold but happy thought, which flashed as lightning before my mind—had recourse to command; yes, to command! and with imperious voice and manner, I said to him that I was above him, because I spoke in the name of humanity; that it was humanity itself which imposed upon him the duty of retiring, and that he must obey.

Without reproving me, and with a calm voice, the venerable old man answered, 'And these who, some wounded, some killed, are lying around us, are they not all of them also children of humanity? And in the midst of so many disasters ought I not to remain?'

I forced myself not to give way before such self-negation, and not only insisted upon the command, but told him that I was determined even to use force, since his country required him to preserve his life for her, and that in exposing it he failed in his duty to her. All those around, even those who at every moment fell at our feet wounded, joined in the cry, 'Andate, Generale!'

Still he would not yield; on the contrary, giving way to an impulse which showed the strength and youthfulness of his soul, he exclaimed, 'Very well! if I cannot stay here until the last as General, give

me a gun, that at least I may fight to the last as a soldier.'

Then I, only still more obstinate in forcing him away, said, 'No, General; as a simple soldier you would be in our way.'

Truly, I was becoming insolent to the Commander-in-chief, but I did it to save him for the service of his country and of mankind—to save him for the prolongation of the brave defence of Venice, which but for his wise counsels would have been an impossibility.

Finally he gave way, exclaiming with an undefinable and melancholy smile, which seemed the tear of the strong, 'Well, I obey you.' He then retired.

And now, we are all again at our posts, in the last extremity of the siege. The continually increasing carnage and slaughter had become something truly horrible. I am astonished still when I think of it, and cannot understand in any way how it is that the enormous disasters and the fearful miseries of war should continue to be inseparable from the life of humanity!

The small number of the defenders of Venice left amidst so much destruction, vied with each other in courage, heroism, and disinterestedness.

Amongst them all, the brave commander of the garrison of Marghera, Girolamo Ulloa, distinguished himself.

But now, the fort being entirely destroyed, the place was abandoned by the survivors, who left merely a heap of ruins to the enemy. I comforted our troops with the assurance that I would not leave until I had gone through every part in search of the wounded. I quickly prepared to do this. Oh, what a mournful, heart-rending scene it proved! One by one I felt the pulse of the many lying there, and put my hand under the arms and upon the heart, to ascertain if a breath of life remained. Alas! the greater number were cold, their wounds already festering. And to think that only a few days before I had seen these men shaking hands, and mutually animating each other to the unequal struggle!

Every now and then the ear, and still more the heart, was painfully struck by the faint cry of the wounded. All these, to the last man, were carefully borne away; the gondola of the Ambulance Campanella being the last, absolutely the last, to leave the ruins of Marghera.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FORT DEL PIAZZALE.

We had only just returned to Venice when we were privately asked whether a few brave and determined men in our battalion could be reckoned upon, to second in a case of need, a most important and dangerous enterprise. The object was to blow up the fort of San Secondo. It would have to be done secretly and at night, as it was within sight of the enemy. It could not possibly be held by us, and it might be fatal to us, were it to fall into the hands of the Austrians, standing as it did between Marghera and Venice.

Several men in our battalion whose habits had prepared them for the arduous enterprise, were immediately found; Sirtori, with his indomitable audacity and intrepidity, taking the command of the Lombard volunteers engaged on this service, and the direction of the undertaking. Behold us, therefore, organised under two flags, and in two boats;

Sirtori in advance, and I behind as a reserve. In anticipation of the unavoidable evacuation of Marghera, San Secondo had been already mined; it only remained to apply the match. This Sirtori caused to be done, and the mine exploded with a fearful detonation.

It appears to me as if I lived over again that night of agitation and anxiety. The boat that preceded us, freighted with men ready to run all risks, even to immolate themselves for the cause of Italy, advanced to the entrance of the fort. On a sudden came a deafening crash, which the echo over the expanse of waters continued to repeat; and behold the fort changed as it were into one of the fiercest volcanic eruptions! The effect was doubled from being reflected in the mirror of the Lagune. But the seeming volcano was hardly seen before it disappeared, and the silence and darkness of night succeeded. It was an imposing spectacle not to be described, grand and solemn as the situation in which Venice was then placed.

Our anxiety may be imagined lest some, perhaps all, of those brave men might be lost. Equally great was the comfort when we saw them all return in safety, and then that explosion appeared to us as a salvo of joy which in face of the stranger had

saluted Italy. The great danger was soon forgotten, and we returned to our posts rejoicing in the success of our expedition.

Although the fort of San Secondo was thus destroyed, and that of Marghera a heap of ashes, yet the position of this last, now fallen into the hands of the enemy, was beyond measure important; helping them greatly, and increasing the difficulty of prolonging the defence of Venice, terribly exposed as was the city on that side.

The Commander-in-chief, therefore, wisely determined to improvise a new fort. It was done in this way.

As is well known, Venice, though surrounded by the waters of the Lagune, had shortly before the year 1848 been rendered accessible from the main land by means of a stone bridge of extraordinary length, on which the railroad was constructed; altogether a truly magnificent work. This bridge had *piazzali* at equal distances. Naturally, of course, when Venice was besieged, the bridge was at once interrupted by the defenders, in order to remove a too easy means of approach. Thus then a part of the bridge was destroyed on the land side near to the first *piazzale.*

This position proved sufficiently well adapted

for the fort now to be improvised. The name given to it, that of Fort del Piazzale, will remain celebrated in the annals of the war of Italian independence. It was a battery rather than a fort, but though hastily constructed it did good service in the defence of Venice, and greatly molested and injured the assailants.

Many more Austrians fell in the attack than Italians in the defence of this fort, partly on account of its position, partly because its defenders were men who with all their soul and all their strength supported a just cause; while the besiegers, on the contrary, were men who, in order to enslave others, had become slaves and instruments of tyranny themselves.

This Fort del Piazzale was constructed in the face of the enemy as if by enchantment. The men of the battalion to which I was attached were ordered upon this service, and I worked with them as a manual labourer, carrying the sacks of sand and other materials.

As the days went on, the bombardment on the enemy's side increased terribly, and the defenders of the Fort del Piazzale were especially exposed to the fire. Still the resistance was firmly maintained. It will be easily understood that within this fort

there was no shelter or room for a regular garrison; hence it became necessary that the diminished number of its defenders should be recruited daily from various regiments, relieved at appointed intervals. To give an idea of the slaughter, I can say, and those of the actors in these events will attest, that the men destined to take part in the defence, on leaving for the fort saluted their friends with the words, 'A rivederci nell' altra vita' (to meet again in another life).

If they were so fortunate as to return, and if then after a few days they were ordered to the fort a second time, this farewell was unfortunately too often prophetic of the event. And yet withal, so far from any reluctance to this fearful service being evinced, the men displayed the most noble enthusiasm, even hastening to engage in it.

In the meantime, Venice began to suffer both from want of food and of water fit for drinking. The water used in Venice for household purposes was a bitter mockery; bitter as to the quality of the water itself. The cisterns in which the rain water was collected, were insufficient to meet the wants of the population. The artesian wells that had been sunk about two years previously yielded sulphurous water mixed with extraneous matter, quite unfit for

drinking. The necessary supply that had hitherto been brought from the main land was now cut off by the blockade; and to add to the extreme misery of these terrible privations, the cholera made its appearance. The cause and nature of this fatal malady were unknown to us, and our medical officers were ignorant of the proper remedies.

At the appearance of this disease, Manin was beyond measure afflicted, fearing that discouragement would become general, thus rendering the prolongation of the defence difficult, if not impossible. He spoke to me on the subject, and charged me to take all practicable measures to prevent the knowledge of the cases of Asiatico-morbo that had already manifested themselves in the hospitals from spreading in the city and discouraging the people. I endeavoured earnestly to second his wishes, but in a few days the cases multiplied, and throughout the city and its dependencies this new misfortune now adding itself to all the other causes of suffering, became generally known.

The people of Venice and the volunteers were worthy the one of the other, and of the cause to which they were consecrated. They did not allow themselves to be daunted by want of food and water, or by the cholera.

But I must now return to the Fort del Piazzale. There being no cover in that battery under which shelter might be had from the projectiles of the enemy, it became necessary to supply as far as possible a defect incompatible with its continued defence. Use was therefore made of the arches of the bridge, where numbers of volunteers, stooping down, awaited their turn to supply the place of those who had fallen. Under these arches the wounded also were sheltered until the ambulance could remove them to the hospitals in Venice. But this shelter was far from secure. Often the bombs falling upon the bridge penetrated through to the great injury of those harbouring beneath.

One point only in this position had been considered secure: it was thought to be bomb-proof, and the powder had been placed there in fancied safety. Many and many a day, returned from Venice, still covered with the blood of the wounded I had been attending, I had sat upon those powder barrels, supporting myself at intervals when not engaged with the numerous wants of the ambulance, on my rations, consisting of a few ounces of bread and a little cheese; little caring what became of a life I had already consecrated to my country.

One day when thus seated, I heard loud excla-

mations of 'Chaplain! Chaplain!' and saw two men brought down seriously wounded, as the bombardment around us became more furious than ever. The wounded men were placed in the most secure place, as far as possible under the arch, when lo! suddenly we were stunned by a formidable roar as of cannon, echoing again and again. A large projectile had fallen upon the bridge, and crashing through, had ignited the powder barrels, protected as we had hoped from such danger. The concussion was immediately followed by a hailstorm of ruins, and amongst the débris—miserable sight!—limbs of human beings. By this explosion, nearly a hundred volunteers were blown to pieces.

Terrified as we were, we nevertheless collected those scattered remains floating on the water, and arranged them in a boat, to convey them for burial under the fire that had shattered them. Oh what feelings I had to sustain in that situation! The dreadful moment seems still before me. As we collected together these gory members, it almost seemed to me as if they again united together, and my excited imagination made me feel as if he to whom they belonged presented himself before me, and spoke to me. I fancied I could even hear the words uttered, 'What is the life of man?'

It had not been possible to reduce the ruins of the bridge, on the front towards the enemy, to a vertical plane, as a sort of *cortina*; the attempt to do so, exposed as we were to the incessant fire of the Austrians, would have been folly. The ruin formed something like rough steps, and these once mounted by the enemy would have rendered the assault of the new fort easy; the approach to it from the main land, on the waters of the Lagune, presenting no great difficulty. Of this, to us, unfortunate circumstance, the Austrians took advantage in a surprise, which very nearly gave the battery into their hands before its time.

One dark evening, by means of small, swift boats, they managed to get round the *piazzale* unobserved. Whilst by lighting fires under the arches they caused a dense smoke, some of their soldiers, climbing the ruins of the pier, invaded the battery, and engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with our men. Others mounted after them by the same way, and the defenders, already confused by the surprise, were also overcome by numbers. Thus a part of the assailants made themselves masters of the cannon, and turned them against Venice, whilst the rest charged the garrison, to force them to flight.

It was said at the time, and it is only too pro-

bable, that this surprise was organized by means of an arrangement of the enemy with traitors in the city—spies, both Italian and Austrian,—and that these were even to be found amongst the garrison of the battery on the *piazzale*. It is certainly a fact, that upon the unexpected attack of the Austrians, some of the garrison, instead of animating the men to a desperate resistance, appeared rather inclined to augment the confusion natural in the first moment, and to spread fear and consternation tending to a complete route. If the small garrison could be induced to give way, and abandon the battery to the Austrians, Venice would be in complete anarchy, and so entirely discouraged that nothing could prevent the immediate and triumphant entry of the besiegers. So these perverse men seem to have calculated.

These traitors amongst us at once took to flight, crying out loudly, 'Fly! fly! Let him save himself who can!'

But hardly had these fugitives reached the end of the bridge towards the city, when the news of the surprise of the battery on the *piazzale* spread through Venice, and caused the greatest excitement. But there were not wanting brave men who rushed directly to support the battery. The volunteers contended who, first running over the bridge, should

arrive at the Forte del Piazzale. I, together with the brave Cosenz, accompanied them.

Arrived at the scene of this terrible mêlée, under a murderous tempest of bullets, and the thunder of the cannon of the battery, that, already in the hands of the Austrians, was turned against us and against the brave city, I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Courage, brothers! Forward, forward!'

Cosenz was divided for a moment from the rest, by stooping for his spectacles, without which he was nearly blind, so short-sighted was he. In less time than I can tell, a number of Austrian soldiers surrounded him, and attacked him furiously. When lo! in a moment, Cosenz was transformed into an Alcides, a Hercules, into something almost superhuman. Flashing his sword round him with the speed of lightning, he killed some, wounded others, and obliged the rest to take to flight. This heroic action of Cosenz gave the required impulse, and was the signal of our victory, for all strove together to emulate his indomitable valour.

The cannon, after a fierce struggle, was recovered, and on, from one success to another, our irresistible force continually increasing, we drove back the invaders to the last man, and again found ourselves masters of the important position that a little time

before seemed to be irretrievably lost. Some of the cannon had been spiked by the Austrians when they were obliged to yield, but they had not had time to render them quite unfit for service. We, on our side, did not lose a moment in taking all possible advantage of our victory; but pointing the cannon still serviceable once more against the enemy, opened fire upon them; at the same time striving to render fit for use the cannon they had attempted to spike.

The loss on the side of the Austrians was very great, but they succeeded in sheltering themselves at Marghera, and thence, in their turn, opened an infernal fire upon us. At this moment, I was standing on the reconquered *piazzale*, near the brave Consenz, when he called out loudly, 'On the ground, Chaplain; throw yourself on the ground!'

He felt sure, from its direction, that a bomb which he had caught sight of, would fall, and burst upon the platform on which we were standing. There was no time to retire. We all threw ourselves, with our faces to the ground, and in an instant the pier of the bridge shook, and a formidable explosion followed; stones and earth from the platform, together with ammunition, were hurled violently into the air. The great projectile had fallen and exploded seven or eight yards from us. It was no

easy matter to rise up from under the fragments of all kinds with which we were covered, but we remained uninjured.

The Austrians evidently supposed that they had caused great mischief and confusion amongst us by their surprise, and intended, by this violent bombardment, to render the place untenable, and thus oblige us to abandon it entirely. They deceived themselves; for this position was held till the last moment, as one of the bulwarks of Venice against the enemy.

The tremendous lesson taught us by our narrow escape made us comprehend the necessity of the utmost vigilance on our part, and especially during the night, in order to render another surprise impossible. On this account a strict watch was kept; and it often came to my turn to be on service, perhaps for twenty-four hours, at the Fort del Piazzale. At night I and an officer—whose name I am sorry I cannot remember, as he was really noble and brave—took up an advanced post, as sentinels, upon the ruins of the bridge, whence we could see the advanced post of the Austrians, and hear even the hum of their conversation.

It is impossible for anyone unacquainted with Venice, to form an idea of the calm sublimity of a

summer night upon the Lagune. . The indefinable feeling of melancholy pleasure, the profound impressions produced by the scene, are irresistible. The situation in which we found ourselves, and still more the position of our country, for which every moment we thus risked our lives, rendered the feeling so strong, that it became a necessity at times to give vent to it. Here then, at night, seated upon a gun, whenever an interval occurred in the fury of the cannonade, I began to speak to the Austrian soldiers. I did not make use of a speaking trumpet, or of any other means of assisting the voice; its unaided power, and the care I took in marking and pronouncing distinctly every syllable, were sufficient to make what I said quite audible at that distance. In this way I cried to the soldiers of the foreign oppressor, that in vain they sought to conquer us; that our breasts were strong as fortresses against the enemy; that the despotism which they served was repugnant to God and man; that our cause was the cause of justice and humanity; that their endeavours were to establish tyranny, ours to found liberty, and that this last would certainly triumph in the end. They, in attempting to subject Italy to Austria, might have the predominance of brute force, but we, desiring Italy for the Italians, and affirming that to them it

belongs, and not to others, wished only the predominance of the most dear and sacred rights.

The Austrians replied to this by sending, enclosed in bottles which swam upon the water, pieces of paper containing the grossest calumnies and menaces.

One evening, when I was at the Piazza San Marco, my dear friend, the brave Captain Petrosino, gave me one of those papers, which had been brought to him, and which was directed to me personally. It began with contumelious and insolent words, and went on to say that if I did not leave off shouting like one out of his mind almost every night to the soldiers of Austria, persuading them to desert, the moment I fell into their hands I should immediately be shot; for they well knew that before long they would make us all prisoners.

This paper was far from causing me to desist from my energetic appeals; but nevertheless it made me seriously consider that the danger of being made prisoner was imminent. The things I had said and continued to say, added to the known ferocity of the Austrians, rendered it certain that in case the too probable misfortune of being taken prisoner were to befall me, I should, as they had threatened, inevitably be shot. Now I could not reconcile myself

to the idea of falling under the balls of the assassins of Italy, otherwise than in open fight. I chose to have the power, should I fall into their hands, of closing my life before they put an end to it.

Therefore, making my position known to a chemist, I obtained from him a pill of the strongest poison, capable of producing the desired effect instantly. This I fastened into the corner of the front of my collar, so that if the need for it came, I had only to bite the collar. This I could do in a moment, and all would be finished. My determination was strong, and certainly, if the event against which I had thus provided had taken place, I should not have hesitated an instant to carry it into effect.

After the lapse of so many years, however, I ask myself whether that determination was strictly moral. The answer is no. As no man has the right to take the life of another, so equally no man has the right to take his own. I said before, and repeat it now, life and death are in far higher hands than ours; and for that higher will we ought not to substitute our own. If a tyrant chooses to take my life, it does not follow that I may be beforehand with him by killing myself. Is it a more courageous action for a man to procure his own death voluntarily, or to receive it from the tyrant with a fortitude which is itself a reproach

to him? It was well said in the last meeting of the Girondins, 'the scaffold is the Capitol for the martyrs of liberty.' Was not Socrates greater, when, on taking the poisoned cup he had been condemned to drink by his iniquitous judges, he said that nature also had condemned him to death—than the Utican Cato, who killed himself because he could not survive the Republic? It is only when reason succumbs under the influence of strong excitement that man is led to commit suicide. Calm reason condemns it. When, however, the strong feeling for a holy cause —as was that for which we had been striving in Venice—ends in the despair of suicide, we must, if we cannot praise, at least pity and pardon.

One of those nights when I was preaching, not only, like Sant' Antonio, to the fishes, but also to the air, to the moon, to the insects, in the hope that my voice might reach the Austrians, Captain De Virgilio came up to me and whispered, so that no one else heard him, 'Campanella, Radetsky is listening; he is certainly there in front of us, at the outposts; he has come there on purpose.'

Hearing this unexpected news, I directly determined to profit by it, and without losing an instant I cried out at the top of my voice, 'Radetsky! Radetsky! Radetsky! General and champion of

despotic and tyrannical power, and being this, worse than the most ferocious hyena, lay aside the idea of carrying out this execrable mission. Cease from your struggle to trample upon the sacred right Italians have to their own Italy. Be persuaded that it must end in Italy for the Italians, for it belongs to them; that it will be governed by its own sons and not by strangers, not by brute force, but by reason, suitable to men who, in the sacred union of justice and liberty, harmonise the rights with the duties of each one and all. Radetsky! cease to be the tyrannical instrument of tyrants: become a citizen, a man; pass to the side on which is the right, and on which God smiles. From champion of the power which destroys human rights, become their apostle and defender. Thus in the present and in future times you will truly deserve to be called great.'

Thus I strongly expressed my feelings before the stern Austrian, Marshal Radetsky.

My twenty-four hours of service—during which I had delivered this rough speech—being over, I returned to Venice, and had hardly got there when the Minister of War, Colonel Cavedalis, sent for me. Although very tired I went directly. He received me with a smile, but with one of those sardonic

smiles which render the person who accustoms himself to them anything but sympathetic.

Thus, with an expression between the serious and facetious, he began to ask me what it was I had said to Radetsky the previous night.

This question, coming from a minister of war at such a moment, appeared trivial and out of place, and took me by surprise. I did not show it, however, but merely answered that what I said thus suddenly, had not been written or printed, but improvised, and that I could not repeat it exactly; but that perhaps it had been better retained, and he could learn it with more exactitude from the person who listened to it.

I said this without intending the slightest insinuation, but I had hardly spoken when Cavedalis, drawing himself up fiercely, and changing the ironical smile into an expression of the highest displeasure, exclaimed sharply, 'What; you think perhaps that I have had some private communication with Radetsky?'

'Very far from that,' I answered. 'I merely meant to say that perhaps you could learn what it was I had said from some of our volunteers who were near me on the battery of the *piazzale* at the time.'

He then became calm, and our conversation

ended. But I must confess that this tempestuous outbreak of Cavedalis made a great impression upon me, from the circumstance that secret intelligence with Austria was by some persons unhesitatingly imputed to him. This imputation was more strongly insisted upon when, after the capitulation of Venice, it was publicly known that the name of Cavedalis did not appear amongst the forty named as condemned to exile from the Austrian states. I only know that although Colonel and Minister of War, I never once saw him under fire; but yet this perhaps excessive caution is very different from the scandalous imputation of being a traitor to his country, nor am I acquainted with anything to make me credit this charge. Therefore, for his honour's sake, and for the honour of Italy, I trust that this dark suspicion was unfounded.

At last by the enormous force of the fire of the enemy, the guns of the battery were dismounted. But in spite of this continued deadly fire, we managed to remount our guns, and to answer the enemy bravely by recommencing firing on our side. These were gigantic and heroic efforts, because we fought in the proportion of one against twenty. So great, however, was the enthusiasm, so strong the determination, so ardent the patriotism, that the defence of

the battery as well as that of Venice would certainly have been still longer maintained if bread and the munition of war had not failed, and if the cholera had not increased so terribly. Yes, the defence would have been prolonged with unshaken firmness because all were animated by an idea, and were firmly convinced that if men die and time passes ideas neither die nor pass away, but end in obtaining certain triumph.

In those terrible moments when the battery, displaced by the adversary, had just been remounted, an intrepid superior officer stood erect, careless of his safety, and with the national banner in his hand encouraged the defenders with strong and exciting words. It was the brave Rosserol. Turning towards the volunteers, and therefore presenting his back to the enemy, he exclaimed, 'Be firm! victory will be for the just and the right; justice and right are with us; before us are only foreign aggressors, who seek to force themselves upon us, and to oppress and rend in pieces our Italy!'

The noble Rosserol had scarcely uttered this sacred name when a cannon ball rebounding struck him from behind. He fell senseless, striking his breast against a gun that lay at his feet. The breast in which dwelt so large a heart was crushed. Dr. Treisolini

ran to him; and seeing the blood flowing from his mouth, knew immediately that it was a case of death. Borne away with all possible care, placed upon a boat with my breast as a pillow for his head, he was taken to Venice. The body was fainting with suffering, but the spirit was still energetic. The few and broken words he spoke to me on the passage were words of earnest desire that we would with all our strength continue the defence of the fort to the last man. This unconquerable energy, this courage, indomitable even at the point of death, excited by turns admiration and the deepest grief in all present. A few hours after we arrived in Venice, consoled by me, in assured faith in a God of love, and reposing tranquilly in that animating trust, he breathed his last in my arms.

In the meantime, the dictator Manin, General Pepe, and others invested with the highest authority, as well as several of the most distinguished citizens, had assembled in the anti-camera, awaiting in fear and anxiety news of the brave soldier. When I felt that the pulse no longer beat, I came out of the room, bringing them the mournful intelligence that he had passed away. I wept, and they all wept with me.

Italy lost much in Cesare Rossarol. Son of that

General Rossarol who fought bravely for the independence of Greece, Cesare had splendidly followed his father's steps, and while very young, conspiring against the tyranny of the Bourbons in Naples, he had been condemned to death, a sentence afterwards commuted to long imprisonment. This did not weaken his spirit; on the contrary, he came out from his prison more fervent than before. Courage and daring were in him, accompanied by profound knowledge of the art of war. A valiant soldier, he had never ceased to be an excellent citizen. It was on this account that his death caused so great and universal a sorrow.

The military Commandant immediately ordered that the funeral ceremonies for Rossarol should be expressive of their sense of the services he had rendered to his country. As I was the chaplain of his regiment, and as he had fallen under my eyes, and had been attended by me to the last moment, it fell to me to render him these last honours. I received the following communication:—

'*The Military Command of the Piazza.*

'Venice, June 29, 1849.

'The Signor Cappellano of the battalion Veneto-Neapolitano is requested to present himself to the

Signor the superior chaplain of the garrison, to arrange with him for the funeral of the Signor Lieutenant-Colonel Rossarol, killed by a cannon ball, at the Forte del Piazzale on the Lagune bridge.

'For the Commandant,

(*Signed*) 'GENNARI MAGG^E.'

Whilst I prepared to go immediately to the Cappellano Superiore, the Canon Marinelli, what was my surprise to receive from him an order to hasten at once to the Fort of Treporti, to take the duty of another chaplain who was ill. This order, in direct opposition to that which had been sent by the military authorities, was a grief to me, as it would prevent my joining in the last tribute of respect to the brave Cesare Rossarol, whom I so much loved and esteemed. But I was far from imagining it could be merely a pretext to get quit of me; so without hesitation I obeyed and went directly to Treporti. On my arrival, however, I found there was no precise necessity for my presence, and that any other chaplain would have done as well, leaving me to attend the funeral of Rossarol, where I was expected and which I had been ordered to conduct.

The officers of the garrison of Treporti, and

especially the Commandant, a certain Caimo, a Venetian, soon opened my eyes to the intrigue of which I was the intended victim. They told me that by an ancient custom of the whole Venetian province, and especially of Venice itself, all the wax remaining after the celebration of any funeral pomp belonged of right to the parish priest, curate, or chaplain officiating, who in that way pocketed many thousand Austrian *Zwanzige*; that the funeral of Rossarol would have produced a large sum, on account of the number of wax lights; and that it was clear that the Cappellano Maggiore or his Curia had wished to defraud me of it to their own advantage by this pretext of sending me to Treporti.

I was vexed at this attempt to deceive me. Not, certainly, from avidity of gain, as the sequel proved, but perceiving that I had been made the subject of a bad joke, I determined to do all I could to defeat this intended robbery. I immediately took a gondola, and paid six rowers well to induce them to exert all their strength, to take me as quickly as possible to the Piazza San Marco. We got there speedily and exactly at the time when it was crowded with people, and the funeral cortége of Rossarol was passing. It was very numerous: every person, women as well as men, carried thick

wax lights. Many amongst the spectators, on seeing me, sought to know how it could be that I had not officiated as of right on the occasion.

I did not answer a word to them, but immediately retiring to a caffé, I wrote a few lines stating that I intended to claim that of which it was sought to defraud me; that I ceded all my rights to the municipality, in order that what belonged to me might be claimed at once; and that I gave it all freely to the Republic. I consigned the writing immediately to the municipality, and received in return the warmest thanks.

News of what I had done spread like lightning, and on my return to Treporti I had quite an ovation. Those who had played me this trick were disappointed. I do not even now know exactly if it originated with the Cappellano Maggiore, or with his Curia, but I rather incline to the belief that it was instigated by the latter. To tell the truth, the Canon Marinelli, although on some occasions rather stingy, was always civil to me. In the Curia, greediness without scruple reigned supreme.

I returned pleased with the result, but in the greatest anxiety lest this absenting myself without leave should bring me before a court-martial. Fortunately, nothing of the sort took place. On

the contrary, all the officers received me in the kindest manner; congratulated me upon what had been done, laughing at the discovered *imbroglio*, and at the discomfited priests, concluding that 'wherever there is honey there will be wasps.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAPITULATION.

THE Asiatic cholera, in its inevitable development through the hospitals, and in consequence of the densely-populated, ill-ventilated, and insalubrious quarters, had spread over the whole city. Not only there, but it had also invaded the islands.

No class of citizens, no regiment of soldiers, was exempt from it. No human effort could prevent the increase of the terrible disease day by day, decimating alike citizens and soldiers. The most mournful and discouraging effects were to be seen and felt, but still the courage and patient endurance of the people continued.

With the increase of the cholera, privations also increased, in consequence of the ever increasing scarcity of the means of subsistence.

To these calamities must be added as the heaviest of all the sad fact that the enemy, having become masters, not of the fort, it having been completely

destroyed, but of the position of Marghera, were enabled continually to draw the blockade nearer and nearer. They were also able to get a much longer range to their projectiles than before.

And thus they had arrived within reach of the monumental city—at last almost touching that inestimable treasure, the Piazza San Marco!

It was only too true. The moment in which Venice must fall was at hand. But certainly she did not fall from base cowardice, but from the want of means of subsistence, united to the immense loss of life and the ruin caused by the bombardment.

A serious danger, which might have obscured the glorious defence, arose from the intrigues of the Jesuit and Austrian party. Naturally in concert, they sought to excite the suffering people to commit excesses and disorder, and fomented slight quarrels and divisions into open discord amongst the defenders of Venice.

Their artifices succeeded, it is true, in a measure, in causing some signs of disorder; but, thank God! they did not attain their object.

They had excited amongst the poorest and most ignorant part of the people a desire to invade and pillage the house of the Patriarch, having artfully

fomented amongst them the suspicion that he was an adherent of Austria and was carrying on secret plans with them.

The pretext was artfully chosen, and the ignorant people fell into the snare. The Patriarch, warned in time, of course by the same intriguers, took to flight and quickly disappeared.

The people, whose ignorance had been excited to disorder, did not fail to rush in great numbers to the palace, and without delay invaded it and began the work of pillage.

The news of what was going on quickly came to me. To receive it and to take every means in my power to prevent the scandal was the affair of a minute. Gathering around me as many Neapolitans as I could, and also the Swiss and any others, we moved on quick as thought, and resolute beyond measure, towards the palace of the Patriarch.

Arrived there, we were struck by the mournful sight of the devastation already begun upon the whole façade. We were grieved still more when these stupid misguided people, seeing a new army arrive, tried to excite us to lend them a hand and assist them in the execrable work of pillage.

I then would not listen to a word more, and not caring at all for the imminent personal danger to

which I was exposed in presence of an excited multitude, came forward and with a stentorian voice strongly remonstrated with the ill-advised people, crying aloud to them that if the Patriarch were an adherent of Austria he would be on that account worthy of our contempt, and that we should take care to prevent the effects of his artifices if they were cunning enough to elude the law, but that it was the law alone that could sanction any course of action.

However just our indignation might be against any one who was a traitor to his country and to liberty, that could never justify our breaking out into actions worthy of barbarians, which could not do anything else but compromise, even the most noble and holy cause.

'No,' I concluded, 'no, the defenders of the Republic must leave to the enemy the sad boast of Vandalism.

'They must always continue champions of liberty —of that liberty which is always inseparable from respect to the individual rights of each and all, and therefore from respect to the property of others. It belongs to the laws alone to punish the guilty. No one in a free government can put himself into the place of the high rule of the law.'

The greater number were persuaded; the less allowed themselves to be guided by the many. The brutal scene was over. We had been fortunate enough to prevent a disgrace which would have stained the honour of the defence, and of which enemies both within and without the city would not have failed to take advantage.

Not many days passed before the enemies of freedom in Venice sought again to excite a similar scene.

Our battalion of Neapolitan volunteers had been a short time since quartered in Canareggio, one of the parts of Venice most densely peopled by the lowest and poorest in the city—therefore, beyond measure, the most easily excited to acts of disorder and violence. It was very natural that persons interested in instigating similar acts should take advantage of circumstances so favourable to their ends; consequently not a day passed without the occurrence of some dispute between the inhabitants and our volunteers. These last were very far from being the aggressors; but once provoked, in the heat of their southern temperament, they did not fail to take their own part. This went on so far, from day to day, that at length the moment came when a battle in earnest was on the point of commencing

between the Neapolitan volunteers and the populace of Canareggio.

The National Guard was called out to put down these disorders, and a regiment went to Canareggio by forced marches, to repress the pretended ferocity of the Neapolitan volunteers.

It really seemed as if this regiment of National Guards were preparing to attack an enemy, instead of using first the means of reason and conciliation between mistaken, ignorant, and therefore contending, brothers, promoting thus union and concord, precious at all times, but now indispensable in the presence of the common enemy. At the attitude of the National Guards the prudence and foresight of our brave Major Materazzo made his natural indignation as a soldier yield to the mature wisdom of the citizen. He immediately ordered the Neapolitan volunteers to their barracks. It was truly a providential measure, and defeated the designs of those who sought to bring on a fraternal quarrel, and thus to light a spark whence an incendiary fire might have ensued.

But not so. The evil-disposed were in the minority, and the honour of the defenders of Venice was not to be thus stained.

The collision between the Venetian National

Guard and the Neapolitan volunteers being thus prevented, our Major Materazzo sent me, with four officers, to the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards, to assure him that those soldiers of the Neapolitan battalion who should be found to have been engaged in provoking quarrels with the inhabitants of the Canareggio should be immediately punished with all the rigour of military law. We accordingly went on this service, and just as we reached the Rialto we perceived a body of National Guards, who approached in a hostile manner and seemed ready to attack us. At sight of their menacing manner we advanced towards them, and I exclaimed: 'Well, soldiers of Venice, citizens of Italy, what is it you have against the Neapolitan volunteers, they also citizens of Italy? We also are the same: point your arms then at our breasts.' My energetic appeal to them was not in vain. The National Guards, as well as the poor people of Canareggio, had been deceived by the intrigues of the retrograde party. We received the best and most consoling answer in the fraternization of these citizen officers and soldiers with us. Afterwards, when talking over what had happened, and over the almost certain slaughter which happily had been averted, we mutually recognised the hidden

cause in the intrigues of the priestly and Austrian party. We saw clearly that this party were making use of all the artifices in their power to excite quarrels within the city, thus to bring on a complete anarchy, to destroy the armed force by exciting them against each other, and enable the enemy to re-occupy Venice without resistance, almost as if they came to restore order in the government and amongst the people. We all united in the determination that the honour of a defence almost without an example should not be thus tarnished.

There were then, as unfortunately there have always been, only too many of those dangerous instruments of foreign and domestic tyranny in every part of our beautiful and beloved Italy. A feigned smile is upon their lips, but their breath is poison. The offered hand is deceptive; the kiss they press upon your cheek is that of Judas. Their words are love of country, but in the mind they devise its ruin. Country to them means themselves, and the gratification of their own selfish and guilty desires. Yes, now more than ever it is well that these truths should be known—now that Italy is re-constituted at length as a nation—in order that men may be on their guard against the intrigues of those who change with every change in events, and to every new order

of things, to every new government are apparently submissive,—who thus deceive not only the generous and confiding, but also the clever men of the world. Unobserved and with impunity they are to be found in every class of society, from the groups on the roads, in the houses and in the taverns of the people, to the crowded and brilliant re-union and conversazione of the rich and even in the council rooms of those who govern their aim is to intimidate, corrupt, and enslave!

It is truly honourable to the majority of the people, and the volunteers in the defence of Venice, that these evil artifices did not succeed, and that the foreign invader could merely boast of a victory which was owing entirely to the want of food of any kind, and the failure of all ammunition in the besieged city, added to the horrible disease of the cholera.

Notwithstanding all these evils, Venice was not occupied at discretion nor without conditions, as her enemies so much desired, but by a capitulation which, considering the terrible and inexorable circumstances, may even be considered honourable.

The cholera, as I have already said, was now raging in every part of the city: nearly four hundred lives daily were sacrificed to it.

The public chest began to be empty of coined money, and the stamped paper of the Venetian Republic became almost worthless, since, after it was once seen that the resistance could not possibly be kept up, and that Austria must finally conquer, the paper notes could not pass outside the city. The scarcity of food also became a real famine.

In the midst of these misfortunes, these imminent dangers, and these horrible privations, I was yet enabled to stand my ground pretty well. My ancestors had never contaminated their blood by effeminacy or vice, and I had received from them a most robust physical constitution. But still, the long course of insufficient food, the want of necessary and sufficient sleep, the convulsive activity with which, day and night, I went through the large city, going up and down its innumerable bridges, and also the stairs of hospitals and convents into which I was summoned to assist the wounded and the cholera patient, all these things told even upon a robust constitution like mine.

It would certainly have been much worse for me had it not been for a beneficent and invisible hand which providentially came in to my aid. It was the hand of an angelic woman, who, whilst I was absent, two or three times a week, left for me at my

lodging a basket containing some exquisite biscuits and three pint bottles of balsamic wine. She carefully concealed from me her position and her name.

Sometimes I shared with my brethren this gift of God which had fallen into my hands. At others I reserved it to myself alone, believing it not to be a sin of selfishness that I did not divide it with my companions, since, strengthened by this support, I could better fulfil my duty of unceasing activity in assiduous assistance to the sick and wounded.

I never could learn who it was in whom the love of country and the flame of charity led to an action so pure and generous. Oh that it may be given to me one day to know her, and to express the warm gratitude which, for her, I bear still engraven on my heart! I should esteem myself fortunate if she could at least read these lines, and see in them an attestation of a gratitude which no change of circumstances and of time has been able to obliterate. To narrate such actions merely, is an eulogium.

For about two months the Government of the Republic of Venice had been in treaty with the Austrian minister, Bruck, who was then in Verona, upon the terms of a capitulation; but when the

terms offered were presented to the Assembly of the people's representatives, they, in the memorable decree of June 15, 1849, indignantly rejected every idea of surrender.

Now, however, that half of the month of August was passed, and things were reduced to extremity, the treaty was again renewed, and the conditions were warmly discussed in the Assembly.

Finally, the capitulation was concluded on August 22, 1849—a terrible date, which marks the end of the first phase of the Italian revolution, begun with the movement in Palermo on May 12, 1848.

The principal conditions of the capitulation were the submission of Venice, and the consignment of all the forts, materials of war, and the ships; free leave to depart to anyone who wished to do so; general pardon promised to all the volunteers. To the officers of the Austrian army, however, who had taken up arms against Austria, as well as to all the regular soldiers of foreign powers, and to forty citizens particularly specified, amongst whom the first named was Daniele Manin, Austria decreed banishment from all its territory.

A few days after the capitulation was signed, the Austrians entered and took possession of the city and forts.

These intervening days were amongst the most painful and terrible. To have to live over these—and then, what would follow? A return to the former odious and hated servitude! The thought was horrible, and made every true man shudder.

When it became generally known that the capitulation was on the point of being concluded, the agitation and excitement were very great, both amongst the brave volunteers who had resisted so heroically and so long, and amongst the population, which, by its patriotism and admirable conduct, had so largely contributed to the defence, or rather, I would say, had rendered it possible.

Of this strong excitement amongst the generous people, the adherents of Austria, the priests, the Jesuits, and retrogrades of every sort, seek to take advantage, in order to lead to an outbreak, to mutual slaughter, so that Venice might be deprived of the honour of a capitulation, and—shame to her, glory to Austria—that the enemy may enter freed from any conditions—welcomed, rather, as protectors of order, saviours of the historical and monumental city from the most horrible and sanguinary anarchy. Not so! No; the most insidious and infernal artifices were employed in order to

obtain this so much desired object, but without success!

Venice was to fall, but without a stain; pure as the cause for which she had fought so strenuously and to the last.

The Neapolitan volunteers partook of this general excitement, and more strongly, from their southern temperament. I saw this with anxiety, fearing that they might break out into some excess which would be injurious to the honour of the defence, or simply into some demonstration which, at a moment of such extraordinary excitement, might become dangerous and a scandal to be deplored.

As all these southern volunteers were in an especial manner attached to me, and listened with respect to my words, I called them around me and spoke to them thus:—

'Brothers, Friends, Companions!—Serious, most important and serious are the circumstances in which we now are met together; but equal to the gravity of the moment must be the strength of our souls. To-day we are no longer considered as dear, generous, brave, and magnanimous. No; to-day we are no longer so. We are nothing to-day but *conquered*. The one remaining consolation is, that

although now conquered, up to the last we have faithfully done our duty. It was not the want of patriotism, of persistent determination, but the want of bread and of ammunition which has forced us to capitulate. Such a capitulation is not a disgrace. It is only the termination of a glorious defence, which will not remain sterile, but will bring forth fruit such as our noble country expects.

'Conquered!—yes, we are. But we shall go forth with honour. We must emigrate, and together eat the bread of exile. Let us swear to remain brethren, mutually each one of us treating each other as such.

'Our union as brothers will strengthen us in works worthy of true men. Our deeds must be in harmony with our words, not at variance with them. Thus let us diffuse the sacred principle of human brotherhood amongst the people with whom we find ourselves.

'Let us emigrate, then, as sincere friends of progress, and it will not be long before we are again considered as dear, generous, and brave.

'The firmness with which we persevered in this defence of Venice, enduring the most terrible privations and miseries, will point us out to the sympathy of every civilized people.

'Now, then, let us keep up to the height of this position, educating ourselves, seeking to improve our minds, acting always with frankness, sincerity, and justice, and affirming by our actions that labour is one of the first duties.

'Yes, my beloved friends, our actions will be the facts from which strangers, amongst whom we may find ourselves in exile, will judge not only of us, but of the principles for which we have contended, and which we have sworn to maintain.

'Let this faith sustain us, that God, who is the most pure and perfect Love, will care for us, and will give to us the blessing of meeting again in our dear Italy, freed from the grasp of the stranger.

'At this moment of separation, I do not ask pardon for what I have done, for I know that I have not offended or injured you. As one of yourselves, I have endured and suffered, and with you I have endeavoured to do my duty. A loving and fraternal pressure of the hand, then. Adieu, adieu. A good journey, and may the future smile upon you with good health, both of body and mind; so that with strong will you may do your duty bravely. Keep up always in your hearts a warm love for our country, which is the whole of Italy, and for the entire human family. And never forget, wherever

you may be, to observe the Divine precept, "Do not to another that which you would not for yourself; but, on the contrary, do to others as you would have them do to you."'

The farewell thus spoken came from my heart, and expressed my own grief with theirs. Where is the heart that does not deeply feel the bitterness of such a separation—a separation like ours from those well-remembered places, witnesses in times past of noble and heroic acts, witnesses also to-day of so much abnegation, of so much constancy, of so much courage—a separation from the remains of the strong who had fallen—a separation from so many dear and brave companions in misfortune and in glory? Oh, it was a moment of the deepest and most solemn sadness! It was a moment in which more than ever it was necessary to strengthen ourselves together in virtue, and to prove ourselves true men and Italians. The sentiments expressed in these my last words to them, could not fail to find response in the innermost hearts of my generous Italians of the two Sicilies. They no longer entertained the most distant idea of allowing themselves to be led into disorder upon the arrival of the fatal news of the concluded capitulation. On the contrary, although strongly agitated, they were yet, in

a measure, comforted, and determined to support with firmness the dignity of misfortune. Even the deepest grief may be a teacher of virtue.

Liberamente il forte
Apre al dolor le porte
Del cuor, come all'amico;
E, a consultar si avvezza,
Quel consigliero antico,
D'ogni umana grandezza.—*Giusti.*

Freely the just man opens the door of his heart
To grief as to a friend,
And accustoms himself to take counsel
Of this ancient counsellor of all human grandeur

CHAPTER XXV.

DANIELE MANIN.

THE Neapolitans, in this manner, had been rendered inaccessible to the temptations of the retrograde party. But this was very far from being the case generally. In fact, the artifices of the retrograde party were the most varied, the most subtle, the most infernal. Their desire was, at all risk, that the Austrians should not enter by capitulation, but, on the contrary, that they should be called in by the citizens themselves, in order to save them from massacre and all the horrors of the most barbarous anarchy.

Truly, if it had not been for the intelligent and zealous labours of some good patriots, at the head of whom was the illustrious Daniele Manin, these infamous instruments of despotic power would have succeeded, and Venice, in August, 1849, would have presented the mournful spectacle of assassination and incendiarism, results of a ferocious revolt, and a

still more barbarous reaction, similar to that which Paris offered in the months of May and June, 1871. Eternal thanks to those generous and true patriots who saved Venice and Italy from a like abomination!

The fear of incendiary fires, pillage, and murder had become general, and, in fact, alarming indications of these crimes did appear; but wherever they seemed imminent, there the never-failing vigilance of the patriotic friends to order, promptly and providentially succeeded in prevention.

But in the populous quarter of the Cannareggio, upon one of those terrible evenings in that sad time, a real tumult was excited, and if it had not been repressed at the birth, it might easily have become formidable and have brought on the most mournful results.

Manin at once saw the necessity for its instant repression. But did he seek to do this by sending a handful of volunteers to restore order by force of arms? No. That true father of the people sought to repress disorder by means really worthy of men—by reason and persuasion—and to make use of these arms himself. He set off, without an escort, accompanied only by a few unarmed citizens, for Cannareggio. At his side he had his own son, Giorgio.

When this small party was seen crossing the

Piazza San Marco, the numerous passers-by respectfully saluted Manin, and several offered to accompany him. Manin and his son were a little in advance of the rest when I met them, and Manin asked for my arm. Leaning upon it whilst I accompanied him, he began to ask me what the poor unfortunate people of Cannareggio could want—how it was possible they did not know, for certain, that nothing had been neglected to resist up to the last, and that, in fact, to the very last we had resisted. He told me that he wished them to be convinced of this truth. He earnestly wished them to see the necessity for prudence and patience, so that for the short time Venice still remained in our hands, no pretext should be given to those enemies of our country who wished Austria to enter as if the city had been taken by assault, or as if we had surrendered at discretion.

Whilst this venerable champion of liberty was speaking thus, we arrived at Cannareggio, and in the presence of a tumultuous crowd of people, when lo! from this same crowd a musket was discharged, and a whizzing bullet just grazed the forehead of the venerable patriot and dauntless citizen, at the same time slightly wounding his son.

Not in the slightest degree moved, Daniele Manin

merely said, 'It is nothing, nothing. Let us go nearer that they may be able to hear me.'

We went on as if nothing had happened, and reached the crowd, amongst which we found a great number of the workmen of the arsenal, called *arsenolotti*. Here Manin, with the most noble calm and dignity, made himself known to these poor people. He asked how it could be that they had become apostates to their country at this time of its great misfortune, and also of its great endurance and honour. He entreated them, for the sake of Venice and of Italy, for the sake of the very same cause for which they had fought and suffered, to return to their former selves, to endure firmly as they had fought bravely. He implored them, by the dignity of men and Italians, to refrain from disorder—not to suffer themselves to be deceived by the enemies of Italy, who would incite them to acts of violence. He asked them never to forget that although now we were obliged to give way before the great preponderance of brute force, there was still a future for liberty and Italy in which triumph would be certain, and that although now conquered, they might yet force the stranger to respect the self-control of strong and brave men.

Those whom he addressed, and who had been

stirred up to tumult by insidious enemies, were convinced by the words of the great citizen. They quietly dispersed, with the cry, 'Viva Italia, viva Venezia, viva Manin!'

Order being restored, we all retraced our steps, and I sadly took leave of Manin, who, with equal sorrow, pressed my hand. The next day he, no longer the great dictator, commenced the mournful life of an exile.

With the next day's sunrise Venice must again see the hated Ruler. On going out that morning and crossing the Piazza San Marco, I was painfully struck by the sight of about thirty old Austrian soldiers. These men looked fixedly at me, with an ironical smile, and continued to regard me as if they recognised some one they had known.

Upon this I could not restrain myself from going up to them, considering them merely as blind instruments of a despotism which they perhaps never took into consideration; not guilty but thoughtless men, who had been dragged from their homes by a brutal despotism.

I turned to them, saying, 'Brothers, do you speak Italian? Why do you look at me so?'

One of them answered, in good Italian, that they

had at once recognised me, and well remembered how often in the night I had called aloud to them, trying to persuade them to become revolutionists.

'The strength of your voice,' he added, 'made us say amongst ourselves, in the garrison of Marghera, "If that chaplain were but a general, how decided and imposing his orders would be! See, then, if we do not know you well enough." '

So it seems they had retained as strong an impression of my stentorian voice and muscular person as had the very honorable Major Alberto Cavaletto.

The numbers who had to abandon Venice, from necessity or from choice, and go into exile were obliged to have their passports *viséd* by the Austrian authorities. To this end an express military commission had been established, before which it was necessary for each one to present himself. The crowd was immense, but at length it came to my turn. The officer who had to examine and sign the passports, took mine, and though he well knew who I was, asked in an insolent and sharp tone, what rank I had held.

I answered him, 'Chaplain to the regiment of Neapolitan volunteers.'

Pretending, then, that this was something quite new to him, and putting on an appearance of being

in the highest degree surprised and scandalized, he frowned and opened his eyes in apparent astonishment. With increased insolence of voice and manner he exclaimed, 'With a beard? Truly an unworthy priest!'

At this stupid contumely I looked him full in the face, and the power which the eye of an honest man has over a false one caused him to cast down his eyes. He could not stand the look of truth.

'Yes, Signor,' I replied; 'a beard, in imitation of Christ, the Divine master of the just and honest, who teaches and wills that a man shall be a man.'

The officer, hearing these words, without answering bent his head, *viséd* the passport, and returned it to me, saying in a sharp, quick voice, as if to prohibit reply, 'Well, go, then—cursed by God!'

I went; but first said in a firm voice, 'It is only a question of time, Signor.'

The crowd around us had listened with the most lively interest to the short but sharp interchange of words between a tyrannical assassin of Italy, and blasphemer of human nature, and an honest citizen, an unwearied defender of the one and the other.

The warmest congratulations and most cordial and reassuring pressure of my hand encouraged and comforted me as I left him. So far from the tyrant

having succeeded in inspiring fear, he had only stimulated me to express briefly and strongly what I felt. Oh that my words had been as lightning, to exterminate those foreigners who had now returned to oppress Italy!

In the Piazza San Marco I was again and again asked to relate all that had happened, what the commissioner had said, and how I answered. Every one wished to hear the circumstances from beginning to end. Their curiosity was as unlimited as their compliments.

While I remained in the room of the Austrian commissioner I heard many strong and bold answers given to this officer. An Italian, a certain Merico, presented himself to have his passport *viséd.* He had formerly been an officer in the Austrian army, and had served under the very man before whom he now appeared. But what a contrast between them!

Re-baptized in the glorious defence of Venice, Merico proved himself really redeemed from the degradation of submission to despotism, having become a true son of humanity, and worthy citizen of Italy. When the Commissioner saw his former subordinate before him, he supposed him to be still the same man, and in his usual severe and contemptuous

manner, said, 'See, now, what has come to you with having lost your senses!'

To which Merico firmly replied, 'If it be true, as you say, that I have lost my senses, I shall, I trust, continue in the same state of mind until Italy is restored to the Italians.'

Decidedly, the Austrian officer heard some true words that day!

But now the moment so mournful for us all, that of departure from Venice, draws near. Many of my companions in misfortune urged me to take refuge in Piedmont; and certainly the comfort of being with them would have been precious to me. But I could not make up my mind to take refuge there, since I knew too well the bigotry, or to use a more exact word, the Jesuitism of the priests in that country. Against me, a priest who had thrown aside the stole—I will not say who had renounced Jesuitism, for that I never knew—there would certainly have arisen a party war of the fiercest kind; and I had experienced quite enough already of priestly quarrels and animosities.

Manin and Pepe, on the other hand, advised me to go to Paris. But I had learnt the state of affairs in that hybrid republic, and had heard the name prophetically given to it of 'the Imperial French

Republic.' All might soon be changed, as, indeed, shortly happened in a government so completely personal and despotic.

Firm in this opinion, I frankly told these dearest and most noble friends, that I could not follow their advice unless one of them were at the head of the political arrangements, and the other of the religious opinions of France.

They did not urge me further, but smiling at my answer took leave of me, pressing my hand in the kindest and most friendly manner; Manin adding these last words, 'I hope with all my heart that you may not be lost to us!'

He knew my ardent nature well, and how impossible it was for me to dissimulate. He was aware that at all risks I would do what could be done for the cause of country and of freedom, and much feared some serious misfortune might befall me in consequence.

Oh great and incorruptible patriot! Your wish for me has been up to this time a presage of good. I have suffered much in the self-imposed apostolate, but I never for a moment relinquished it, and I am not yet lost, and trust in your hope for me that I never shall be lost.

I parted from Manin almost broken-hearted,

fearing that perhaps I might never see him again. It was permitted to me, however, to embrace him once more. Alas! a short time after, to the grief he endured from exile there was added that of the loss of a beloved daughter!

Manin died poor, but calm, and true as he had lived, and consoled by an unshaken faith in the approaching redemption of Italy. If it should be given to me to see Venice again, and under the dome of San Marco to find the ashes of her martyr, how great the solace would be to kiss and weep over the marble enclosing them! Oh Venice! guard that monument with love and pride as one of thy best treasures, ever inspiring deeds of strength!

And thou, my general and friend, thou brave disinterested and true soldier and citizen, Guglielmo Pepe, it was not destined that I should see thee again!

I still mournfully remember a few prophetic words on parting. He said to me, 'Now my fate is to die in exile.'

With repressed emotion I answered, 'General, courage and hope!'

With a soft smile, almost a tear, he returned, 'Ah yes! I confide in the future of Italy; but I

am too far advanced in years to hope to see it. Too true! a little later, an exile in Turin, Pepe died.

I decided with many others amongst the emigrants to go into Greece. Already several sailing vessels had been provided by the noble and humane forethought of the late Government of Venice for the gratuitous transport of the emigrants.

I embarked on board the Venetian vessel, the 'Isabella,' and now it moves and we leave Venice! The sorrows and the uncertainty of exile are before me, whilst the illustrious and unhappy city, the pearl of the Adriatic, fades gradually from my sight.

In that moment of supreme and unutterable anguish I had no words, but in heart I mournfully took the last farewell. Yes. I thought, while all the past glories of the now conquered Venice crowded into my mind, adieu! wonderful city, fertile mother of heroes, temple of genius and of art, of science and of literature; once the centre of commerce and of industry, the Queen of the Adriatic! The great misfortune which now so undeservedly overwhelms thee will only render thee more firm in generous determination, in magnanimous action. If not now, in arms; in thought and in words, thou wilt still fight for liberty and independence against tyranny of every kind.

And then . . . time will bring thy victory, since violence does not continue, and no mere brute force can kill the idea; but on the contrary, in the struggle against the highest and most sacred aspirations of humanity, will itself be broken in pieces.

Our vessel was excessively overcrowded with emigrants. It is hardly possible adequately to describe the state of discomfort in which we were.

To increase the evil, the less educated and less tolerant, not being able to adapt themselves to it, did not fail to break out into little quarrels which, if allowed to go on, might have grown into disorder. This would certainly have compromised the so much to be desired, and I will say more, the necessary decorum of the emigration. Those, however, amongst us, of a better spirit uniting together, earnestly endeavoured by means of argument and persuasion, and in every way we could, to stop the evil in the germ. Thanks to these endeavours, no serious disorder took place.

The weather was favourable for our passage, and we were already near the Gulf of Corfu when we saw a small boat approaching us. We did not know what might be the object, but as it came up close to us, two or three men came on board, and after having written down all our names, gave to

each one of us the same sum of money. I do not remember the exact sum, but I know it was between twelve and twenty scudi.

In remitting the money to us we were told that it was money belonging to Daniele Manin, and that he had desired that it should be distributed equally amongst all the emigrants who were embarked upon the twelve vessels prepared for their transport.

It will be easily imagined how strong an impression this made upon us. An irrepressible and unanimous cry of 'Viva Manin!' rose from every breast.

I immediately added, 'Yes, viva Manin! and admiring in him not merely the great dictator and the incorruptible citizen, but also a son of humanity, let us propose him to ourselves as an example, and with all our power try to imitate him.'

It is well known that Manin went into exile poor, and also died poor. Certainly he might have used for himself that which he had so honourably gained without the slightest hesitation.

This noble and generous gift to the emigration remains to his honour.

It remains also as an example and an encouragement to the honest, the generous, and the disinterested; as a perpetual reproach to the mean and

selfish, who, stimulated alone by a thirst for gold and honours, pretend love and devotion to that same country which to-morrow they would betray, if in this way their selfish interests could be better served.

Oh that the Italian people even at this time would consider this; that they would give up an unreasoning reverence, worthy alone of the past days of superstition and despotic power, and would consider well who are the men entrusted by them to make laws, to administer justice, or to fill any other office in the public service! If amongst these men they recognise any who, with the name of country on their lips, have private interest alone at heart, let such be avoided, and the nation's trust be placed in those alone who are really worthy and incorruptible, who sincerely desire and actively promote all that tends to the progress and well-being of our beloved country.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I CANNOT restrain myself from giving here a short notice of the great reformer, Tommaso Campanella. This is the more necessary since, although his memory is at length revindicated, it is not generally known how great a man he really was.

Grief and misfortune have ever been the lot of the great Italians who consecrated themselves to the service of humanity.

We see the dispersion of the Pythagoreans, the exile of Dante, the stake for Bruno and Savonarola, imprisonment and torture for Galileo and Tommaso Campanella. Men of this stamp too frequently have been despised and calumniated by their contemporaries whenever they opened a new road to human intellect.

Michele Baldachino was the first to make the philosopher, Tommaso Campanella, known, in a work in two volumes, published at Naples in 1843–47. Then Alessandro d'Ancona, at Turin, 1854, in a preliminary discourse to the publication of his works. Then many others; amongst them Terenzio Mammiani and Centofanti. So that now there is no part of Italy in which men of intel-

lect and feeling do not venerate the name of this promoter of human progress.

On the 5th of September, 1568, Giovan-Domenico Campanella, son of Geronimo Campanella and Catarinella (nata Martello) his wife, was born in Borgo di Stilo, San Biagio (the ancient Cocento), in Calabria.

His father, chosen as leader by the people, in 1541, was at the head of the revolution which freed the Stilesi from the hard yoke of the Duke of Nocera.

This revolution, pardoned by Charles V. as *cosa fatta*, was yet fixed in the memory of the Spanish dominion, which then tyrannised over the kingdom of Naples. In this way the story of the father contributed to put the future philosopher in bad odour with the ruling powers.

The genius of Giovan-Domenico showed itself very early. At the age of fifteen he studied works upon literature and religion which in after years he found of use in reference to these topics. He also improvised in prose and verse, upon any given subject, and composed many thoughtful hymns.

At this time his father wished to place him with Giulio Campanella, an intelligent professor of Jurisprudence at Naples. But the youth, attracted by the eloquence of an eminent preacher, and by the example of San Tommaso, decided to take the habit of the Dominican religious order, in which his name of Fra Tommaso has gone down to posterity.

From the convent of Stilo, Campanella passed to that of San Georgio, and thence to Cosenza. Here he engaged himself in the study of the ancient systems of philosophy,

and drew inspiration in the pursuit of natural philosophy from the writings of Cosentino Bernardino Telesio. He then gave himself up to meditate upon these subjects, and in those public discussions in the churches which were preludes to the future academies, he began to propagate his new opinions.

Priestly anger already burst forth against him. But he, intrepid as he always was, in 1590, when only twenty-two years of age, withdrew himself to Naples in the house of the Marquis Lavello, and put forth the two books, 'De Sensu Rerum' and 'De Investigatione Rerum,' which inaugurated the new doctrines, proclaiming that it was only by means of the senses, and upon objects of the senses, that we can investigate and reason with truth.

Now as the truth was exactly that of which the increasing number of Fra Tommaso's enemies did not wish to hear, he was obliged to leave Naples and repair to Rome.

The new philosophy of Campanella led to free investigation and discussion—always, however, with him, based upon the highest idea of the Supreme Being; so that the accusation of atheist was one of the most absurd of all those thrown out against him. The courage, however, necessary for him to continue his apostolate in those barbarous times may be estimated when we remember that Ramus was murdered in Paris on the infamous night of St. Bartholomew, and Bruno, Ruggeri, and Vannini perished at the stake. And he also paid for his courage with the torture sustained seven times, and with twenty-seven years' imprisonment.

He did not remain quite a year in Rome, and at the end of 1592 went to Florence, where the opposition of the priestly party prevented his taking the Chair of Philosophy destined for him by the Grand Duke Ferdinand.

He thence travelled to Padua, Bologna, again to Rome, to Naples, and finally to Stilo, his native place. Everywhere, with assiduous and never-tiring labour, he wrote not alone upon philosophy and social improvement, but upon many other branches of human interest, bringing into all the spirit of a wise innovation.

He wrote also upon the occult sciences, 'Alchemy the Precursor of Chemistry and Astrology.'

In all these studies the illustrious Stilese was in constant communication with his friend the great Galileo, and also upon those relating to the theories of caloric and of light.

He did all this in the midst of continual opposition, and the repeated seizure of his writings by the Inquisition—a seizure which did not prevent him from their speedy reproduction.

Already in Rome he had suffered a long imprisonment in the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which he, however, went out free of blame after the examination of his writings, but was sent *under suspicion* to Stilo.

There he fearlessly continued his philosophical and social apostolate, faithful to his own words—

> Io nacqui a dibellar tre mali estremi,
> Tirannide, sofismi, ipocrisia. . . .
> Dunque a diveller l' ignoranza io vegno.

And without pride he could truly say—

Stavamo tutti al buio,
Io accesi un lume.

But his new philosophical doctrines did not please the Roman priests; much less did his political opinions suit the Spanish rulers.

The angry passions of both parties united to crush the poor monk. To effect this an ideal conspiracy was fabricated, which was to break out in the Calabria and upset religion and the State. In consequence, Fra Tommaso was arrested, with others said to be his accomplices, by the Spanish authorities, for crimes against the State. They agreed to his imprisonment by Rome, reserving to themselves the right to judge him for his political and philosophical opinions.

An infamous prosecution took place, and after twenty-seven years ended in the clear proof of the innocence of Campanella; so that finally, on April 26, 1626, he was set free from prison, detained, however, for the three following years in the Palace of the Inquisition in Rome.

He then went out clear even from canonical censure.

Upon his liberation he was constrained to exclaim

Invano, invano, tirannide,
T'affatichi e t'armi contro il giusto;
S'e' vive, perdi, e s'e' muore, esce un lampo
Di Deità, dal corpo per te scisso
Che le tenebre tue non han più scampo.

(In vain, in vain, oh tyranny, thou labourest and armest thyself against the just! If he live thou losest, and if he die, a light goes forth of Deity, from the body by thee destroyed. So that thy darkness no more prevails.)

The strength of soul of the illustrious martyr was so

great, that in the most horrible prisons of Naples and the indescribable torments of the torture, he did not deny his noble studies, which he continued afterwards in Rome. They were appreciated at length by Urban VIII., and cherished by many eminent men.

But here in Rome also Spanish emissaries still continued the unworthy war against him, instigating a popular tumult to injure him, from which he escaped in disguise, and, recommended by Cardinal Barberini and by the Duke el Noailles, took refuge with Louis XIII. in Paris, who received him in the kindest manner, and after a time admitted him into his privy council.

But in Paris even, the persecutions caused by his enemies in Italy still followed the great man. Against his family also the war was carried by them, throwing one of his nephews unjustly into prison in 1631 in Naples for a political cause, and on the same account obliging his brother to take refuge in Rome; not satisfied with this, confiscating the property of the family.

Always strong, however, Campanella did not allow himself to be conquered by adversity. On the contrary, he forced himself to redouble his efforts and to complete his philosophical reform. He put the seal to it, sending forth his principal and greatest work, namely 'The Real Philosophy,' divided into Physiology, Ethics, Politics, Social Economy, and the City of the Sun. To these are added a critical examination of some works of other writers and a defence of his own.

Thus the Rational, substituted for the Scholastic Philosophy, he made the foundation of all Power, Wisdom,

Love, the same recognised by Dante in the Being of beings, calling him

La divina potestat
La somma sapienza, il divo amore.

The general principles Fra Tommaso illustrated in the City of the Sun, giving in it his ideal of a perfect society and state; and in this he hoped, saying—

Se fu nel mondo l'aurea età felice
Ben essere potrà più ch'una volta.
Chè si ravviva ogni cosa sepolta,
Tornando, il giro ov' ebbe la radice.

His Italy he greatly loved, and meditated the way to make her great and happy; but he saw only too well what she then was—

La gran donna . . .
Sta con le membra sue lacere e sparse;

And therefore he wrote, and hoped to redeem her with the aid of Spain—become civilised and free, and entirely reformed from what she was—and of a Papacy quite different from that of the Borgia, of the Farnesi, and of the Medici; but emulous, on the contrary, of the times of the Apostles and of those of Paul; emulous of the simplicity and purity of the Gospel.

If this grand design were not even possible in those times in which no element of a better future for Italy presented itself, it was at least a generous object, and it is not to be thought that by the help of Spain he meant subjection to her; too dear were independence and liberty to the man who proclaimed that servitude is death.

La servitude all'animo gentile
Morte propria è, che d'uom lo cangia in bruto.

Finally, in the physical sciences, he carried on the study so far as to divine not only, as we before said, the theory of caloric and of light, but also to perceive the possibility of impelling ships and carriages by the power of steam.

Intrepid defender always of the true, as Bruno called himself—*Dormitantium animorum excubitor*; so the great Stilese assumed for his device a bell, upon which was inscribed the motto *Non tacebo.*

But not for long did the martyr for liberty enjoy the peace which France offered to him after his great and long sufferings. He was taken ill with a serious fever on his return from a journey to Holland, and on May 21, 1639, died in his seventy-first year at Paris, in the Convent of the Dominicans, called Des Jacobins. On the following day his honoured remains received solemn funeral rites amidst a concourse of people, of learned men, and of the nobles of the kingdom.

Italy ought now to pay the sacred debt she owes him, by placing his ashes in the Pantheon of great men in Santa Croce in Florence, by the side of those of his friend Galileo.

From the brother of this illustrious philosopher my family was descended; many members of which during the long course of years proved themselves not unworthy to bear the name. My father, Girolamo Campanella, was, first, director of the customs in Foggia. He then acted for many years as Justice of the Peace in his native Spinazzola, and in this position he had the comfort of preventing numerous lawsuits, and of restoring the inestimable blessings of peace into many families. He had

known so well how to gain the goodwill and trust of all classes, that artisans and peasants called him *Il Signor Compare* (godfather), and the upper classes, *Il Signor Zio* (uncle).

My mother, Maria Clinco, gentlewoman of Spinazzola, although educated for five years under the nuns of Minervino, was yet able, through her natural good sense, to rise above their prejudices. What is still more important, she kept her heart from littleness, developing noble and generous sentiments, thus becoming the model of a wife and mother. Of this worthy pair, I, Giuseppe Maria, was born on February 2, 1814, the sixth of ten sons and daughters.

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